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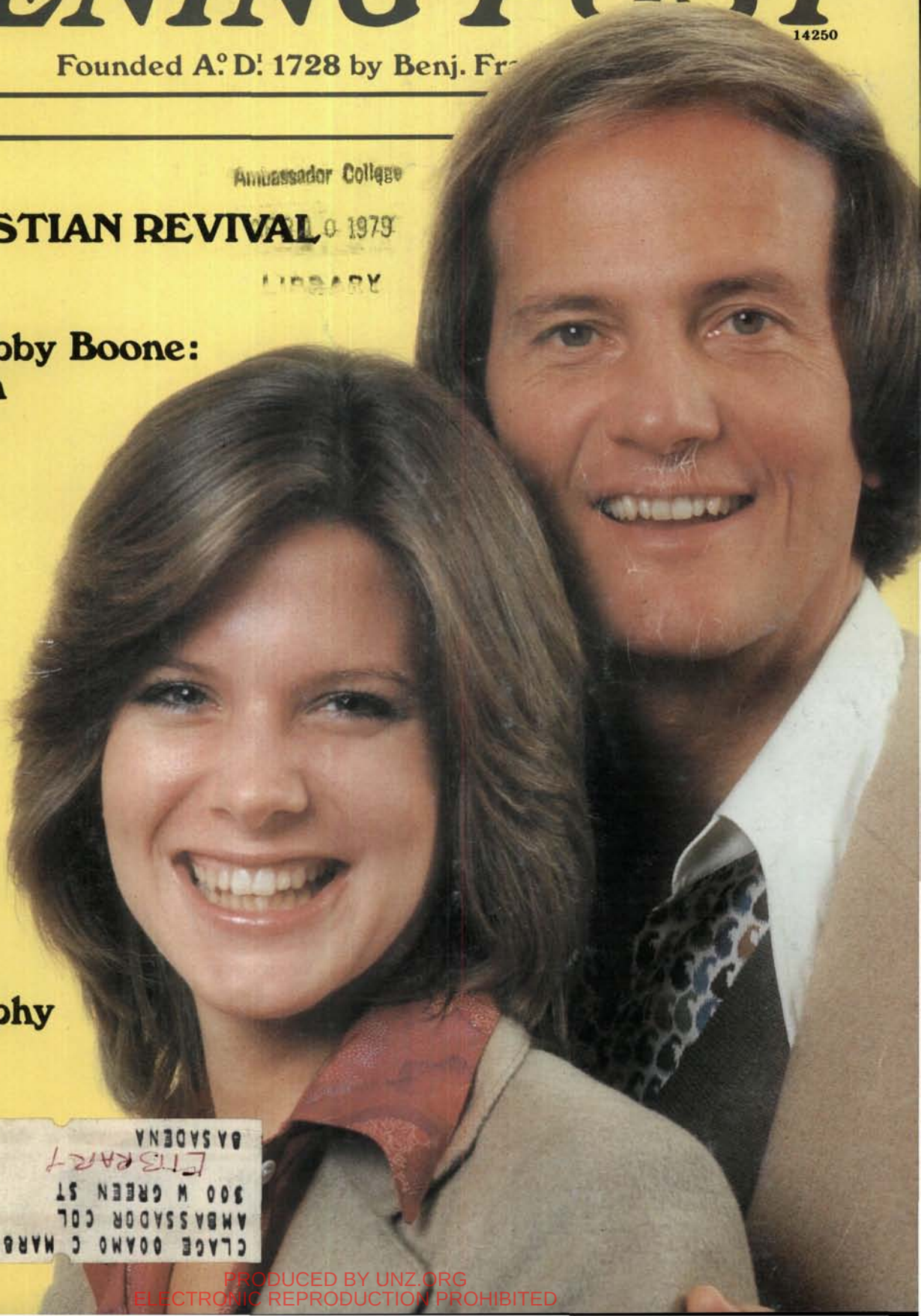

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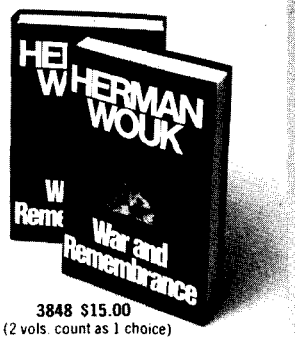

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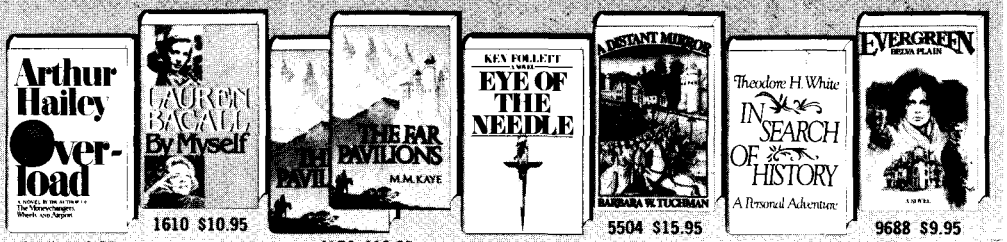

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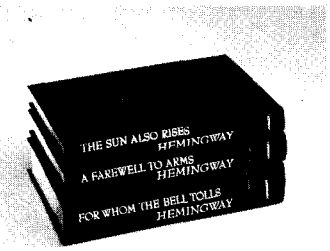

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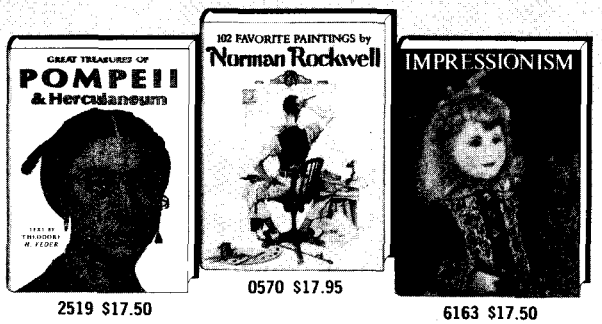

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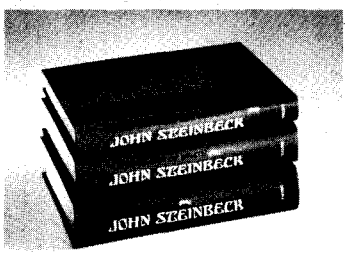

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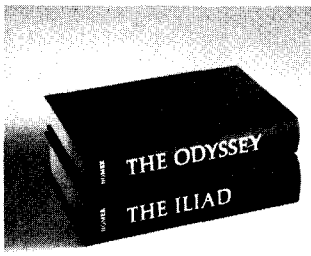

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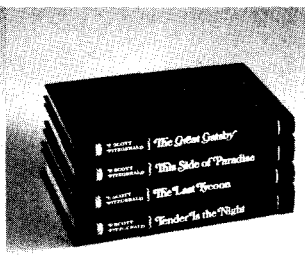

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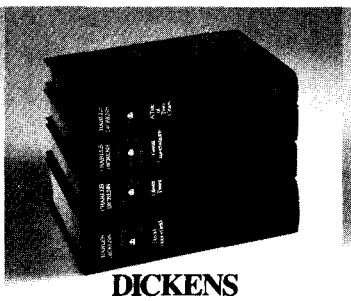

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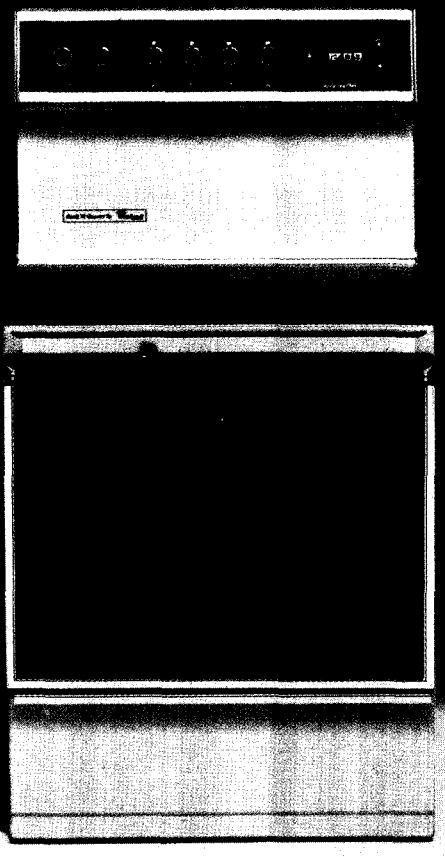

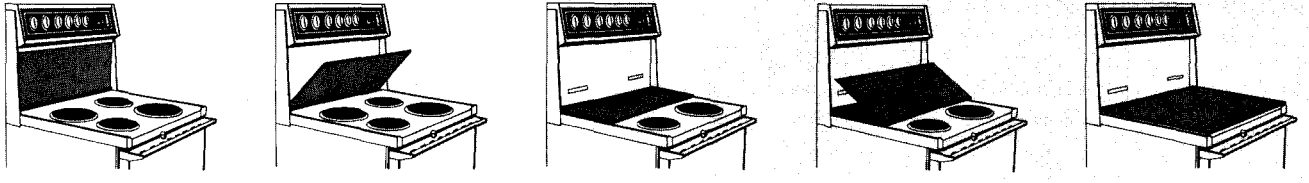

We've always been proud of our ranges. But at Whirlpool, we're always looking for ways to make our products even better.

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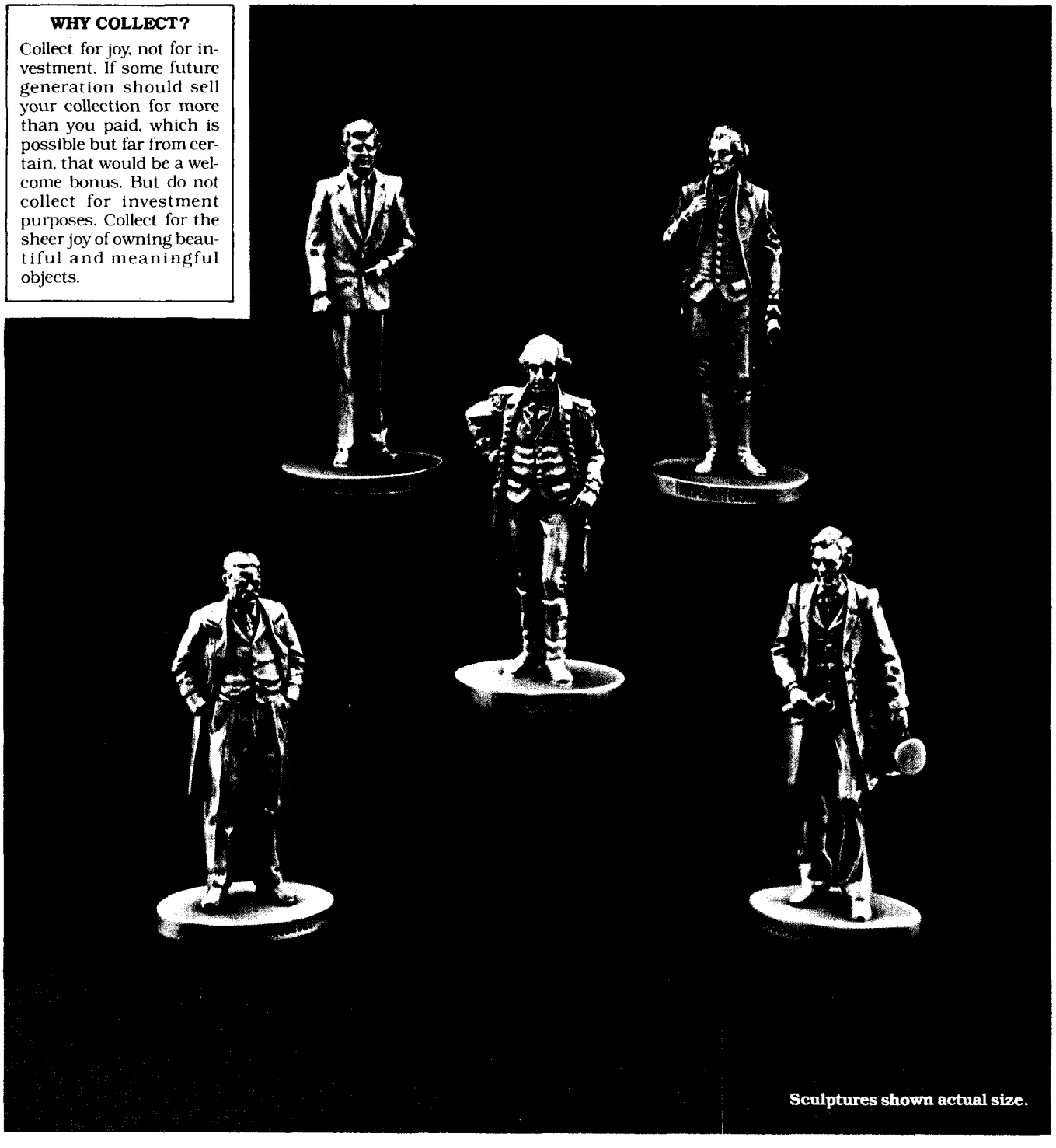
The Presidents of the United States

Superbly detailed miniature sculptures in fine pewter of the 38 men who have served as Presidents of our great land.

Available At Original Issue Price Only Until April 30, 1979.
Limit: One Set Per Subscriber

WHY COLLECT?

Collect for joy, not for investment. If some future generation should sell your collection for more than you paid, which is possible but far from certain, that would be a welcome bonus. But do not collect for investment purposes. Collect for the sheer joy of owning beautiful and meaningful objects.



Sculptures shown actual size.

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Pewter Sculpture Collection

The destiny of our Democracy has been placed in the hands of 38 men: the Presidents of the United States. Sworn to "preserve, protect, and defend" the Constitution, our Presidents have taken us through times of turmoil and eras of tranquility, seasons of change and decades of stability. Each President has brought his hopes, strengths, beliefs, and ideals to our nation's highest office...and each, in his own way, has pledged himself to George Washington's first precept: "the preservation of our sacred fire of liberty."

Now, to honor the achievements and aspirations of our Presidents, the Danbury Mint proudly announces the creation of a new collection of 38 superbly detailed *miniature* presidential sculptures, cast in fine American pewter. A magnificent art collection that will be a source of continuing inspiration and delight—a collection destined to become a treasured family heirloom.

Sculptured in extraordinary detail by one of America's most gifted sculptors.

Each of the 38 figures will be an original work of art, created *exclusively* for this collection by David LaRocca, one of America's most gifted sculptors. LaRocca has lavished weeks on each presidential figure—creating art that is both historically authentic and strikingly original.

Shown larger than actual size for detail.

Each President is depicted in remarkable detail—exactly as he looked during the time he held the nation's highest office. The detail is all the more astonishing considering that each original clay model is approximately 2-1/2 inches high. Each article of clothing...each pose...each facial feature and expression has been thoroughly researched to capture the appearance and personality of our Presidents in lifelike three-dimensional realism.

Shown above is the entire collection as you might display it in your home or office. The hardwood display cabinet will be provided at no additional cost.

To achieve a true perspective of each President's physical appearance, the size of each sculpture will vary. George Washington, for instance, was a giant of a man. And looking at the sculptured figure of the Father of Our Country, you will understand the sense of amazement Lafayette had upon meeting Washington, who towered six feet two and whose hands were the largest Lafayette had ever seen. Looking at the figure of Lincoln, you will understand why Americans stood in awe of the man, six feet four, his facial features appearing as if chiselled from granite, communicating a character that combined courage and compassion. And that's the remarkable thing about these pewter sculptures: they convey, as no mere two-dimensional portraits ever could, the very *character* of each man who has embodied the power and majesty of the American state.

The warm finish and delicate detail of fine American pewter.

Each sculpture in the collection will be hand-cast and hand-finished in fine American pewter.

(continued)

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Theodore Roosevelt hunted buffalo in the Dakotas, shot lions in Africa, led cavalry charges in Cuba... and, as President, took America into the twentieth century. He dug the Panama Canal, set aside 150 million acres of timberland for public use, fought for a national pure food law, and gave America her role as peacekeeper among nations—citing the adage, "Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far."

Abraham Lincoln became President at our nation's darkest hour. Seven states had already seceded from the Union. Lincoln said that his goal was to save the Union—not "either to save or destroy slavery." But it soon became clear that slavery had to be abolished to save the Union, and on January 1, 1863 Lincoln issued the *Emancipation Proclamation.*

Thomas Jefferson had many interests, but freedom concerned him most of all. Author of the Declaration of Independence and our third President, Jefferson showed how practical a man of vision could be when he purchased from Napoleon the great empire of Louisiana, more than doubling the size of the United States.

George Washington, Father of our Country, "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." His genius was his ability to unify men of many different minds—precisely what the new nation needed.

Sculptures shown actual size.

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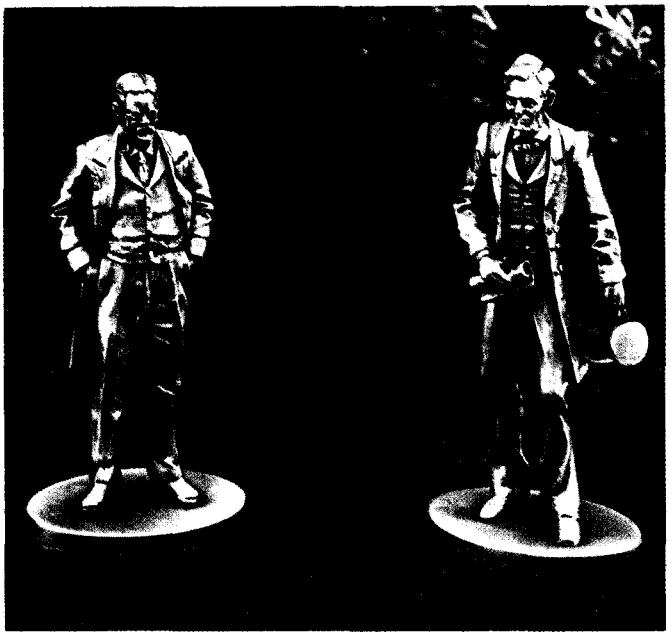

(continued) Sculptures shown actual size.

This is an especially appropriate art form in which to portray the United States' Presidents—because pewter has been popular in our country since colonial days. Thus, *The Presidents of the United States Pewter Sculpture Collection* follows in a time-honored American tradition. And, the warm finish of fine American pewter will highlight to the utmost the delicate detail of the original sculpture.

Hardwood display cabinet furnished at no additional cost.

To add to the beauty of this collection, a custom-designed hardwood display cabinet will be furnished to each subscriber at no additional cost. This attractive cabinet will stand freely or hang on a wall to easily display the entire collection. And, the soft tone of the wood will further highlight the warm finish of each pewter sculpture.

Book of Official Presidents' Portraits.

With your sculptures, you will receive "The Presidents," a beautiful hard cover volume issued by the White House Historical Association. This volume offers uncommon insights into the lives and accomplishments of each of our Presidents, and contains all the Official White House Portraits of the Presidents, superbly reproduced in full color. "The Presidents" will surely enhance your appreciation and enjoyment of your sculpture collection. It too, is provided at no additional cost.

Prompt Action Required.

The Presidents of the United States Pewter Sculpture Collection will be available at the original issue price of just $16.50 per sculpture *only* for those who subscribe by April 30, 1979... and all such subscribers will be guaranteed the low original issue price for each of the 38 sculptures, from George Washington to Jimmy Carter.

There is no need to send payment now. A new sculpture will be issued each month, and you will be billed for each sculpture on a monthly basis. Should you receive any sculpture you are not entirely satisfied with, you may return it for a prompt replacement or refund. Naturally, you may cancel your subscription at any time.

Shown larger than actual size for detail.

Remember, subscription reservations must be postmarked by April 30, 1979 in order to be honored at the original issue price. So please act promptly and share in this magnificent tribute to the men who have helped make our nation the greatest democracy on earth!

Reservation Application. P-17

The Presidents of the United States Pewter Sculpture Collection

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06856

Guaranteed acceptance only if postmarked by April 30, 1979
Limit: one set per person

Please accept my reservation application to **The Presidents Of The United States Pewter Sculpture Collection.** I understand this is a collection of 38 miniature sculptures in fine American pewter. The collection will be issued at the rate of one sculpture per month at a cost of $16.50 per sculpture (plus $1.50 for postage and handling).

I understand I need send no money now. I will pay for each sculpture as billed on a monthly basis. I may cancel my subscription at any time, and any sculpture I am not completely satisfied with may be returned for replacement or refund.

Name_____
please print clearly

Address_____

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☐ Check here if you want each sculpture charged, as it is shipped, to your ☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA

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Letters to the Editor

Joe Leyendecker Adored

Many thanks for the great issue on Norman Rockwell. It was well done and covered all angles!

But most of all, thank you for the warm and deserving treatment of my cousin, Joe Leyendecker. I grew up in Larchmont and New Rochelle with both men but I actually adored Joe—and well he deserved it. I came back from California as a college student at Cornell University and visited with Joe (1940's) and found that my young adoration had been well placed.

Now they are both gone, leaving many great memories and greater paintings. Keep *The SatEvePost* alive!

Mrs. James Parr
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Che Guevara, No!

Your March 1979 issue features an article on Maggie Kuhn and the Gray Panthers. The first time I heard of Miss Kuhn was in an article which pictured her at her desk, and behind it a large photograph of Che Guevara, one of her heroes. This was enough for me to categorize Miss Kuhn and her political philosophy, which Rebecca Blalock soft-pedals.

I would respectfully urge your Editorial Board that, if they are going to publicize left-wing movements and operators like Maggie Kuhn, they tell the whole story and not get taken in as Miss Blalock was.

Thomas E. Abely
Canton, Massachusetts

Editor's Note: We're sorry if you know something about Maggie Kuhn that we don't. A friend of Che Guevara's is no friend of ours.

Anniversary Medallion

I noticed that you have commissioned the Franklin Mint to make some figurines commemorating the 250th anniversary of the *Post*. When I first started working in January 1929 as an office boy at Curtis Publishing Company, my boss, Mr. Robert Eichelberger, kindly gave each of us office "kids" a bronze medallion which was struck in honor of the 200th anniversary. The medallion is approximately four inches in diameter with Ben Franklin on the obverse and the Curtis Building on the reverse. Would you be interested in it for your collection? I am retired now and have kept it all these years.

Al Ferguson
Lansdowne, Pennsylvania

Editor's Note: Carol Brown, archivist of the SatEvePost *museum, will pay $20 each for bronze 200th-anniversary medallions. Thank you for thinking of us.*

NOVEMBER
1919

After my mother died a few months ago some old pieces were found which I thought you might be interested in. Enclosed are some of the memorabilia, including copies of *Our Boys*, which was distributed monthly to Curtis "boy agents" of the period. They belonged to my brother when he delivered Curtis magazines in Augusta, Georgia.

Mrs. Robert E. Ellsworth
St. Petersburg Beach, Florida

Tobacco Rebuttal

In your editorial, "Snuff out cigarettes. . . " (*S.E.P.* January/February 1979), your guest editorialist makes several misleading statements about the Department of Agriculture's support to tobacco farmers.

He mentions "substantial government support . . . to the tobacco industry." There is no governmental subsidy or support for the cigarette industry. There is a federal tobacco price stabilization program which has been in effect for more than 40 years. In exchange for agreeing to limit tobacco production and the use of pesticides, tobacco farmers are guaranteed a fair price for their crop. That portion which does not bring the support price at auction is posted as collateral for a government loan. When the crop is sold, the loan plus interest is repaid to the government. The federal treasury has received more than $300 million in interest on tobacco loans. The cigarette manufacturers buy their tobacco from the farmers and receive no governmental support in any form.

Most government officials, HEW Secretary Califano among them, agree that were there no tobacco price support program, cigarette consumption would probably increase due to overproduction lowering the price and increasing the supply of tobacco. Actually, elimination of the tobacco price support program would be counterproductive to your editorialist's point of view.

Michael T. Craig
Director of Media Relations
The Tobacco Institute, Inc.
Washington, D. C.

Depression Remembrance

Your recent article on Colleen Moore's dollhouse brought back memories. It was first displayed in the toy department of the old (now defunct) Fair Store in Chicago during a Christmas season of the Depression. I was very fortunate to get a Christmas job (counter jumping) in the toy department there and so was able to take my two small daughters through it for a little thrill of a Depression Christmas.

Thanks for the memory.

George E. Bergman
Chicago, Illinois

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We're looking for people to write children's books

'Writing for children is the perfect way to take up writing,' says the author of 53 children's books. 'Your ideas come right out of your own experience. And while it's still a challenge, it's probably the straightest possible line between you and publication – if you're qualified to seek the success this rewarding field offers.'

By Alvin Tresselt, Dean of Faculty

If you want to write and get published, I can't think of a better way to do it than writing books and stories for children and teenagers. Ideas flow naturally right out of your own life. While it's still a challenge, the odds of getting that first unforgettable check from a juvenile publisher are better than they are from just about any other kind of publisher I know.

Later on, you may get other checks from other publishers. But right now, the object is to begin — to break into print — to learn the feeling of writing and selling your work and seeing your name in type. After that, you can decide if you want your writing to take another direction.

But after 30 years of editing, publishing, and teaching (and 53 books) I can tell you this: you'll go a long way before you find anything as rewarding as writing for young readers.

Your words will never sound as sweet as they do from the lips of a child reading your books and stories. And the joy of creating books and stories that young people 'really dig' is an experience you'll never have anywhere else. (In this age of boob tube illiteracy, convenient morality, and plastic values, *do you know of a more important audience?)*

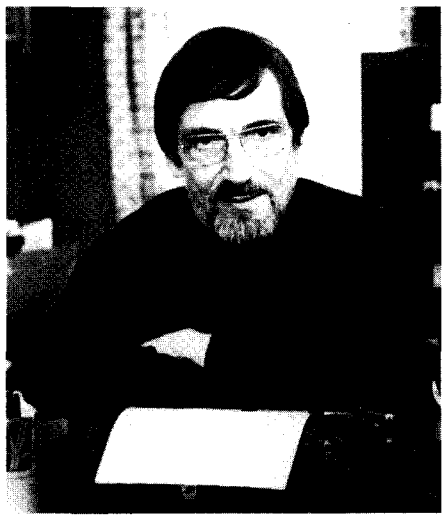
But, that's not all. The financial rewards go far beyond most people's expectations because there's a surprisingly big market out there for writers who are trained to crack it. More than 130 million young people's books are purchased each year. Between 2,000 and 2,500 new titles appear annually and new authors account for as many as half of them.

There are also 250 monthly magazines looking for material for young readers. You can imagine how much writing it takes just to keep them going!

'Am I really qualified?'

Yet two big questions bedevil nearly every would-be writer: "Am I really qualified?" and "How can I get started?"

This is our definition of a "qualified person": It's someone with an aptitude for writing who can take constructive criticism, learn from it, and turn it into a professional performance. That's the only kind of person we're looking for. The reasons are simple: our reputation is built on success, and if prospective students don't have the earmarks of success, we probably can't help them. And we tell them so. It's only fair to both of us.



Alvin Tresselt was Vice President and Executive Editor of Parent's Magazine Press, the first editor of *Humpty Dumpty's Magazine for Children*, and has served on the board of the Author's Guild. His 53 books for young readers have sold over two million copies.

To help us spot potential authors, we've developed a revealing test for writing aptitude. It's free, and we don't charge for our evaluation. But no one gets into the Institute without passing it. Those who pass and enroll receive our promise: You will complete at least one manuscript ready to submit to a publisher by the time you finish the Course.

When we teach, you learn

I've learned a lot about writing for children and I love it. Now I'm passing my knowledge on to my students so they can profit from it. When I'm not writing my own children's books I spend my time at The Institute of Children's Literature, a workshop for writers that does only one thing and does it better than any other school or college or university of its kind: It trains qualified people to write for the young reader.

This is the way I work with my students, and my fellow instructors — all of whom are experienced writers or editors — work more or less the same way.

When you're ready — at your own time and your own pace — you send your assignment to me and I read it and reread it to get everything out of it you've put into it. Then I edit your assignment with a red pencil just the way a publishing house editor would — if he had the time. I return it along with a detailed letter explaining my comments. I tell you what your strong points are, what your weaknesses are, and just what you can do to improve. It's a matter of push and pull. You push and I pull and between us both, you learn to write.

The proof of the pudding

This method really works. I wouldn't spend five minutes at it if it didn't. The proof of the pudding is that many of our students break into print even before they finish the Course.

Kathleen Huber, N.Y., N.Y., writes: "Regarding my sale to *Highlights for Children* for $125, it started out as an assignment for the Institute, and *Highlights* was only the second magazine I had sent it to. Certainly your Course made this sale possible. It may be the best investment I ever made."

A.M. Hummel, Danville, Pa., writes "When *Highlights for Children* accepted my short story — Assignment #8 in the Course, and sent me a $65 check, I could hardly believe it! Then, within a week, I got another check and a go-ahead assignment for a second piece."

'I won first prize of $400 for a Course assignment!'

"Before taking your Course (which I checked out with the National Better Business Bureau), the short stories I scribbled for my two tiny tots never caught an editor's fancy," writes Emily Burns of Salem, Oregon.

"My first sale, to *National Catholic Weekly*, was a Course assignment. Then I submitted another Course assignment in a writer's competition and won first prize of $400!"

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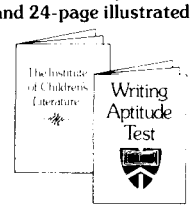

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A TIME TO LET GO

How do you heal the painful wound caused by an unwanted divorce? Here's one man's story of grief, endurance, and finally, healing.

by Jason Towner

I met a lady recently whose husband had left her for another woman. She became quite emotional as she related the details. I asked, "How long have you had your divorce?"

"Fourteen years," she replied, as if it had been last week.

For 14 years, 1.4 decades, she has kept that wound fresh.

As a child, I had a terrible habit of picking at scabs—testing the pain, trying to see what the scar would look like. The result was always the same: sharp pain when the wound was reopened—and slow healing.

There are people who keep their wounds fresh. "He's never gotten over it. . . ." or "She's never been the same since. . . ." We should *forget* the past after we *forgive* the past and trust the scab to bring a scar.

Several months ago I had lunch with my friend Lee Woolery. In the conversation I observed that the scabs were finally going away and the scar was going to be insignificant. Lee grinned and said, "See, I told you!"

Yet it was difficult to "give Jane up"—to look to an unknown future. Besides, it seemed expected and certainly spiritual for me to believe that she would come back if given time and opportunity. I felt affinity with the father of the prodigal son:

It is not a case of parliamentary
notions and motions
to decide if you return.
There is no two-thirds majority—
just a decision by the one who left
to take the same road home,
and the one who stayed home
to open the door.
Mark's prodigal son was surprised
by the warm greeting when he neared home.
You, too, would have been
surprised.
I have stood in the sunset of my heart
looking out to see if you were walking
down the path toward me.
I've even stood on tiptoes and strained to see,
only to turn away,
disappointed,
as the sun set.
But that never discouraged me
from coming out the next afternoon
to resume my stance, and wait.
And it was your name I repeatedly called
over and over and over. . . .

In the fall of 1976, I met a couple from Yale, Gene and Laurie McDowell. After dinner one evening, we talked about *Warm Reflections*, and Gene asked if I had read much of C. S. Lewis. I was uncomfortable with the question. Lewis was one author I had not read. I responded that I was familiar with Lewis. Then Gene narrowed the question. "Have you read *A Grief Observed*?"

I squirmed. Now this Yalie had brought up the name of a specific book and was probably thinking, "What's this guy doing on a college staff if he hasn't read Lewis, particularly *A Grief Observed*? Defensively, I concluded that Yalies read the obscure anyway. But I answered honestly, "No, I don't believe I have."

Gene gave me a few details. Lewis had written the book after the death of Joy, his wife of only two years. The book dealt with the reality of death and the healing that follows. Gene casually remarked that I might be interested in reading it.

The next weekend, after the first week of the fall admissions tour in North Carolina, I headed for Atlantic Beach near Morehead City. I wanted a special weekend. I wanted to meet "someone." She would be lonely; I would be lonely. We would meet, and a scenario out of a long-forgotten late-night movie would follow. The ocean air revived my tired spirit. I drove into Morehead City and had dinner at Tony's Sanitary Fishmarket. (Don't let the name fool you. Tony's is one of the finest seafood restaurants in eastern North Carolina.)

After dinner I found a little bookstore and browsed a while. In the religion section, to my great surprise, was a paperback copy of *A Grief Observed*. *What a coincidence*, I thought. I had heard about this book just the week before only to discover it in a small beach-town bookstore. No coincidence—God's timing.

Few books have moved me so profoundly. In 89 pages, Lewis poured out his grief so poignantly that he wrote under a pen name lest people think the Oxford don had lost his mind. How could the Lord have allowed such an "interruption" in his life as a scholar? Only two years before, cancer had

Continued on page 134

Jason Towner (yes, he's still single) is a popular lecturer and speaker at retreats for the formerly married.

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Dallas, Texas

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MOMENT OF TRUTH

After the first shock this mother turned misfortune into an opportunity to teach her son how to avoid prejudice.

by Hortense Myers

Illustrated by Joe Krush

What should a mother say to her teen-age son who has been beaten and kicked without provocation by a gang of boys who are of a different race than his own?

What words are there to be said in reply to his comment, muttered through swollen lips: "If I'd had a .38, things would have been different."

Her boy was battered and bloody. Concern enough. But the problem was beyond just helping him to clean up. He wanted to take a gun to his attackers.

She could say to him that he was fortunate. A carload of young people who witnessed the incident following the sectional basketball game risked trouble by swerving toward the gang of attackers, pulling the injured boy into their car, and taking him to a police squad car.

She could say the police and an ambulance attendant who provided first aid treatment represent counterforces against the savagery to which he was subjected.

She could point to past experiences which indicate that his attackers were not students of the rival school his team had defeated and were not representative of its behavior code.

She could remind him of a long history of multiple rejections and indignities to which the other race had been subjected by his race, many of which are incidents unknown to both attacker and attacked but which have filled a reservoir of malice.

She could tell him of some of those incidents, perhaps about the brilliant Negro doctor who developed the blood bank techniques which have saved the lives of millions but who himself died when a hospital rejected him for reasons of race.

She could warn him that the progress of civilization has been slow and could be halted if the cancerous growth of lawlessness is allowed to multiply.

She could say that those who take a gun and the law into their own hands with revengeful aim transgress against justice more than they buttress it.

But like this writer and mother, she probably could think of none of these answers when faced with the bloody, swollen countenance of her son, and probably would make some inane response such as "Wait until I get a cold washcloth." ☒

Editor's Note: In an interview, the author stated that the moment described here was one of her most traumatic. Her belief that all beings are "equal under God" had been nurtured since childhood. Yet, in an instant, her son's humanity might be destroyed.

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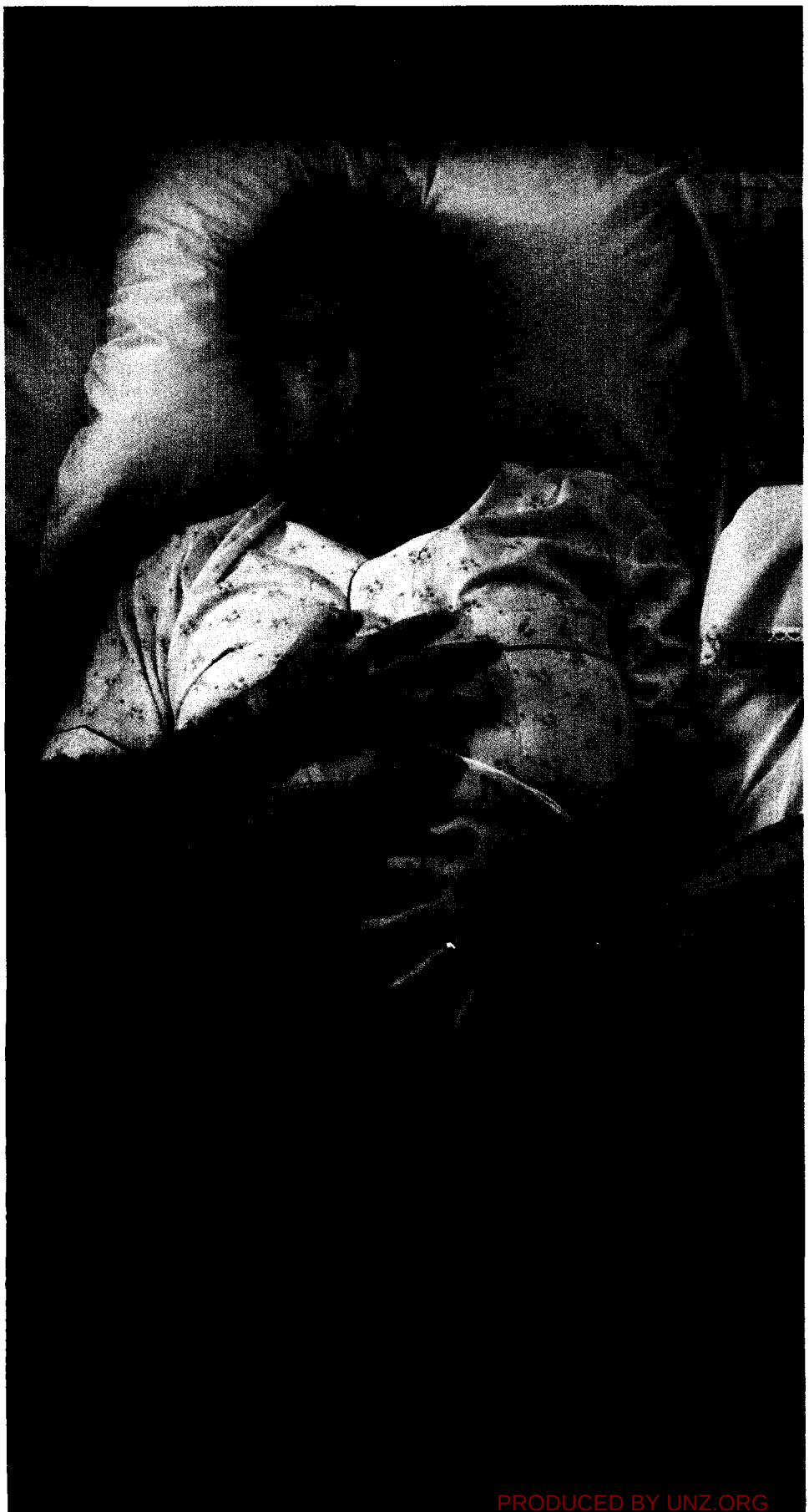

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"IT TAKES ALL YOU HAVE TO FIGHT IT"

Country music star Donna Fargo finds faith is her best ally in the life-and-death struggle with multiple sclerosis.

by Bruce Kinnaird

Donna Fargo is 34 years old, an age when most successful singers can afford to lean, if not rest, on their laurels. She has had, after all, a very adequate string of hit singles, among them "The Happiest Girl in the USA," and "Funny Face." She was acclaimed the best-selling female country vocalist of 1972-73 by the National Association of Record Merchants, two of her albums have gone gold, and last year she topped the *Billboard* charts for two weeks with "That Was Yesterday." But like the song says, things change.

"I've always been the kind of person who tries to make the best of everything. I'm trying to learn from this illness, and trying to grow from it and not let it defeat me. But it's really hard, because it's always there."

It was early in '78, and Donna had just completed 13 TV shows for her new syndicated variety series, backed by Osmond Productions: "Two days later, I woke up and my body was numb."

Numbness is symptomatic of multiple sclerosis—MS—the mysterious crippling disease of the involuntary nervous system that causes nerve tissues to harden in the brain and spinal cord. It produces tremors, disturbances of speech, difficulty in focusing the eyes (nystagmus), and full or partial paralysis. "I'd had a numbness problem in the left side before," she says, "but it wasn't as serious as this second attack, and I had just sort of talked myself out of. . .that kind of thing."

It's always tragic when MS strikes, but for a singer, it can mean the end of a career: That ephemeral thing known as "stage presence" is a combination of the very things that MS attacks—poise, balance, speech.

Donna has managed to come back as a performer, although husband and manager Stan Silver says that "there is still some concern with people, even though she's back at work, that she's not able to walk, or that she's in a wheelchair. I hear the darndest things everywhere I go."

And for Donna, the disease attacked her faith as well as her body. "Every now and then, the fleeting thought would come: 'God, what have I done wrong?' I really went through some changes and things. It put me in the pit of depression for a while. But then, it's really *physically* depressing. I mean, you just break out in tears at the drop of a feather; you have these uncontrollable crying spells. If you really have faith, you're not supposed to have a spirit of fear. But every now and then that fear will creep in. Every now and then it will come down on you, and it takes all you have to fight it."

Fight it she did, and after a five month's absence from the stage, she delivered her comeback performance to an appreciative audience in Tulsa, Oklahoma. "To tell you she was scared of that would be an understatement," said Stan.

One of the by-products of a struggle for life is an increased awareness of its sweetness—and a new compassion for those who suffer. Ask Donna.

"My heart reaches out to all those people who are sick with any kind of disease. I met a man recently who recognized me and came up to say hello. He said that he didn't have long to live. I wasn't thinking straight enough at that time. . . .I was going somewhere. . . .But afterwards, I thought, 'Oh, I wish he'd write me a letter or something, so I could write him back and say: "Don't believe that you don't have long, because maybe you could have if you'd only believe. Just think that God's going to give you some

Continued on following page

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Let us introduce you to a child you can love and help

A child needs you

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What is my commitment?

The cost of providing this important, life-changing care for one child is just $15 a month. In the impoverished areas of our world, your $15 will go a long, long way and will be vital to the health and well-being of your child.

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- Salvation Army
- American Baptist Churches
- Southern Baptist Convention
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- Evangelical Mennonite Church
- Assemblies of God
- Evangelical Free Church Mission
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Organized in 1952, Compassion now cares for over 38,000 needy children in 25 countries.

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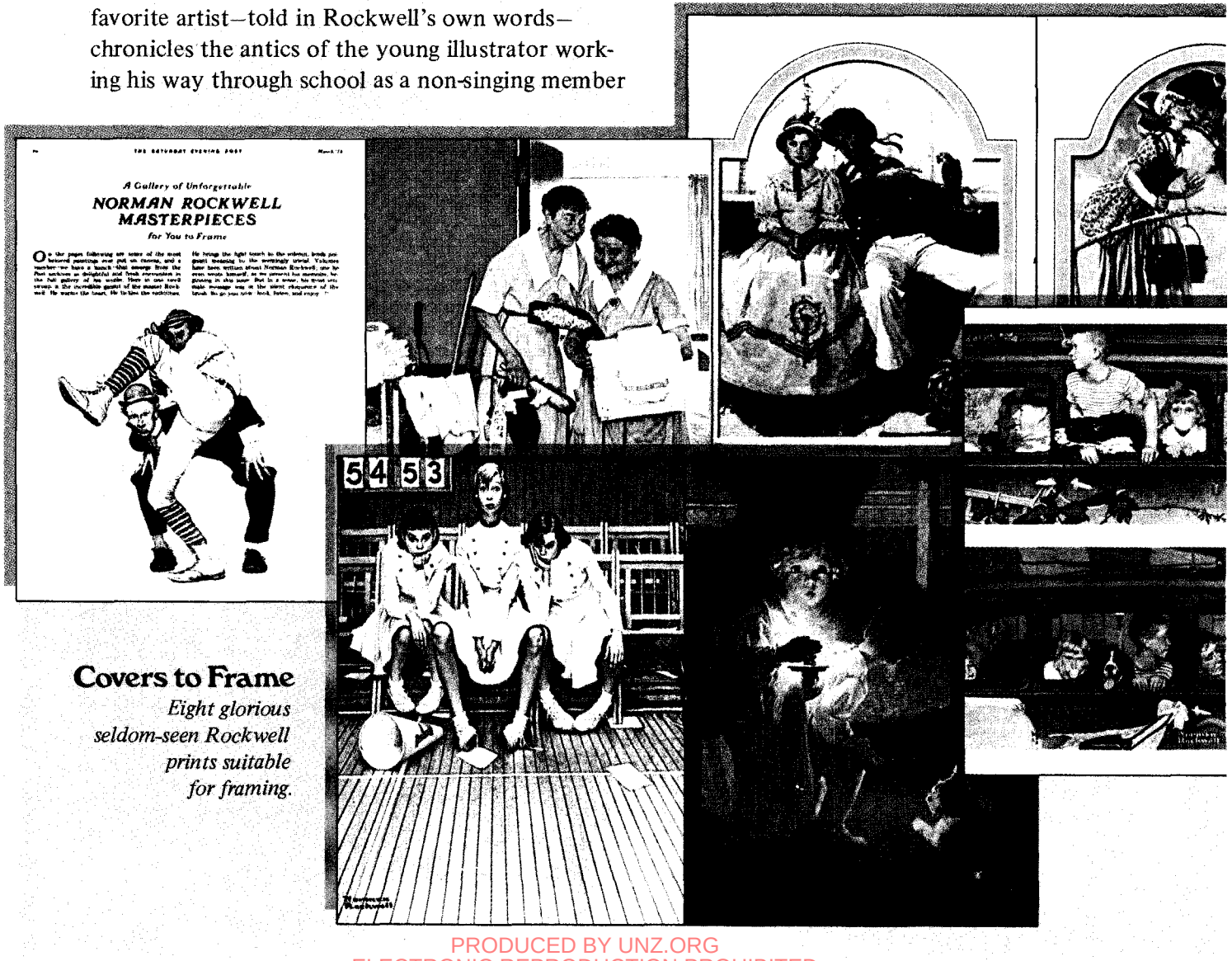

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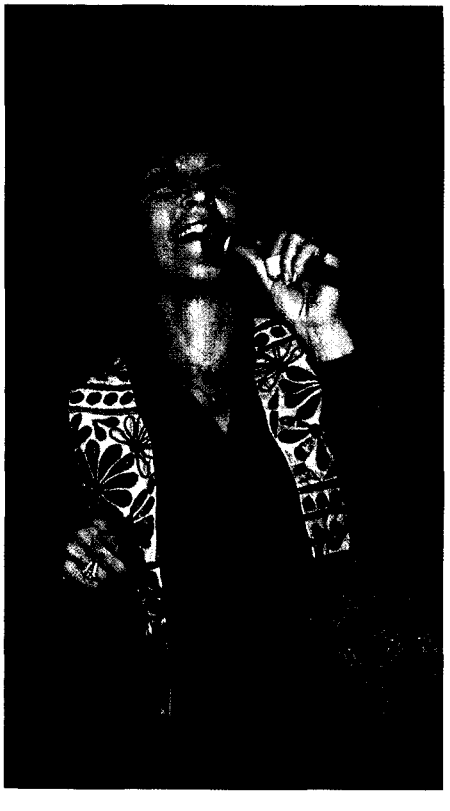

"She was scared," said husband Stan of Donna's comeback performance; but she worked the moment to her advantage. Here she belts out Rocky Top.

more time." I don't ever want to think that I have just a year.' "

Little is known about MS. Some patients have had the disease for 35 years, yet still walk, still carry on with their jobs in much the same fashion as they did before discovering MS. They look normal. Others, not so fortunate, are confined to wheelchairs within seven or eight months. There is no rhyme or reason to MS, and there is no prognosis. Patients can't go to the doctor for a glimpse of what their lives will be five years in the future—they must simply wait and see. Sometimes MS patients experience a remission in their condition, a period during which their symptoms disappear and they look and feel "cured." But MS is never really gone, and the symptoms can reappear in a month, a day, an hour.

Donna was lucky. She spent only a month in the hospital and was confined to her bed at home for a time. She appears much as she did before, although fatigue, the omnipresent companion of MS, sometimes overshadows her naturally cheerful features. Her fight is not over, but she finds much for which to be grateful.

"I'm deeply thankful to be alive, to look fairly normal, and to function fairly normally. It makes me feel bad if I'm clumsy, even if it's not associated with the disease, with the problem. You know, when people have just had a heart attack you can hardly ever tell it either. I am so thankful that the external residuals are as minimal as they are, but it's still just a constant fight. All you have is yourself, God, and the hope for a cure."

Before her entry into the music business, Donna was a schoolteacher in Covina, a small town in Southern California. It's one of life's ironies that she was approached by the Los Angeles MS Society after her rise in music to do a benefit for them. Shortly afterwards, she learned that she was stricken with the disease, and in 1978 she was the honorary chairwoman of the Los Angeles chapter's annual Read-A-Thon.

Even though Donna's appearance at the Read-A-Thon may have had bitter overtones, she has found a sense of very real personal involvement with the MS Society's crusade. "I'm going to get involved with their organization somehow," she says. "I don't know what I can do, but I'm going to do what I can. They have the Read-A-Thon program going now that, when I can, I'll be active in. The more books kids read, the more money the people who sponsor them give to the society. Last year, they raised $11 million with that program alone, and this year they hope to raise $13 million."

Country music fans are fabled in the music industry for their loyalty and support, and Donna attributes much of her return to them.

"The people out there who wrote me have helped me tremendously. When so many people are pulling for you, you feel sort of responsible to them. You're trying to get well for a lot of people besides yourself. When I was at my lowest, I got just tons of cards and letters at the hospital, and it really did help me." And to those who suffer from illness, Donna wishes to repay the kindness she's received.

"Get the hope back. It's like any kind of relationship: Once you give up or sever those ties, it's harder to get it back. But you *can* get it back. And if you haven't given up—don't. That's just all there is to it.

"Oral Roberts wrote a book called *Better Health and Miracle Living* on how to get through your struggles. He teaches very basic things, and he keeps pounding on a point. And sometimes you need that. You need little things to hang onto, so that when you get down or you get in a bad place, you have something to cling to. I also think Reverend Kenneth Hagan's books and tapes have helped me tremendously. He preaches faith and the Bible: studying it, meditating on it.

"There's a scripture that says, 'Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' Haven't

Continued on page 128

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TASTE THE GOOD TIMES.

RALEIGH LIGHTS

© 1979 B&W T Co.

Lights, 9 mg. "tar", 0 .8 mg. nicotine; Lights 100's, 9 mg. "tar", 0 .9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Extra Burley tobacco fortifies the flavor.

Finally! Genuine tobacco flavor in a low 'tar' cigarette...plus Double Gift Coupons.

For free Gift Catalog. Call toll-free: (1-800) 626-5510. (Ky. residents call toll-free: (1-800) 752-6010.)

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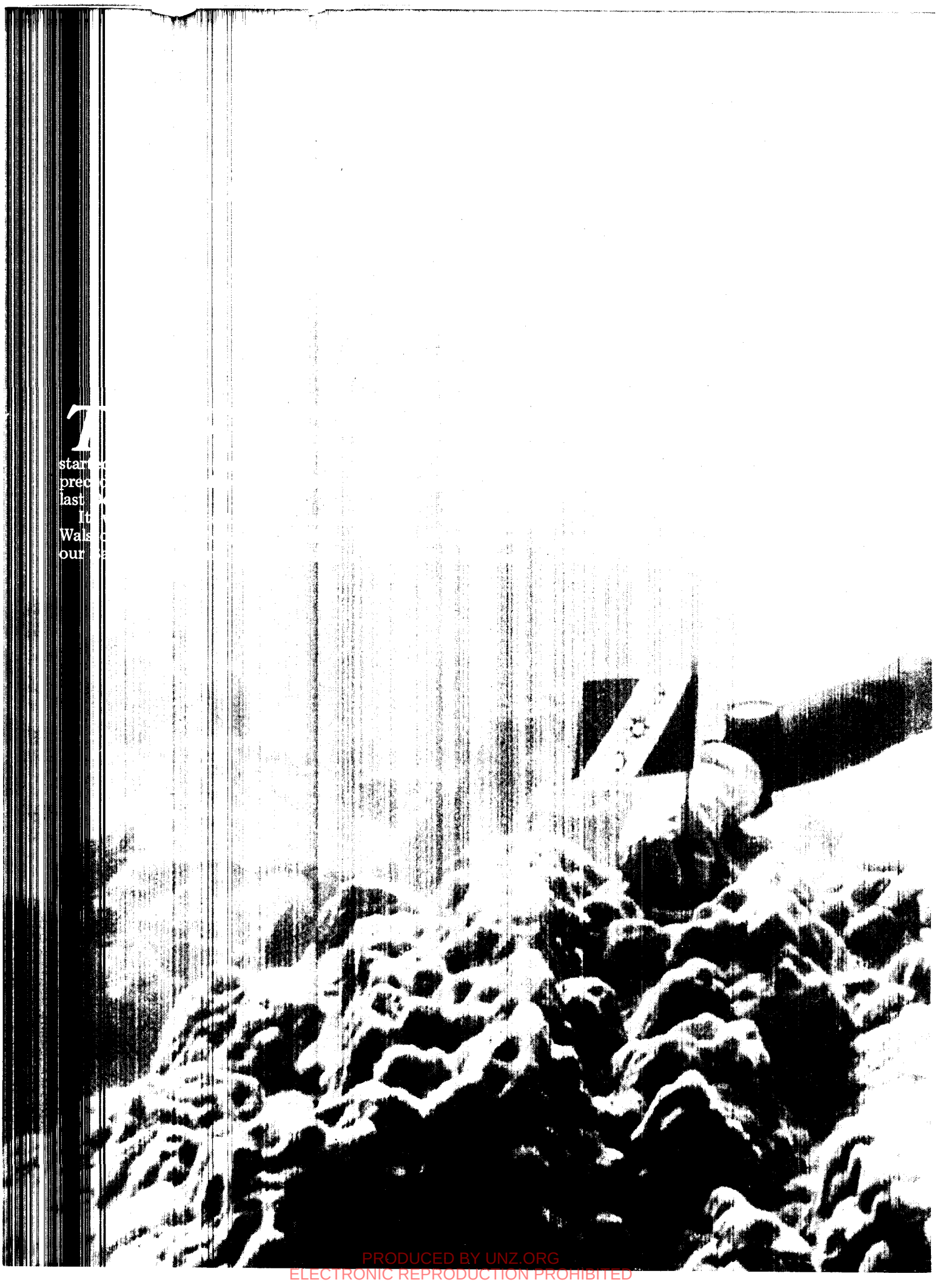

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...g all over the ... South Pacific ... between the ...oma, in a spot ... close-up of the ...nted in coral.

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"The explorer is the poet of action and exploring is the poetry of deeds."

—Dr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson
Arctic explorer

Edmund F. Ball, the author of this article, has previously contributed to the *Post*, describing "The Great Australian Air Race," in which he and his wife Virginia—his "co-pilot in command, navigator and operator"—flew west to east, Perth to Sydney, across the great down-under continent. Before that it was a 5,000-mile African Flying Safari. He has flown his own planes for some 40-odd years. As a scuba diver, he is well known to the piscine inhabitants of the waters of Australia, Hawaii, California, Florida, and the islands off the African coast. Mr. Ball is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Ball Corporation, Muncie, Indiana, where he contrives to jog and swim considerable distances at least once every day.

The headquarters building of the Club is located in New York City, a building very much in harmony with the distinction of its members, being a six-story Tudor-type town house designed by a distinguished British architect in 1910. Its interior elegance is enhanced by a library of 18,000 books, covering all phases of exploration and related sciences, among them rare volumes not even found in either the Library of Congress or The New York Public Library, two of the world's largest research depositories. The club also has a special library of 5,000 rare and unusual maps. Mr. Ball's membership in The Explorers Club brings him into contact with the most adventurous spirits in the world. Since its founding in 1904, from its conference hall have gone out over 2,000 expeditions, many of them carrying the Club's flag to the far ends of the earth and into space. Admiral Robert E. Peary was among its first Presidents. Its members are legendary—such as the likes of Stefansson, Roy Chapman Andrews, Amundsen, Byrd, Shackleton, Jimmie Doolittle, Sir Edmund Hillary, Lowell Thomas, Wernher von Braun, Neil Armstrong, and John Glenn. In addition to these and many other famed names in the annals of exploring, the Club's real strength lies in the contributions of its 1,800 members whose dedication to knowledge and "the poetry of deeds" enriches all the nations of the world. No tall tales are needed there after dinner: They are all tall men.

not be planted at depths greater than six fathoms. This undertaking would lend an added interest to my diving and provide Pete with a challenge that would take him to areas seldom, if ever, visited by tourists and 'round-the-world sailing vagabonds.

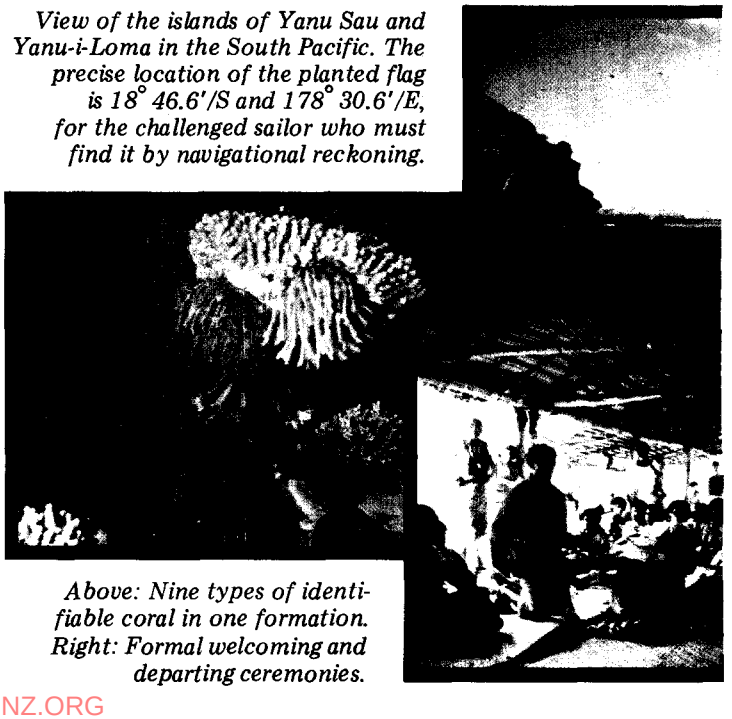
Deadpanning the idea, we put it to Pete Bartoe that if he could design a spacecraft which, while spinning about the earth at 26,000 miles per hour, would carry on board a pointing device having the capability of directing a camera toward designated areas of the sun, some 93 million miles away, within an accuracy of one minute of an arc, then surely he could easily locate The Explorers Club flags planted on remote coral reefs in the Pacific. Doctor Walston agreed to supply the flags, and did. In the ambience of the cocktail hour, the project seemed like just another everyday undertaking, and the challenge was accepted.

In preparation for our part of the deal, Virginia and I began studies of the Fiji and Cook Islands where our travels would take us. Pete, in addition to getting his vessel ready, would probably be doing some special boning up on his navigation.

Art Gaiser, former vice president of Ball Corporation, at my suggestion, undertook to simplify Pete's navigational problem from the coordinates I gave him of where the flags were planted. Flag #1 was placed precisely at 18 degrees, 46.6 minutes/South and 178 degrees, 30.6 minutes/East, on a coral formation five fathoms deep, between the small, uninhabited islands of Yanu Sau and Yanu-i-Loma, which themselves are about two miles south of the small, inhabited island of Ndravuni which is located at 18 degrees, 45.8 minutes/South and 178 degrees, 31.9 minutes/East, in the Fiji Island group.

For some reason, Art Gaiser had difficulty locating the islands because his calculations by the coordinates given placed them in the Atlantic instead of the Pacific Ocean, which would have been a rather remarkable discovery. Further study, however, indicated a

View of the islands of Yanu Sau and Yanu-i-Loma in the South Pacific. The precise location of the planted flag is 18° 46.6'/S and 178° 30.6'/E, for the challenged sailor who must find it by navigational reckoning.



Above: Nine types of identifiable coral in one formation. Right: Formal welcoming and departing ceremonies.

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confusion between North and West and South and East which, when corrected, cleared up the matter, returning the islands to their proper location in the Pacific Ocean where Captain Cook had first recorded them in 1773. Art agreed with me that, assuming the correctness of these coordinates and verifying them by a fix on the north Astrolabe Reef Solo Light, and also assuming the same degree of accuracy of the pointing device on Pete's spacecraft, the position of the flags could be determined to a plus or minus of .04 inches. For all practical purposes, that should be close enough. The only problems then remaining would be dependent upon Pete's navigational skills and his capability of diving to a depth of about six fathoms.

It remains to be seen whether Pete will be able to accomplish his mission.

Following this somewhat facetious explanation of our South Seas expedition, I will proceed with an explanation of its composition and serious objectives.

It was conducted under the auspices of the Western Society of Naturalists, and the able leadership of Professor David H. Montgomery, Biological Sciences Department, California Polytechnic University, San Luis Obispo, California, and sponsored by the University of the South Pacific, Suva, Fiji Islands; the University

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Two Explorers Club members, the author (right) and Sir Charles Flemming, enjoy discussing flag-planting challenge. Below: Inset shows Fiji Islands, where planting of Club flag took place; large map indicates trip south from Suva to exact spot of flag.

Top photo, above: Author and wife, Virginia, bid new but old friends farewell. Below: Scientists examine fossils and silt stone outcroppings at Matheson Bay, New Zealand.

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HOW SWEET IT IS

With seven gold records to his credit, the man who once musically complained that raindrops kept falling on his head is now walking in the sun.

by B. J. Thomas

Married for a decade, Gloria and B.J. have shared the height of success and the depths of despair simultaneously. When Paige was born in 1970, B.J. was named top vocalist of the year. Looking back, he recalls it as a time of addiction and self-destruction.

Since I've been a Christian, I've been pulled in every direction by the secular and the Christian worlds, and I've learned a few things. It's hard to give your testimony every night for two years. And it takes divine, intervening grace to put up with some of the things people demand in the name of the Lord. I have come to realize that the main thing the Lord would have me do is not to sing or perform or cut albums—even gospel albums—or give interviews or write books or even go on TV and talk about Christ. The main thing the Lord would have me do is live for Him on a daily, personal basis. Whether or not I ever said so in public would not mean as much to Him as my being sold out to Him on the inside, at home, alone, when the chips are down and there is no audience.

As far as having anything heavy or spiritual or terribly pertinent to say, I confess that's not my long suit. I'm a country boy that made good on the music scene, a drug addict saved by grace. I will glorify the Lord in any way I can in what I say—and often in what I don't say. I'll share my testimony before secular crowds with gospel songs, and I'll share Christ personally with fans after the show and with my friends and co-workers. I'm better in a one-on-one situation, regardless of what the rest of the Christian world thinks is required of a "star."

I can only do what God leads me to do, and I believe that is to stay in my profession and be myself. I'm not Johnny Youthleader or Joe Devotional. All I can be is B. J. Thomas, born-again pop singer. When you come to one of my concerts, that's what you'll hear, a B. J. Thomas show. You won't hear a sermon or a speech. You'll hear me praise Jesus through my songs, because that's part of me. I can't count the number of times I wished people had understood this without my, or someone in my organization, having to explain it.

I played Las Vegas after I became a Christian and was on the receiving end of a lot of criticism about it. I maintained that Jesus himself would minister there if he were on earth today. Some friends said to stay there and witness. Others said I shouldn't perform there. No one really swayed me until I got a letter from a group of Mennonites in the Tahoe area. I had not had any peace about playing Vegas, in spite of the fact that no one had talked me out of it, but their letter hit me between the eyes.

It said, in effect, that sure, Jesus went among sinners, but he didn't work for them. It was true. Unarguable. Jesus fellowshipped and dined with Matthew, but he didn't collect taxes with him. My mind was made up. I spoke with an evangelist friend who confirmed it. "If that's what the Lord is tellin' you to do, then do it. Don't procrastinate. If he wants you out of Vegas, get out."

I also told my friend that I was embarrassed and ashamed about my smoking. Many friends had said, "Don't worry about it. When the spirit is right, you'll quit." Well, the spirit never got right, and my wife Gloria and I both struggled with our habit. We knew that a God who had helped me kick a $3,000 a week drug habit could help me quit cigarettes, but still we hung on, nurturing our learned habit. It was the toughest thing to quit, but when my evangelist friend looked me in the eye and said, "Yes, it's hurting your testimony and it'll kill you one day," I knew the time had come.

I knew that if we knelt and prayed about my smoking, I'd never touch another cigarette again. Here was a man blessed and honored of God. A man who saw thousands come to Christ through

Continued on page 132

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How You Can Achieve Total Financial Freedom In Today's Economy!

More Than 350,000 People Have Discovered Exactly How

A MUTUAL CONCERN

We've never met and probably never will, but we think we share a common interest. That interest is in achieving complete and total financial freedom despite what economists say.

Because of this common interest, we think we can be of great help to each other. You see, recently our net worth reached the *magic million dollar mark*, and it only took us 48 months to achieve that.

That might not impress you, but if you had seen us just a few years ago, you might wonder how we did it. We lived in Denver then, in a cramped, tumbled down house at 2545 South High Street. Lois was expecting our second child and we were so broke we had to borrow $150.00 from a relative just to buy food and pay the rent.

By the way, we know we didn't make a million dollars because of our superior intellect. [Lois did a little better, but I barely got through Ames High School (Ames, Iowa) with a C average]. We did a little better later on but soon realized that a salaried job was not the way to become financially free. If you'll stop and think, you'll realize that millionaires do not work 10, 20, or 50 times harder or longer than you.

FINANCIAL FREEDOM

Now, how can we help each other? We are willing to share everything we have learned and know that would help and guide you to achieve your own financial freedom and independence. It seems that most people who are charging for financial advice have studied how to "do it" but have never actually "done it" themselves.

You will find as you read our formulas, that since we have actually achieved total financial freedom ourselves, that you will receive from us more than just the motivation to achieve your own financial independence, but a workable step by step plan to actually do it.

STEP-BY-STEP

Contained in the work entitled **How To Wake Up The Financial Genius Inside You** are the various formulas which will show you exactly how you can do each of the following:

- buy income properties for as little as $100 down.
- begin without any cash.
- put $10,000 cash and more in your pocket each time you buy (without selling property)
- compound your assets at 100% yearly.
- legally avoid paying federal or state income taxes.
- buy bargains at one-half the market value.

MORE LEISURE

If you apply these formulas and methods, you will find in a very short time, you will be able to spend three weeks out of every month doing anything you care to do, and we think, at that time, you will find as we have, that spending several weeks on the beaches of Hawaii, or on the ski slopes of Colorado, or just sightseeing in Europe, or any other place in the world, you begin to understand what **real freedom** is all about.

Most people think that it would be impossible to do some of the things listed above. For example, to buy a property, and at the same time put $10,000 (or more) cash in your pocket without selling the property, or to buy a property with little or no cash down.

Believe us, it is possible and fairly simple. This is exactly how most wealthy people actually do make 10, 20, or 50 times more money than you do.

ASSET FORMULA

These formulas of ours do not have to be used with income properties only. They actually can be applied to virtually any asset.

While struggling on making our first million, we often thought how nice it would be to have the personal advice and counsel from someone like Howard Hughes or J. Paul Getty.

What would we have been willing to pay for this service? I can tell you one thing for sure, it would have been a lot more than the $10.00 that we're going to ask you to invest in your financial future.

FOR YOUR FUTURE

What will this $10.00 actually do for you? It will give you a complete step-by-step plan that you can follow to become totally and completely financially independent.

Please try to understand our dilemma. We're not a New York advertising agency, with all their professional skill and manpower to write a powerful and persuasive ad to convince you that we can make you financially independent. We are just a couple who have actually 'done it', and can really show you how to 'do it'.

What would you do, if you were in our shoes. You have in excess of $1,000,000 net worth, you have a desire to share your formula with others, because you not only have a simple, honest and workable method whereby others too can enjoy the riches of this land, but you also want to benefit and make money from sharing this information, so you can continue to grow financially.

We think you might do what we're doing—that is to write a simple open letter to the type of people who share similar goals as ours asking them to try the formulas for themselves, to see if they work as well as the claims described. Because, we know, as you would know if you were in our shoes that *if we can just convince you to* **test our formulas** *you will see for yourself that they will work as easily for you as they do for us.*

It's really quite frustrating to have something so valuable as we know we have, but lack the skill to convince people to try it for themselves. We hope by our simple, direct approach, we can convince you to try our formulas.

Mark & Lois Haroldsen became millionaires in four years because they found a way to harness inflation to their benefit. Now it's your turn! *"I've found"* says Haroldsen, *"that most people just need a specific road map to follow...they can do what we've done."*

INDECISION—THE COSTLY DECISION

It seems the majority of the people in our rich country lose, not because they lack intelligence, or even willpower, but because of procrastination, or lack of action—please don't be like the masses. Make a decision while you have this paper in your hands. Make a decision now to either act now and send for our material or immediately round file this paper. If your decision is to subscribe, do it now, not later. Otherwise, you may lose, just by default.

To order, simply take any size paper, write the words "Financial Freedom," your name and address, and send it along with a check for $10.00 to Mark & Lois Haroldsen, Inc., 2612 So. 1030 West, Dept. G-502, Salt Lake City, Utah 84119.

If you send for our materials now, we will also send you documents that will show you precisely how you can easily borrow from $20,000 to $200,000 at 2% above the prime rate using just your signature as collateral.

IT'S GUARANTEED

If you are still somewhat skeptical, and believe us, when we started out we certainly were (because of the many people in the world trying to deceive others), we would encourage you to postdate your check by 30 days, and promise and guarantee that it will not be deposited for at least those 30 days, and if for any reason you do not think that what we have sent you lives up, in every aspect to what we told you in this letter, send the material back, and we'll quickly, without question, refund your money and send back your own uncashed check or money order.

*M5MW © *Mark & Lois Haroldsen, 1979*

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Speaking Out

JIM JONES: CHRISTIAN OR COMMUNIST?

He masqueraded under the IRS label of a religious organization but he despised religion. Without bountiful government dollars he would never have prospered and his debacle would not have happened.

by G. E. Synhorst

Let's be wary of increased government suppression of religious groups and cults. We can make the case that such bizarre religious groups as Jim Jones' Peoples Temple and Synanon of California are more political than religious. Oddly, the financial strength and popularity of these very questionable groups were enhanced by too much government involvement. Without this government help neither organization would have flourished in the first place.

A religious cult is a splinter religious group with a set of beliefs at sharp variance with the nation's customs. A strong inspirational leader is usually in active direction of the cult. To cult members this leader is normally their god; if not, he has the ability to act in their god's name. Followers consider the cult's religious promise to be the central ingredient of their lives. It is not a sometime thing for Sundays, weddings, and funerals. It replaces home, family, and wealth as life's motivating drive. A bit of government opposition strengthens the religious cult. The fair-weather follower is scared away; those with deeper convictions remain.

Early Cult Persecution by Governments

American history is liberally sprinkled with religious cults. Indeed, many immigrants to America from the Pilgrims on were cultists escaping suppression in Europe. Groups such as the Amish still flourish as modern-day remnants of these. Since, we have had home-grown cults: The Mormons are a good example. All have been strengthened in their resolve by government interference. It is remarkable to note that nearly all of these groups have added to the fabric, the beauty, and the substance of American life. In each case the common sense and the tolerance so ingrained in the American experiment have encouraged the best of each movement to survive and the more questionable elements to fade away. Government persecution of the Mormons, the Quakers, and the Amish seems so petty now. We shudder to imagine a government which would take upon itself the responsibility to decide which was a good religious cult and which a bad one. It was government like that which drove many of our forefathers here in the first place.

Mrs. Jim Jones at one point declared to the New York Times *that her husband had decided when he was only 21 years old that the way to achieve his Marxist goals was to mobilize people through religion. "Jim used religion to try to get some people out of 'the opiate of religion'," she said, adding that he had once slammed a Bible on the table and said, "I've got to destroy this paper idol." Jones used religion as a tool, actually, to entice new recruits to his cult and to deceive naive outsiders. After the victims were hooked, he used sex, blackmail, intimidation, and psychological dependence to manipulate them. At Jonestown, when there were no outsiders to deceive by any display of piety, there were no religious services or discussions of religion. In the end Jones corrupted people who were once good Christians so that they would commit adulterous or homosexual acts with him or others at his command. They would commit murder at his command, even the murder of their own children, as we now know.*

Jim Jones' Peoples Temple and the religious cult called Synanon were and are more political than religious. They actively recruited those who were receiving public funds in the form of Social Security and welfare. They managed to weave their way into the local government networks which distribute government services and funds to the poor, the maimed, and the elderly. Typically, these so-called cults would accept, for a fee, young runaways and elderly derelicts who were wards of the city or state. These unfortunates were put to work, and Jim Jones' "church" pocketed the money. All of these programs had massive federal funding. Many of the millions of dollars squirreled away by Jim Jones were federal funds; in-

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deed, much in government checks was still uncashed at the time of the Guyana debacle.

Jim Jones and Synanon both profited from the anti-CIA and anti-FBI craze started by irresponsible politicians elected to responsible offices. Ironically, both the FBI and the CIA had legitimate reason to look into Jim Jones' church. Within the United States, federal funds intended for welfare programs were being grossly misused. The FBI could have looked at that. In Guyana, a foreign country, Jim Jones was actually trying to funnel federal funds to the Soviet Union, certainly an area of concern for the CIA.

The wild accusations made by Jones against the CIA and FBI had two effects. The two intelligence agencies became gun-shy and were loathe to have anything to do with religious cults. Government welfare officials seemed all the more anxious to funnel money to the questionable "religious" groups. There is a strange paradox here. Government welfare organizations are just that—government. They operate by authority of the law of the land and with lawfully appropriated government funds. Yet the welfare bureaucracy overflows with well-meaning, immature souls with a strong disdain for the law, especially for law enforcement. Thus it was that these fake religious cults could make ridiculous political charges against one part of government and thereby virtually assure the support of another part of the same government. The press, as usual, was reluctant to criticize tyrannies of the left, especially those clever enough to be against both the CIA and the FBI.

No Welfare Funding for Cults

There are lessons to be learned and lessons not to be learned. More government investigation and suppression of religious cults are totally unnecessary. Throughout our history religious cults have enriched the American scene and frequently given our citizens a choice away from a life of affluent consumerism toward one of self-denial and greater spiritual quality. The value of federal regulation and congressional investigation to our way of life pales by comparison.

Conversely, churches should not become agents for the distribution of government welfare funds. This is doubly true in the case of religious cults whose very appeal is based in part upon their antigovernment stance. By definition any cult embodies the different, the unknown, and the untried—hardly a likely prospect to become an auxiliary arm of government. The doling out of public money seems to bring to the surface the worst of any organization. To the leader of a small cult, availability of federal funds is like pumping water from a well which cannot run dry. Without the poisoning effect of government funds the abomination known as the Peoples Temple would never have grown in the direction it did. After all, it was government money intended for welfare which paid for the journey of those unfortunate people to their death in the steaming jungle of Guyana.

American church groups have done a superb job administering to the poor and the sick for years. Of course this is good, but it must

Continued on page 142

SALLY STRUTHERS TALKS ABOUT HER CHILD.

"Her name is Marites. She lives in the Philippines. And she's the special child I sponsor.

"Four years ago Marites' father died, leaving her sickly mother as the only means of support for six children. Extreme poverty forced eight-year-old Marites and her two older sisters to go to work just to survive.

"Then thanks to the Christian Children's Fund I was able to sponsor her. To help give her food, clothing and a chance to go to school without taking her away from the family she loves.

"Marites and I got to know each other, and now we share a very personal affection for each other.

"For just $15 a month, you too can help a child like Marites. You can become a sponsor in the Christian Children's Fund.

"Don't send any money now. Just send the coupon. We'll send you a child's picture and background information, and explain how you can write to the child and receive very special letters in return. Then you can decide if you want to help.

"Please send in the coupon today. Because these kids are all in our family—yours and mine."

For the love of a hungry child.

Dr. Verent J. Mills NSAP40
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc., Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl. ☐ Choose any child who needs help.

Please send my information package today.
☐ I want to learn more about the child assigned to me. If I accept the child, I'll send my first sponsorship payment of $15 within 10 days. Or I'll return the photograph and other material so you can ask someone else to help.
☐ I prefer to send my first payment now, and I enclose my first monthly payment of $15.
☐ I cannot sponsor a child now but would like to contribute $_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Member of American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service, Inc.
Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario M4T 1Y8.
Statement of income and expenses available on request.

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

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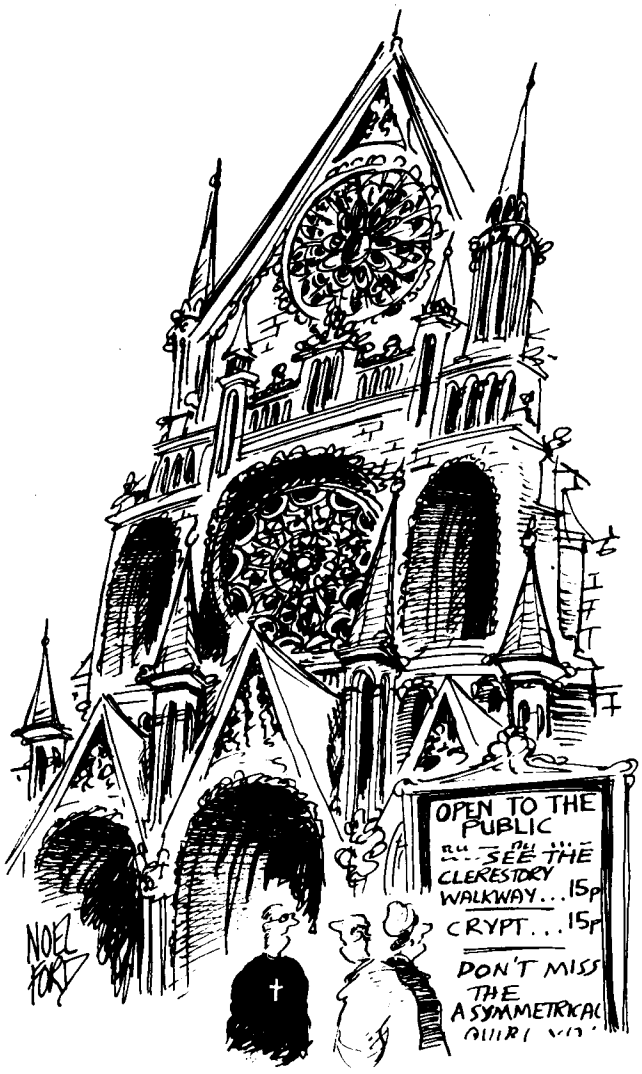
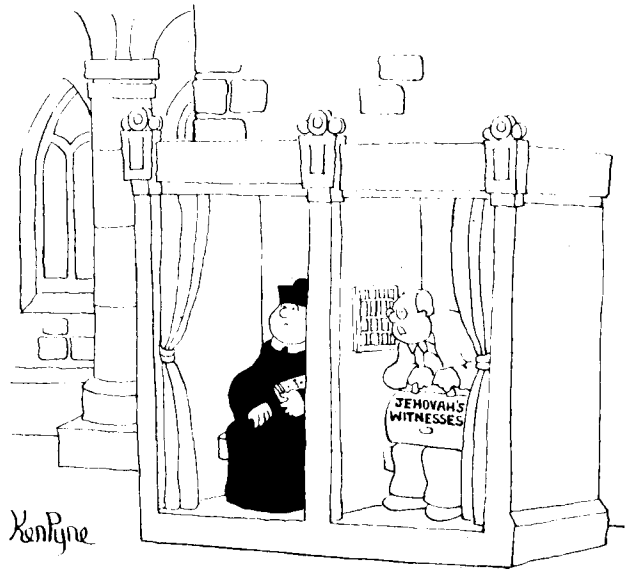
DIVINE COMEDY

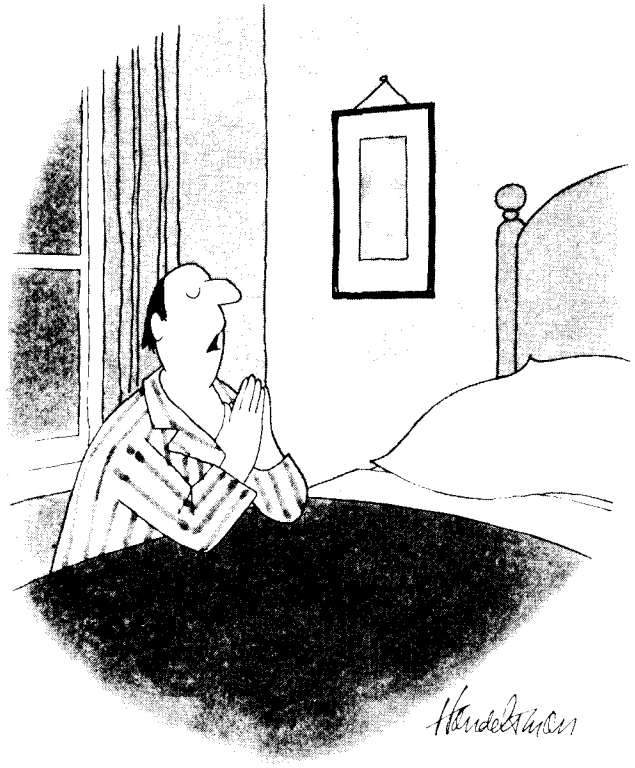


"How much just to come in and pray?"



"Actually, I haven't come to confess anything."

"Since my prayers are taking such an inordinately long time to get answered, I wondered if it would speed things up if you took me on privately?"



"If, however, no improvement is seen by the end of the current fiscal year, this agreement becomes void and I resume chasing dames."

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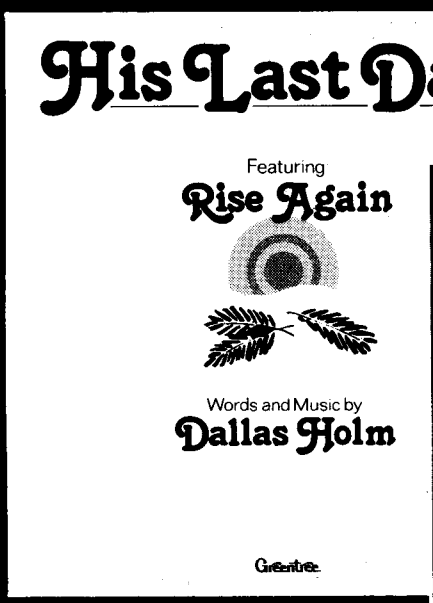
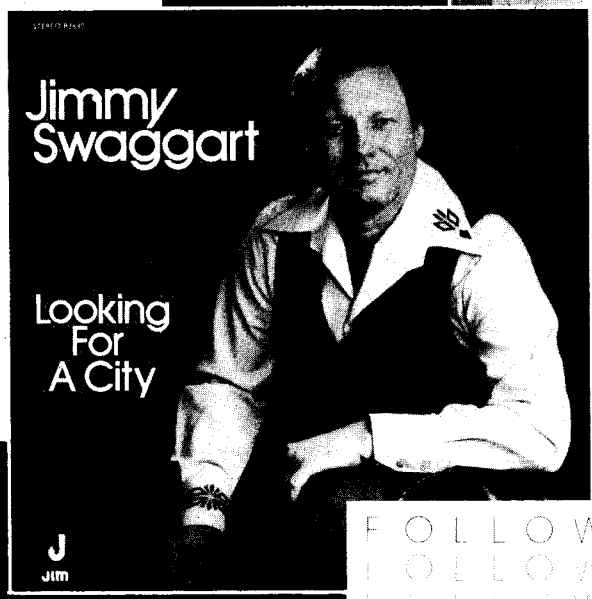
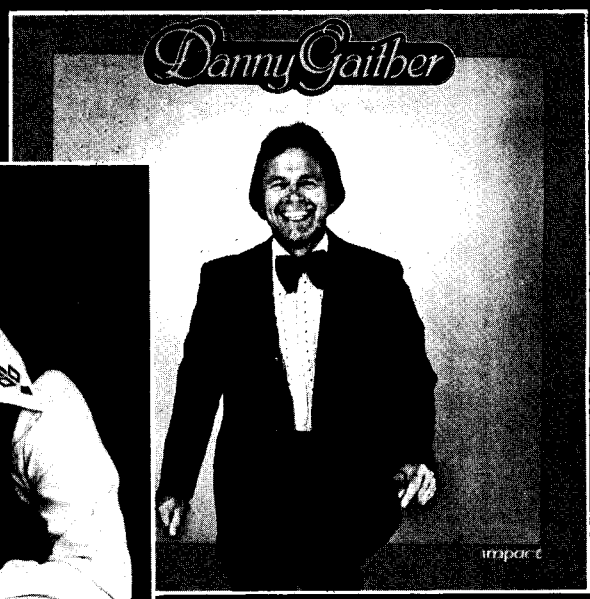
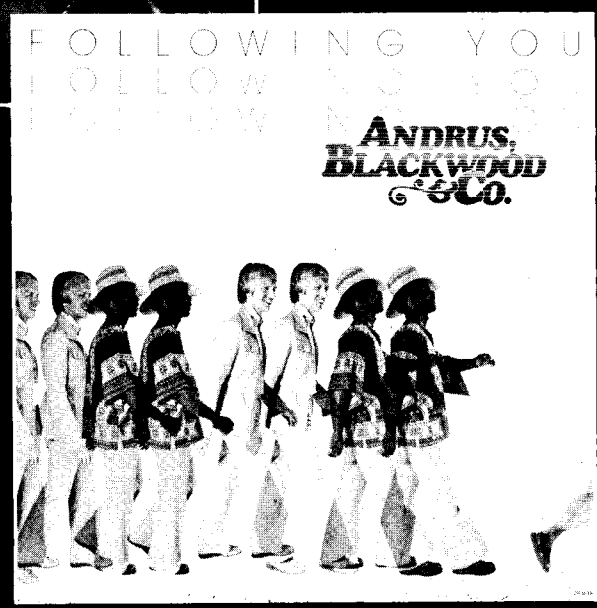
The Gospel Revolution At 33⅓









At 33⅓, the Gospel Revolution begins! Spinning out loud and clear the right to be heard—the right to be enjoyed, not only by gospel enthusiasts, but by those who know good music.

WE CHALLENGE YOU to put us on your turntable and hear why the Gospel Revolution will long be remembered as the *turning point* in music history.

Available on HeartWarming, Impact, Greentree, & Jim Records and Tapes...Great Circle Record Company ...a division of The Benson Company, 365 Great Circle Road, Nashville, Tennessee, 37228.

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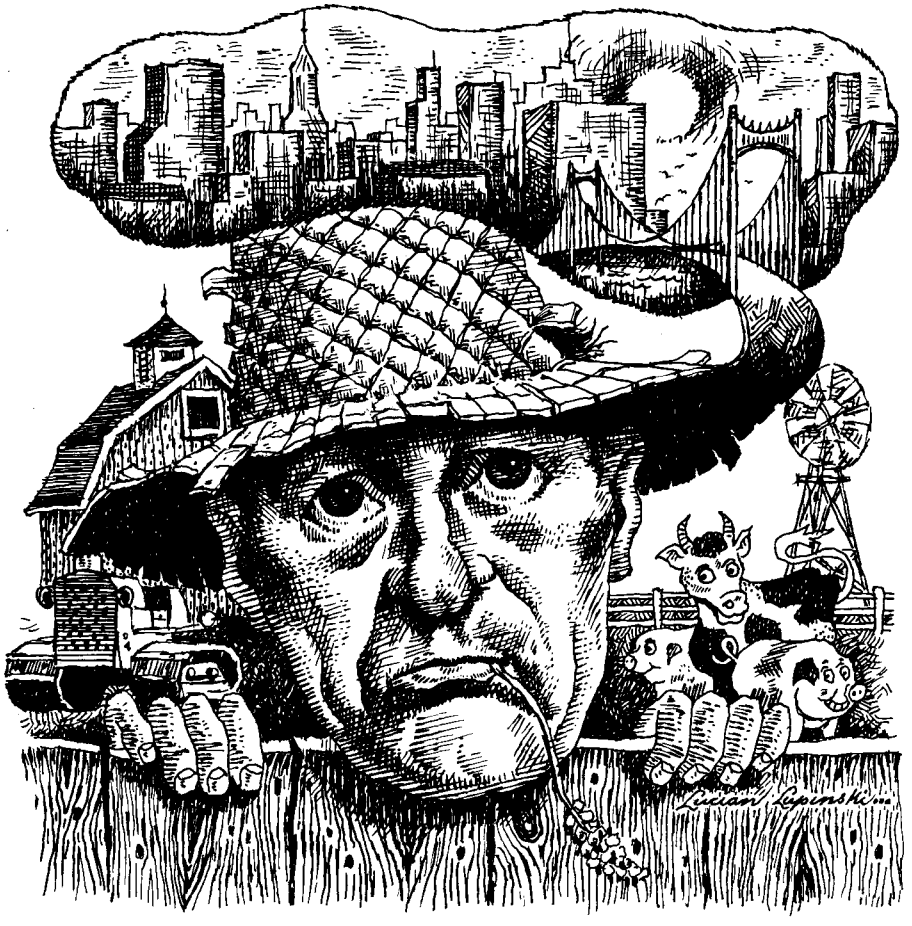
A FARMER BY DEFAULT

or, Custodian of the Land

in which our unwilling tiller of the sod can find no way out.

by S. J. Perelman



If you can spare the gasoline to drive into the backwoods of Eastern Pennsylvania, crouch down in a bed of poison ivy, and peer through the sumacs, you will be rewarded by an interesting sight. What you will see is a middle-aged city dweller, as lean and bronzed as a shad's belly (I keep a shad's belly hanging up in the barn for comparison), gnawing his fingernails and wondering how to abandon a farm. I have raffled it off, let the taxes lapse, staked it on the turn of a card, and had it condemned by the board of health. I have cut it up into building lots which proved unsalable, turned it over to picnic parties who turned it back. I have sidled up to strangers and whispered hoarsely, "Psst, want to buy a hot farm?" only to have them call a policeman.

I began my career as a country squire with nothing but a high heart. In a scant ten years I have acquired a superb library of mortgages, mostly first editions, and the finest case of sacroiliac known to science. I also made several important discoveries. There are no chiggers in an air-cooled movie and a corner delicatessen at dusk is more exciting than any rainbow. On a fine night, no matter how fragrant the scent of the lilacs, I can smell the sharp pungency of a hot corned-beef sandwich all the way from New York. I also learned that to lock horns with Nature you need the constitution of Paul Bunyan and the basic training of a commando. Most of the handbooks on country living are written by flabby men at the Waldorf-Astoria, who lie in bed and dictate them to secretaries. The greatest naturalist I know hasn't raised his window shades in 15 years.

I never would have found myself in the middle of 83 unimproved acres had I been a bit less courteous. One day back in 1932, I was riding a trolley in Manhattan when I noticed a little old lady swaying before me, arms laden with bundles. Though almost 30, she was very well preserved; her hair was ash-blond, her carmine lips wore a mocking pout, and there was such helpless innocence in her eyes that I sprang to her rescue. Dislodging the passenger next to me, I offered her the seat, and we fell into conversation. It soon transpired that we had both been reared in the country and shared a mutual love for wildflowers and jam. At the next stop, I persuaded her to accompany me to a wildflower-and-jam store where my new friend confided her desperate plight. Her aged parents were about to be evicted from their farm unless she could raise $500 immediately. Through sheer coincidence, I happened to have drawn that amount from the bank to buy my wife a fur coat. Knowing she would have done likewise, I pressed it on the fair stranger and signed some sort of document. After a final round of jam, she presented me with her card and left, vowing eternal gratitude. On examining it, I noticed a curious inscription in fine print. It read: Licensed Real-Estate Agent.

I still have the card in my upper bureau drawer. Right next to it, in a holster, is a .38 I'm holding in escrow for the lady the next time we meet. And we will—don't you worry. I've got plenty of patience. That's one thing you develop in the country.

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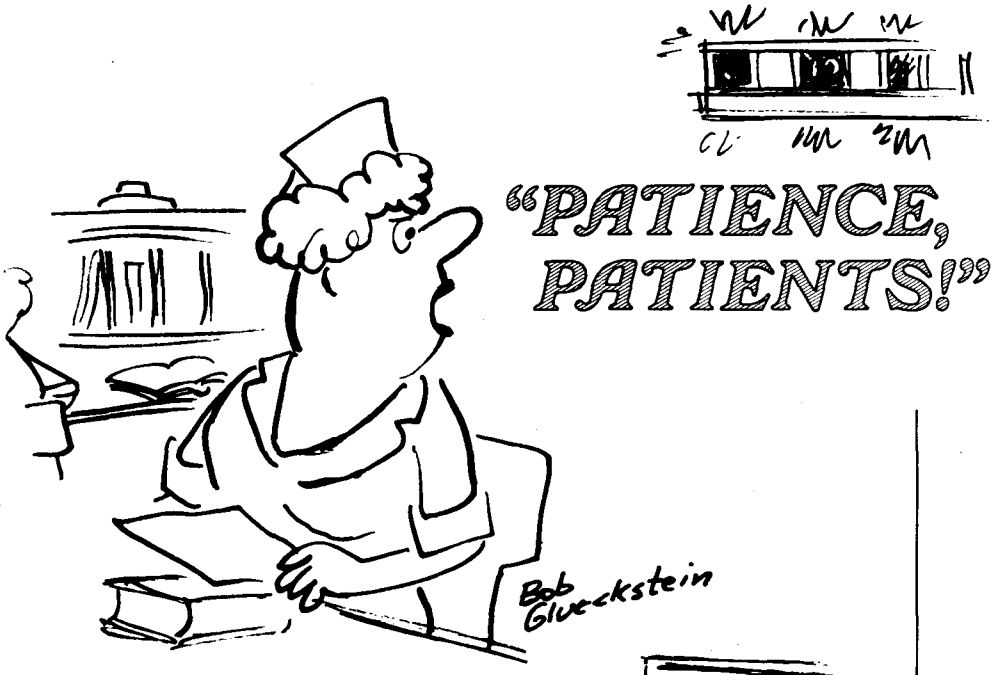
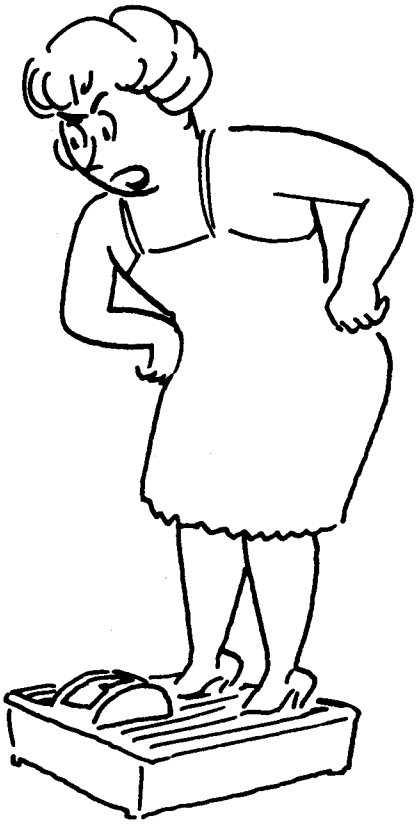
"PATIENCE, PATIENTS!"

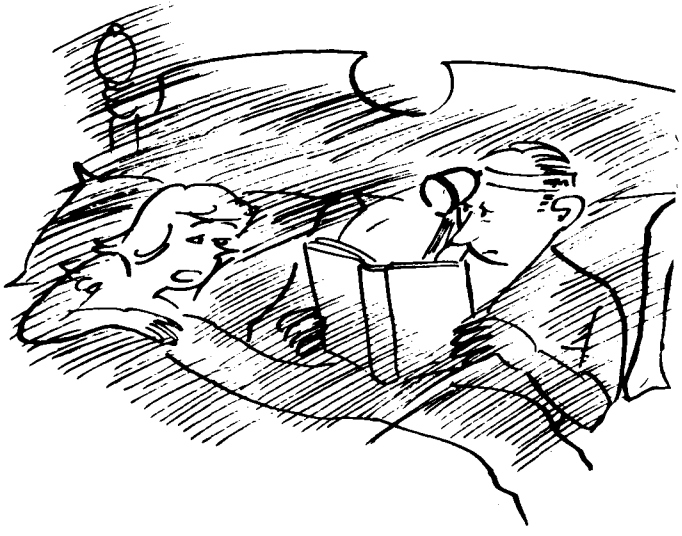


"And I'd appreciate it if you'd stop referring to my medical history as a 'Whodunit.'"



"You lie!"

"'Common cold!'. . . We Cabots do not have 'common' anything!"



"Oh, turn off that light and get to sleep!"

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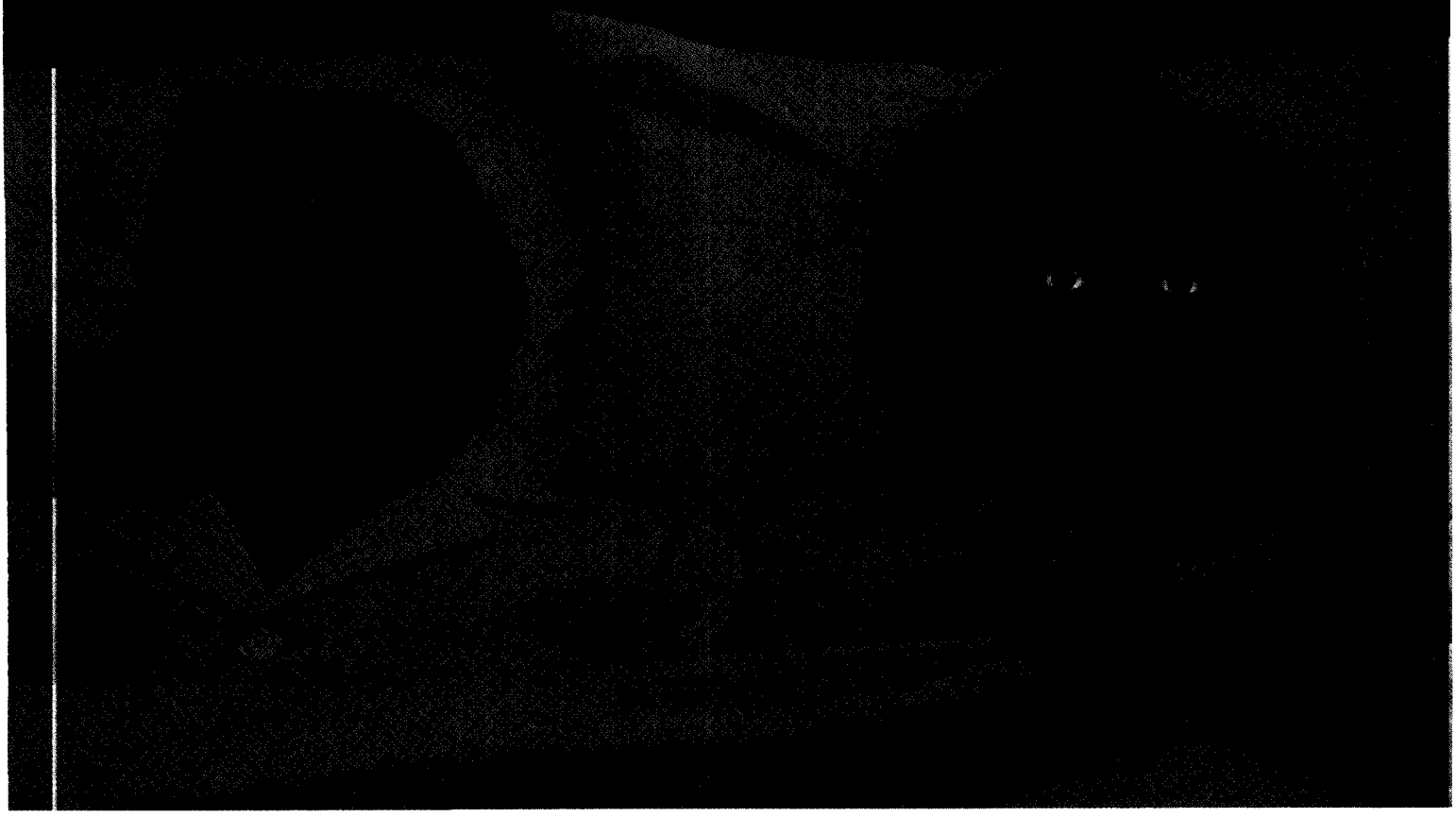
Extra support for him doesn't have to mean less comfort for you.



When you shop for an extra-firm support mattress don't forget comfort.

Don't buy a "hard" mattress for his back that keeps you tossing and turning all night.

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It's designed by Simmons along with a leading orthopedic surgeon. Our Adjust-O-Rest coils and built-in bed board in the box spring give his back the extra support he needs.

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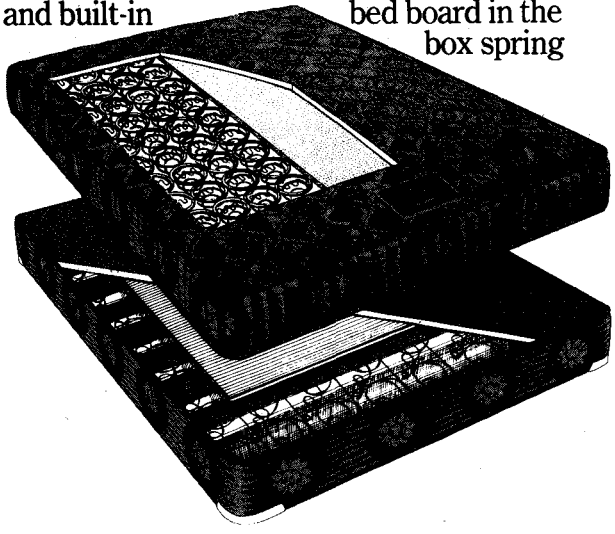
The three Maxipedic styles (Regular, Deluxe and Super) offer you three different comfort levels. One will be just right for both of you.

See your Simmons dealer today. Start sleeping better tonight.



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King Size 3 pc. set*	529.95	569.95	649.95

*Manufacturers Suggested Retail Price. Prices may vary from dealer to dealer. These mattresses may not be available at all Simmons dealers.

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THE GOSPEL BOOM

Snap on the TV, turn up the stereo, pick out a paperback. Thanks to modern technology, the Christian message has been amplified, and it's coming through loud and clear.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations . . . . [Matthew 28:18,19]

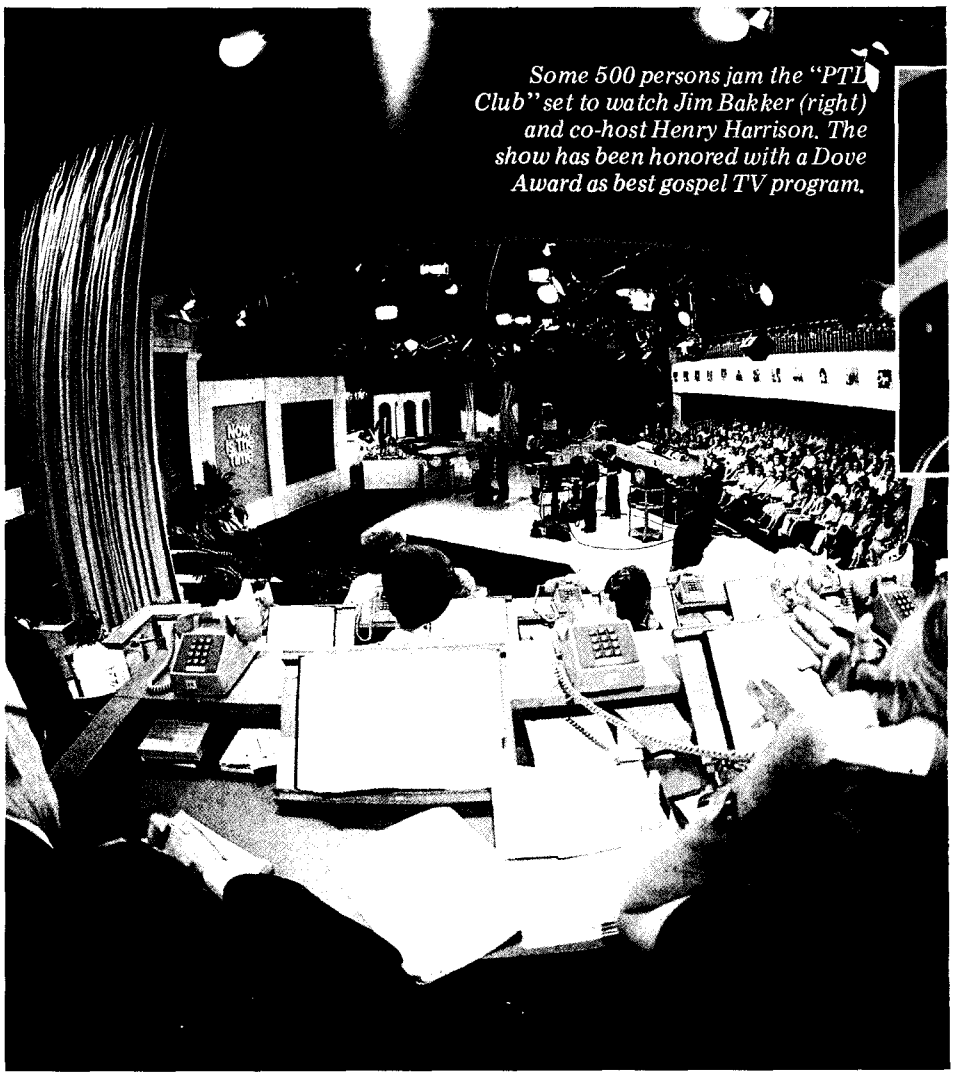
The theme music begins, and on the television screen a PTL logo becomes a globe turning to show scenes of the different countries in which PTL is broadcast. The scenes change with the tempo of the music. The majestic ending is co-host Henry Harrison's cue to introduce, in Ed McMahon style, PTL's president, Jim Bakker (pronounced Bayker). Thus begins another segment of the "PTL (Praise The Lord) Club," America's most viewed daily television program.

The purpose of the popular show is to spread the Word of the Lord, a common goal in Christian circles but one which is executed in a most unique way. The "greatest story ever told" may not have changed in 2,000 years, but the manner of telling it has been revolutionized. Utilizing such modern miracles as video tape, cable hookups, and satellite networks, PTL and other broadcast ministries are reaching millions of viewers.

And that's only the beginning. Aided by technology, the entire gospel industry—from records to radio spots to bestselling books—is booming. Gifted singers, songwriters, and musicians, committed to amplifying the Christian message, are using highly advanced equipment to mix sounds into innovative blends and record them on stereo albums and tapes. Result? New listeners are attracted to the Christian cause. Add to this the enormous numbers of inspirational books being written, published, and distributed throughout the world, and the verdict is simple: Advanced methods of communications are exposing more people to religion today than ever before. How successful are the efforts of these space-age missionaries? Judge for yourself.

Born-Again Airwaves

Originating from the impressive Bruton Parish Studio, fashioned after the Episcopal church in Williamsburg, the two-hour-long PTL Christian variety program mixes modern gospel music with old-time religion. Hollywood personalities such as Pat Boone, Dale Evans, and Dean Jones join the not-so-famous guests with testimonies of healings and miracles in a friendly talk show format which is viewed live via PTL's own satellite network, not only in its home town of Charlotte, North Carolina, but also in Los Angeles and Canton, Ohio. In fact, the PTL Satellite Network transmits 24 hours a day to hundreds of cities in America through its cable affiliates, and the "PTL Club" video



Some 500 persons jam the "PTL Club" set to watch Jim Bakker (right) and co-host Henry Harrison. The show has been honored with a Dove Award as best gospel TV program.

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tape is quickly reproduced and mailed to 215 television stations throughout America and 25 foreign countries.

PTL's beginnings were less than auspicious. In 1973, Jim Moss, PTL's executive vice president, joined other Charlotte Christians in founding the "Praise The Lord" program. Broadcasting from minuscule studios, the fledgling program had difficulty in getting talent and raising the money necessary to keep the program on the air. "That old studio was so small you had to go outside to change your mind," quipped one of the original guests. Later that year, Jim Bakker left the television ministry he founded in Los Angeles and joined the group as host. With an income the first year of $240,000, the team, made up of young and aggressive men and women, began to grow.

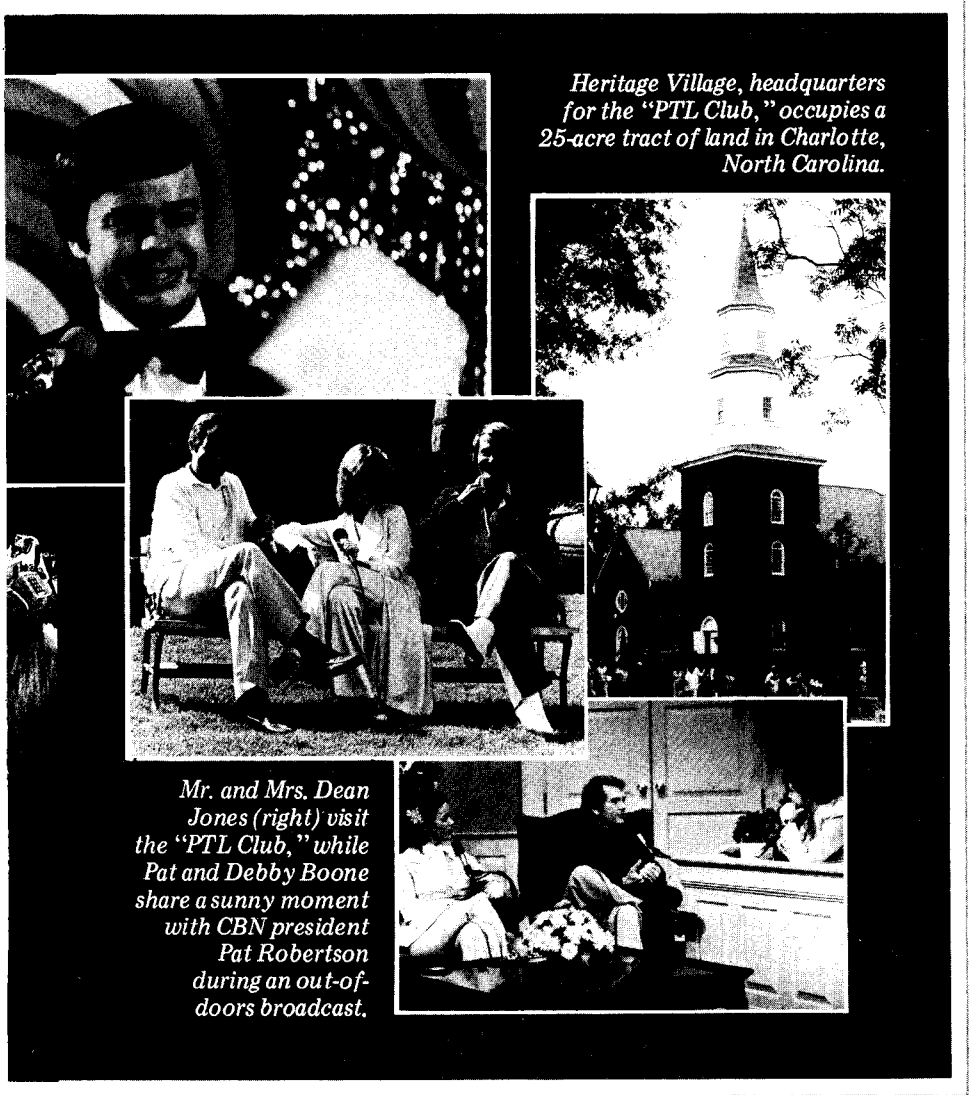
What has prompted PTL's unusual expansion?

"While other ministries concentrated on larger cities, we went into the Paducah, Kentuckys, and Dothan, Alabamas, thereby building a strong base of support," says Moss, the man responsible for building the network. "Jim Bakker is down to earth; the common people relate to him. He's not afraid to be spontaneous and show his emotions."

In 1977 a Spanish version of the program was formed called "Club PTL." Now it is viewed in 18 countries in Latin America and has top ratings in four. With offices in Panama, this lively gospel program featuring well-known artists is having a significant effect in both the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches in these developing nations. The program is taped at the Charlotte station several times a year after the English "PTL Club" is aired. The Rev. Benson Idahosa is the host of the African "PTL Club," which is now viewed in Nigeria, Ghana, and Liberia.

Plans are under way to develop an Italian, French, and Japanese "PTL Club." "I don't believe in tokenism. The gospel must be communicated to people in their own language, consistent with their own culture," says Bakker, who had never left the United States until his around-the-world tour in October of 1978.

Bakker views television as the most effective modern tool to communicate the gospel, and plans are in the offing to diversify programing. Although the "PTL Club" will continue to receive the network's main emphasis, other types of programs are on the drawing boards. An evangelical children's program to compete with Saturday morning children's shows is planned. Gary S. Paxton, known for his rock-and-roll hits of the '50's, is going to star in a comical youth-oriented program. A Christian soap opera with a strong emphasis on Christianity as the solution to everyday problems is also in the forecast.



Heritage Village, headquarters for the "PTL Club," occupies a 25-acre tract of land in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Jones (right) visit the "PTL Club," while Pat and Debby Boone share a sunny moment with CBN president Pat Robertson during an out-of-doors broadcast.

The CBN Story

Sharing PTL's success in the field of television ministry is the Christian Broadcasting Network (CBN), Inc., founded by Dr. M. G. "Pat" Robertson. The son of a U. S. senator from Virginia, Yale Law School graduate, and successful New York businessman, Robertson had been dramatically converted while in New York. He came to Portsmouth, Virginia, in 1960 with a family and $70 in his pocket to purchase a TV station.

After 12 years CBN had grown from a dilapidated, UHF station into an expanding religious network whose popular talk-variety show, "The 700 Club," could be seen by hundreds of thousands of viewers across the United States.

Now, in 1979, CBN has blossomed further into a major worldwide broadcasting network, reaching into all 50 states and 22 foreign countries with a variety of innovative Christian programing, and Robertson is now president of an organization of more than 800 employees, a graduate university, and a newly formed commercial

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network. More than 200 TV stations now carry CBN shows.

In the midst of such swirling, rapid change, the message of CBN is still the same as it was in 1960 when Robertson deposited a token $3 into CBN's newly opened bank account and promptly began to proclaim the gospel. Camera equipment broke down twice, film was caught in the projector, and the entire broadcast lasted only two-and-a-half hours.

However amateurish the beginning, the message of salvation reached into the living rooms and dens of local residents, and CBN was born.

Financial problems were legend in those early days, and it was out of monetary woes that "The 700 Club" was formed. Robertson decided to hold a fund-raising telethon and calculated that he needed approximately $7,000 a month for operating expenses. He asked that 700 viewers pledge $10 each month to meet those costs and thus dubbed the telethon "The 700 Club."

Pleased with its success, station executives made "The 700 Club" into a daily talk show. The broadcast is the flagship show of the network and features such guests as President Carter, former President Ford, Chuck Colson, Eldridge Cleaver, Graham Kerr, Anita Bryant, and others.

The show is slick and modern by industry standards. Relaxed in a comfortable studio chair, Dr. Robertson, along with co-host Ben Kinchlow, listens and asks probing questions while guests discuss conversions, healings, various religious issues, and personal testimonies. The format closely resembles that of other popular talk shows, such as Johnny Carson's "Tonight Show."

"We simply took a format that had worked on the commercial networks and applied it to CBN," Dr. Robertson says. "It was a proven format that had reached millions of Americans."

But unlike the commercial counterparts, Robertson makes no special claim to fame, nor does he expect his name to be on the tip of every Christian's tongue.

"Our job is to make people see Jesus. If they see us, we've failed. They have to see Jesus."

A New Song

If broadcast ministries spread the word by visual means, a new, toe-tapping breed of gospel music appeals to the ears of the audience. Well-trained voices, experienced musicians, and professional sound engineers are producing high quality tapes and albums which offer not only superb sounds but music with a message.

"The message is most important," explains Dallas Holm, singer-composer with the David Wilkerson Crusade. "I make a conscious effort to make my songs easily understood. I consider myself not just a performer and writer, but a minister, too."

Holm's approach might be described as soft rock, one of several musical styles that are gaining favor with concert and radio audiences. Other sounds run the gamut from hard rock to Southern gospel. Holm sees himself somewhere in the middle, which is exactly the position he prefers.

"For so many years, gospel music was represented by the smooth-tongued, sharkskin-clad quartet types that ran around the country selling family Bibles and trips to the Holy Land. When you say 'gospel music' a lot of people conjure up visions of those types of groups. We're so far removed from that today; I like to call our sound Christian contemporary music."

Equally contemporary in their musical ministries are vocalists Kathie Lee Johnson, from TV's "Name That Tune," and Sharalee Lucas, who spreads the Word not only through a uniquely rhythmic rock sound but also via a new book and concert appearances. Although both are devoted to the Christian cause, they are also sharp businesswomen who want to

Continued on page 40

When Kathie Johnson competed in the Junior Miss Pageant her voice caught the ear of Anita Bryant. Dallas Holm (below) began his career with rock groups but switched to gospel at 16.

Sharalee Lucas and husband Jerry live on a ranch in Northern California where Jerry teaches pupils to memorize the New Testament in three months.

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THE 700 CLUB TV SHOW CHANGES LIVES THROUGH PRAYER.

CHECK YOUR LOCAL TV LISTING FOR TIME AND CHANNEL

The 700 Club WITH HOST PAT ROBERTSON

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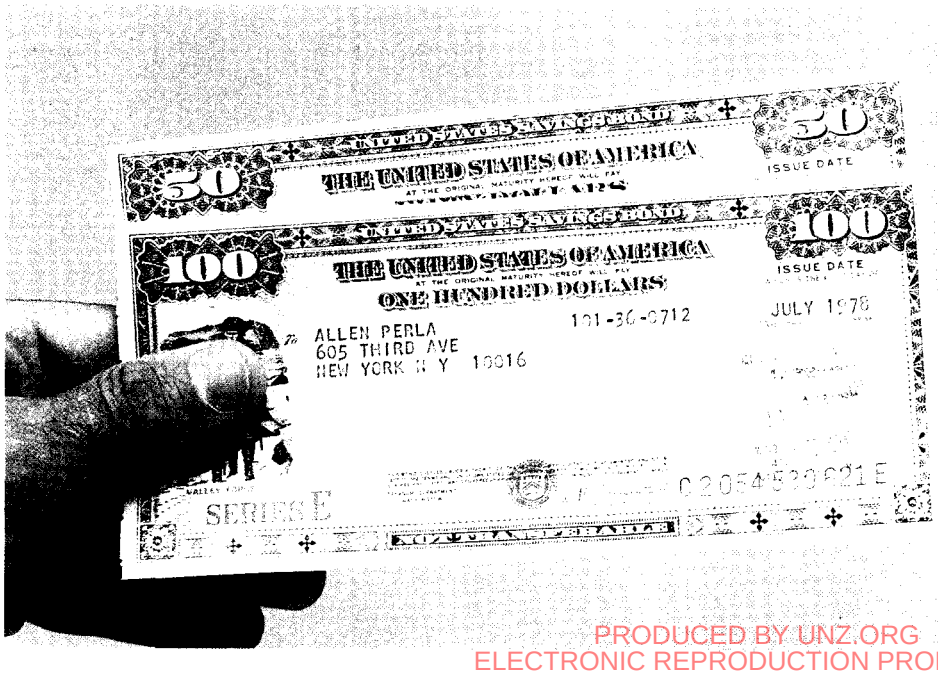

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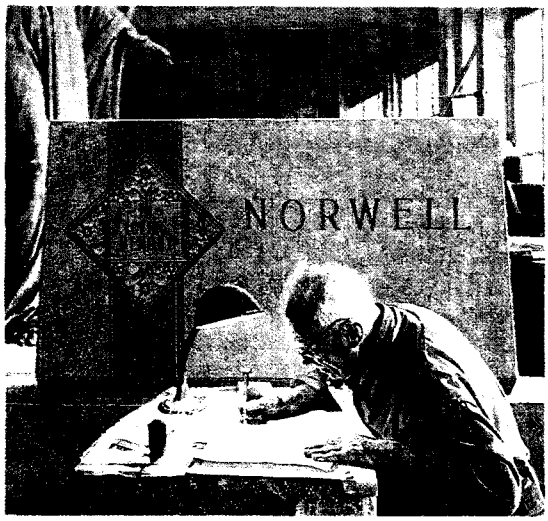

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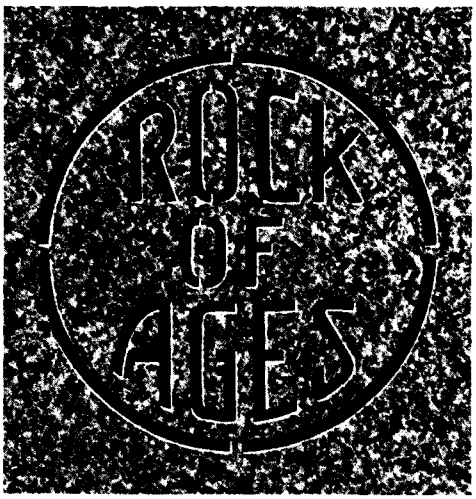

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succeed in a very competitive field. Success means more exposure, and exposure means touching new lives.

"The ministry part of it does not stop an artist from being a good businessperson," says Sharalee. "I want my records to do well; if my records do well, then what I have to say in my records, in my music, and in my books will reach the people I can't reach personally."

Kathie Lee Johnson agrees. "If God has given you a talent, you use it. You can't let it just sit there and frustrate you. I wanted to do something with my talent that would touch people musically, yes, but spiritually as well. Touching a person's soul is the catalyst for changing him." Kathie Lee's current schedule has her reaching people through a variety of channels—commercials, "$100,000 Name That Tune," and "Hee Haw Honeys." A new sacred album, *Finders, Keepers*, includes country-flavored material to appeal to country fans.

The first CBA convention drew 279 people. This year's gathering was attended by 7,500 bookstore owners and publishers.

The Written Word

Although the history of Christian literature can be traced back to the fifteenth century, modern technology has increased the impact of inspirational books. Now available in all languages, braille, and oversized type, Christian books are reproduced by quick offset printing methods and shipped throughout the world by way of ultramodern transportation networks. The supply is great, but so is the demand.

A Gallup poll indicates one out of three Americans reads one or more books a month, and according to the poll, the Bible and a variety of inspirational books received high scores among books most recently read.

Zondervan Publishing House reports that over one million copies of the New International Version of the Bible were sold before it was even off the press—this, after the precedent-setting *Good News for Modern Man* translation outsold every paperback in the country several years ago. It's not surprising that such noted publishers as Doubleday, Scott Foresman, and Harper & Row have flexed in-house religious arms to feed this voracious reading appetite.

In Colorado Springs, the Christian Booksellers Association enters its second quarter-century with some 2,800 member stores existing nationwide, in Canada, and in 32 foreign countries—double the membership of 1973. And this does not include the 35 percent of Christian bookstores that are not CBA members.

Sales at CBA-member stores exceed $600 million a year. An average of one store is opening or applying for CBA membership daily, and whereas general bookstores

Continued on page 136

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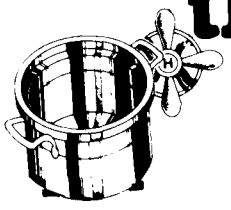
...on keeping things "spiffy."



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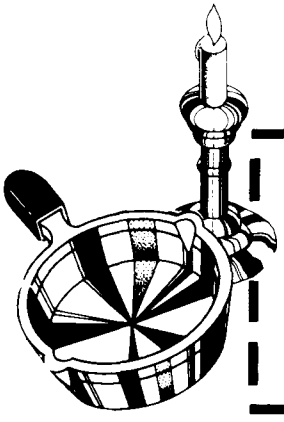

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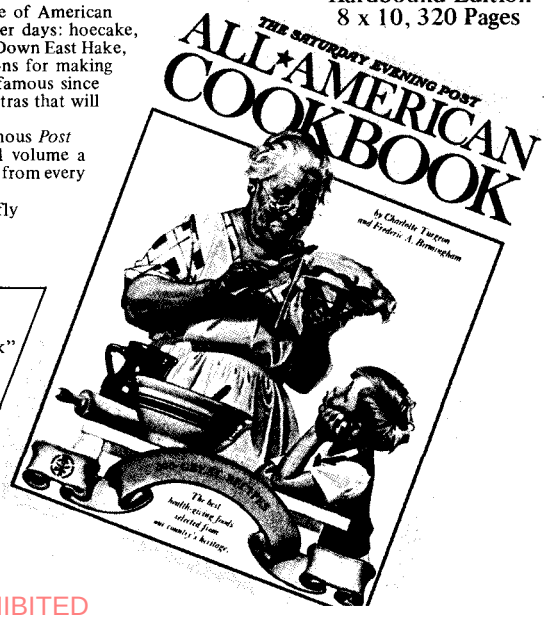

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I AM LOVED

Don't shut out the sights and sounds of daily living, says gospel singer-songwriter Gloria Gaither. There's a message in the madness, so stay tuned . . .

by Gloria Gaither

I must have been deaf not to have heard it all along. I know how one gets that way: I am a mother. Yesterday my son must have called "Mother!" 15 times before I finally tuned him in and hollered back down the stairway, "Good grief! I wish my name were Pete! What *do* you want?" I heard him giggle before he poked his head around the doorway and said, "Hey, Pete, d'ya suppose you could stop and go fishin' with me?"

I tune things out. There are so many voices, so much to be listened to. But God was there saying it all along, just the same, and saying it with my own name attached. He said it with color and flair in creation. He spared no extravagance or detail in order to get my attention. He lavished me with fruits of the earth to satisfy every taste. He surrounded me with beauty and grandeur and such sights and sounds as to nearly intoxicate the senses. He gave me texture and invited me to touch, taste, and see: the rugged rocks, the foaming tides, the cool, hushed cushion of forest moss, the silk of a kitten, the juicy flesh of an apple fresh from the tree, the wind against my face. He gave me human relationships that awakened me to my capacity for emotion and sensitivity, my potential to laugh and cry, to weep and rejoice. Oh, I took these gifts. I used them all—used and consumed them without a thought for their conservation or of gratitude to their Creator who had so graciously opened His hand to me. Nor did I give a thought to the words He was speaking in such a generous way.

Finally, God spoke His Word one more time. Right in the middle of my tirades of rebellion, right through the whirling chaos of my mind, God said it again. He said it in a language even I could understand, and He said it in a tone I could not dismiss. What I heard sounded like a baby, strangely like one of my own. Parents seem to hear their children when no one else can. To a baby my ears were tuned in. But the longer I listened the more I knew it was more than a baby; it was God's ultimate statement. He was saying it to me: *You are loved!*

How like Him to say it with a baby, one of our very own, so that we would be alert to it. No matter how often I try to tune out my son's voice, I hear him, and sooner or later, I answer. And when I realized that Jesus was God, actually choosing to become one of us, I tuned in to Him. I recognized that the Christmas message was the Christian statement. God was saying with a baby what He'd been saying all along: I really love you!

Having a personal encounter with God's love for me has shaken me to my very bones. That realization, though comforting, is more often disquieting and very demanding. First of all, it demands that I actually become what I am capable of being. If I accept that God is a Person who chooses to become involved in the "daily" of my life instead of some disinterested celestial clock maker who wound up the universe, then went off to let it play out its self-perpetuating comedy, then I must also accept that He really *knows* me. He knows what I can do when to others I could get away with saying, "I can't." He knows when I'm not incapable, but disinterest-

Continued on following page

Home base for the famed Bill Gaither Trio is still Alexandria, Indiana, population 5,600, where Bill and wife Gloria met while teaching at the local high school. Gary McSpadden (right) rounds out the talented trio.

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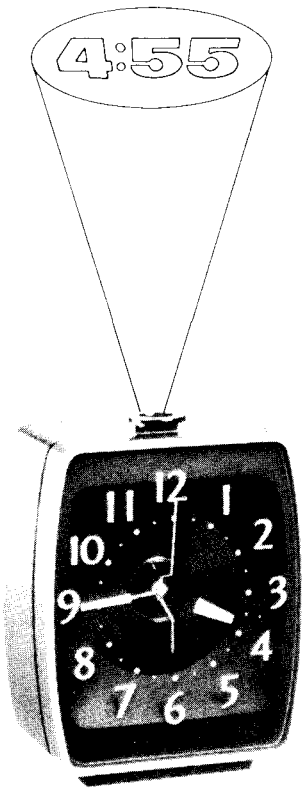

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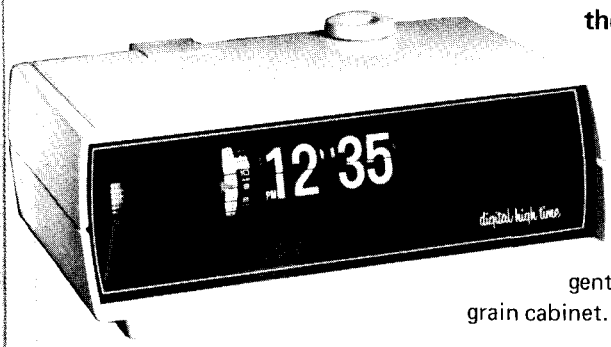

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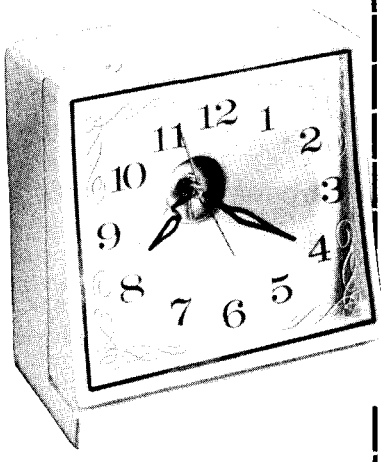

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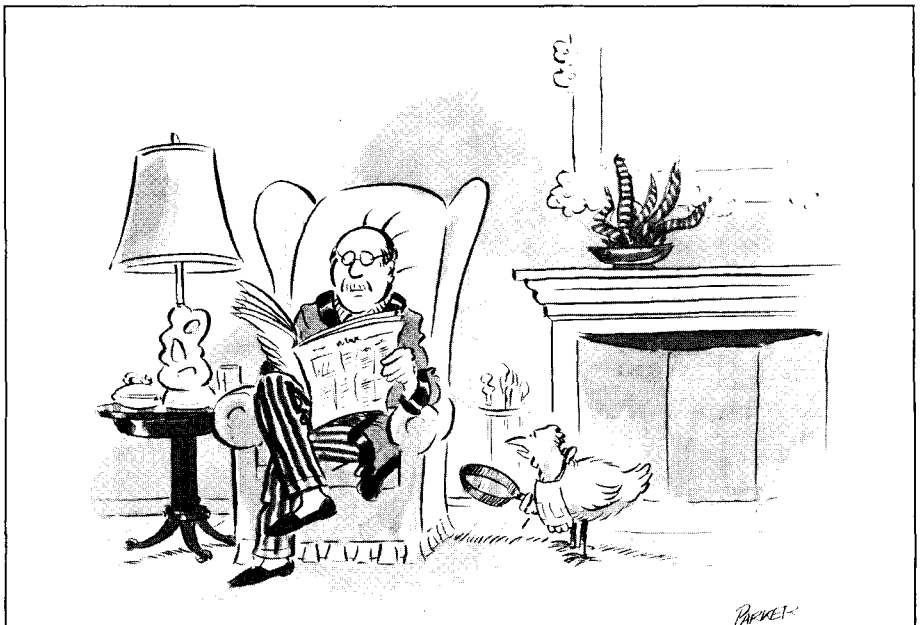
ed. He knows when I'm not timid, but selfishly afraid to risk. He knows that the reason is not that I don't have time but that I don't want to get involved.

Knowing that I am loved by the One who knows me best is liberating. It liberates me to face myself and not to be afraid of what I might see. If God, who knows me even better than I know myself, really loves me, then I can dare to stop degrading myself and being depressed about my failures. I can, instead, face my faults and my virtues honestly and work to make the most of what I have been given. I can find in His love and acceptance the encouragement and support to tackle bit by bit my problems and shortcomings.

I find in God's loving me the courage to leave the past behind and charge on ahead with the business of living. I can forgive those who may have wronged or damaged me during my childhood and adolescence, realizing that they, too, were and are also in the process of becoming. Having been so forgiven by the One whom I've wronged the most is teaching me to live with an attitude of forgiveness for others in my present. I am coming to know that they, too, are "under construction" and that the things that seem hurtful to me may be expressions of growing pains for them.

Knowing how very loved I am is changing my focus. I can't remember when I didn't want to do charitable deeds and help people. I've always been for the underdog and concerned about social issues. But I have tended in the past to think in terms of giant, faraway projects that seemed earthshaking and glamorous. I always felt good volunteering for service or sending donations for causes that seemed to be "really getting something done." But the things that are getting my attention these days are less showy and more daily. I think there was for me a certain amount of escape in focusing on efforts grand and faraway. It kept me from listening to the voices that were crying for my attention where I am. Nowadays I am refusing to feel I must justify the time I spend playing with my children or simply enjoying my husband. I am changing my attitude toward work. I find joy and dignity in it. The moments are rich that I spend in simple conversation over coffee. I love it when our children's friends feel comfortable hanging around our house and playing on our hillside. I am giving more these days and enjoying it . . . more! It's not that the routine of my life has changed much. I've always tried to spend time with my children. I've often entertained in our home. I still occasionally volunteer for organized service and give donations and speeches. What has changed is the focus and my motive. I am loved!



"How would you like your eggs this morning?"

I am learning to become vulnerable to the risk of loving where I live. What's new is the *joy!*

Christianity is believing that Jesus Christ was God breaking into the scene of human existence, God choosing to involve Himself in the "daily" of our lives to let us know what He is all about. He had said it from the beginning, but when I tuned in, it changed my life. What God said with His son is very simple, but it's pure dynamite: *You are loved.*

All I had to bring were
imperfections;
There was so much more I lacked
than I possessed.
I could hardly comprehend His
offer:
I'd bring all I had—He'd give
the rest.

I said, "If you knew, you
wouldn't want me;
My scars are hidden by the face
I wear."
He said, "My child, my scars
go deeper;
It was love for you that put
them there."

I am loved!
I am loved!
I can risk loving you.
For the One who knows me best,
loves me most.
I am loved.
You are loved.
Won't you please take my hand?
We are free to love each
other; we are loved.

Forgiven! I repeat it, I'm
forgiven;
Clean before my Lord I freely
stand.
Forgiven, I can dare forgive
my brother;
Forgiven, I reach out to take
your hand.

Editor's Note: Gloria Gaither, the female third of the Bill Gaither Trio, successfully combines the careers of wife, mother, author, and performer. A former English teacher, Gloria writes many of the lyrics sung by the Gaither group. With record sales in the millions, the trio has received two Grammies and ten Dove awards.

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The Cordura Fine Arts Commission Proudly and Respectfully presents a Memorial Tribute to America's best-loved artist, Norman Rockwell 1894-1978

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Probably more than any other artist, Norman Rockwell has earned his special place in the hearts of millions of Americans. For more than sixty years, Rockwell has chronicled American life with exceptional insight and warm humor. Few of us remain untouched by his picture stories on the adjustments of youth, the joys and sorrows of family life, of pride in country, history and heritage. Presidents and the penniless alike have been expressed in the inimitable Rockwell style. Now you, too, can share in the priceless legacy of this extraordinarily gifted American artist.

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It is fitting that a collectibles manufacturer of Gorham's reputation should be chosen to pay tribute to an artist of Rockwell's stature. Great care was taken to ensure that both the Rockwell Porcelain Figurine and the Collector's Plate are faithful to the original artwork in color, proportion and precise detail. In fact, each figurine and plate is subjected to numerous hand-pouring, hand-finishing and hand-painting steps prior to a final inspection by a senior craftsman. Only when he is satisfied that each plate and figurine represent Gorham China's finest efforts, is the Gorham Mark impressed on them.

Own A Valuable First Edition Collectible The Whole Family Will Love

Inspired by the February 13, 1960 cover of The Saturday Evening Post, the "Triple Self-Portrait" gives us a glimpse of Rockwell's self-deprecating sense of humor. We see Rockwell painting himself without his glasses...yet he balances this touch of vanity with his drooping socks, the absent-mindedly discarded smoking match, the rakishly tilted pipe and the unmistakable mischievous gleam in his eyes. *Imagine how very much your entire family will enjoy owning one or both of these fine-quality Rockwell collectibles in the years to come...they're sure to become treasured family heirlooms to pass on with pride to future generations!*

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THE STRONG-WILLED CHILD

Relax, Mom and Dad. With careful guidance, assertiveness can be a desirable trait in a youngster.

by Dr. James Dobson

There can be little doubt that children vary tremendously in behavior and temperament, even from the earliest days of life. Contrary to the popular notion that infants enter the world as uncomplicated "blank slates," careful research has now identified at least nine kinds of behavior in which newborns differ from one another. That news will come as no surprise to the real experts, those mothers of two or more children who will verify that each of their babies had a different personality—a different "feel" the first time they were held.

Dr. Dobson, shown here with his wife, their two children, and a household pet, has dedicated his life to the integrity of the American family. To date he has published three books on the subject.

One of the most interesting ways children vary in temperament is a feature we can call "the strength of the will." Some children seem to be born with an easygoing, compliant attitude toward external authority. As infants they don't cry very often, they sleep through the night from the second week, they goo at the grandparents, and they remain calm when dinner is overdue. You can awaken these sweethearts for a midnight diaper change, and they just smile patiently ('cause they weren't going anywhere, anyway). And of course, they never spit up on the way to church. During later childhood, they love to keep their rooms clean, they especially like to do their homework, and they can entertain themselves for hours. There aren't many of these supercompliant children, I'm afraid, but they are known to exist in some households (not my own).

Just as surely as some children are naturally compliant, there are others who seem to be defiant upon exit from the womb. In fact, long before birth their mothers know something different is on the way because the kids have been scratching their initials on the walls. They come into the world smoking a cigar, yelling about the temperature in the delivery room and the incompetence of the nursing staff and the way things are run by the administrator of the hospital. They expect meals to be served the instant they are ordered, and they demand every moment of mother's time. They withhold their internal plumbing until handed to someone who doesn't like kids. . .and then they let it blast. Later, during the toddler years, they tirelessly seek ways to spill things, destroy things, eat horrible things, fall off things, flush things, kill things, and get into things. They also have a knack for doing embarrassing things, like sneezing on a nearby man at the lunch counter. Any unexplained silence of more than 30 seconds can throw their parents in a sudden state of panic. Truly, the strong-willed child lives on the edge of disaster for some 20 years, threatening to knock the world off its axis.

Let me offer a few observations about the strong-willed child to those parents who asked at the moment of birth, "Will he survive?" but are now wondering, "Will we survive?" First, it is reassuring to verbalize the guilt and anxiety which Mom and Dad commonly feel. They often find themselves engaged in an exhausting tug of war that leaves them frustrated and confused. No one told them that parenthood could have these difficult moments, and they blame themselves for the tension that arises. They had planned to be such loving and effective parents, reading fairy stories to their pajama-clad angels by the fireplace. The differences between life as it is and life as it ought to be are a frightening and distressing bit of reality.

Second, I have found that the parents of compliant children don't understand their friends with defiant youngsters. They intensify guilt and anxiety by implying, "If you would raise your kids the way I did mine, you wouldn't be having those awful problems." May I say to both groups that the willful child can be difficult to manage even when his parents handle him with great skill and dedication! It may take several years to bring him to a point of relative obedience and cooperation within the family unit. While this training program is in progress, it is important not to panic. Don't try to complete the transformation overnight, but gradually nudge your assertive boy or girl in the direction of "civilization."

Third, and deserving of special emphasis, it is important to understand that the temperament of the strong-willed child is an *asset*, not a liability. He probably possesses greater strength of character and potential for accomplishment than his cooperative brother, Little-

Continued on page 132

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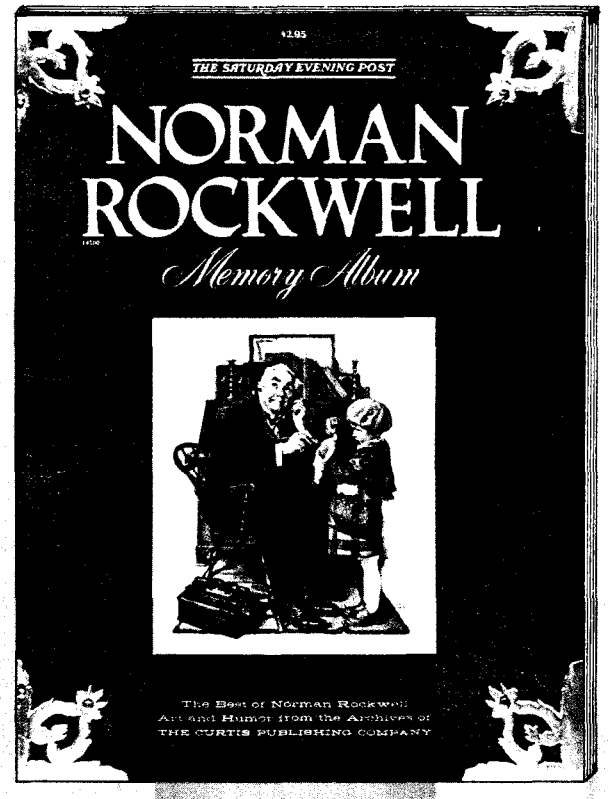

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YOU'RE SOMETHING ELSE

We are vessels, wrote Paul. But whether we resemble fine crystal or inexpensive jars isn't the issue—only our contents count.

by Bob Benson

Several months ago we were at a company convention at Lake Barkley, Kentucky. I was in the lobby and a gentleman with whom we do business came in with his family. We stopped to visit. As we talked his youngest son made a beeline to the gift shop. The father introduced me to his wife, his son and daughter-in-law, and his teenage daughter.

Suddenly the young boy came out of the shop. His dad said, "Robbie, meet Mr. Benson." He gave me a quick, cursory nod as he headed straight for his father. He stood in front of him and stretched out his hand. In his hand were a quarter, a dime, a nickel, and three pennies.

"Dad, can you make a dollar out of this?" he asked.

Of course, the entire family dug into their pockets. By the time Robbie started back to the shop he had about a dollar and seventy-five cents.

Bob Benson launched his ministry as a senior in college. He and wife Peg moved into three back rooms of a large Nashville home, then removed several walls to form a suitable chapel.

In many ways our generation seems a lot like Robbie was that day—hand outstretched and fifty-seven cents short. It is very possible that this generation is no more needy or inadequate than those before it. We are probably just more ready to discuss our weaknesses and failures.

It is really amazing what people are ready and willing to discuss with others in public forums or chance meetings with strangers. Some cities have radio programs which are set up to allow the listeners to call in on the air. They can say almost anything they wish to large audiences of people. The listeners seem to find this recital of the woes of other people very interesting.

Someone will be driving along in his car when he tunes in to a "talk" program. He pulls over to a phone booth, calls in, gives his name, and asks for the answers to some of the most intimate problems and questions you can imagine. A disc jockey, whose credentials for counseling are a resonant voice and the ability to think on his seat, gives the panacea to all who listen.

Most of us would rather write to Dear Abby. At least she will print only your initials or give you some crazy title that will preserve your anonymity. The success of her column shows that millions of people don't think everything is going well for them and they don't mind revealing their problems.

The C.B. radio fad is sweeping the country. Sociologists have various opinions concerning the origin and future of this fad. Marshall McLuhan feels that the automobile was the last bastion of privacy in the individual's life. C.B. radio has taken care of that. Twenty-three channels were not enough so now there are forty! C.B. is a world with a language of its own. This language must be spoken exactly the same by every person who joins the fraternity.

I am amazed at the things C.B.'ers talk about. They are really things of little consequence except that one human being is reaching out to another. Both parties seem grateful that someone wants to know what they have to do tonight and why they are going to work on Saturday and what time they'll be going. We are flattered that someone recognizes that what we are doing is important, even if it is turning down

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Editor's Note: Bob Benson is a Nashville publisher of inspirational books and records. He knows whereof he speaks in this article, having had some doubts, as a youngster, of his own worth. Today, the holder of a seminary degree, he is in demand as a speaker at colleges, moving his audiences with a low-key approach.

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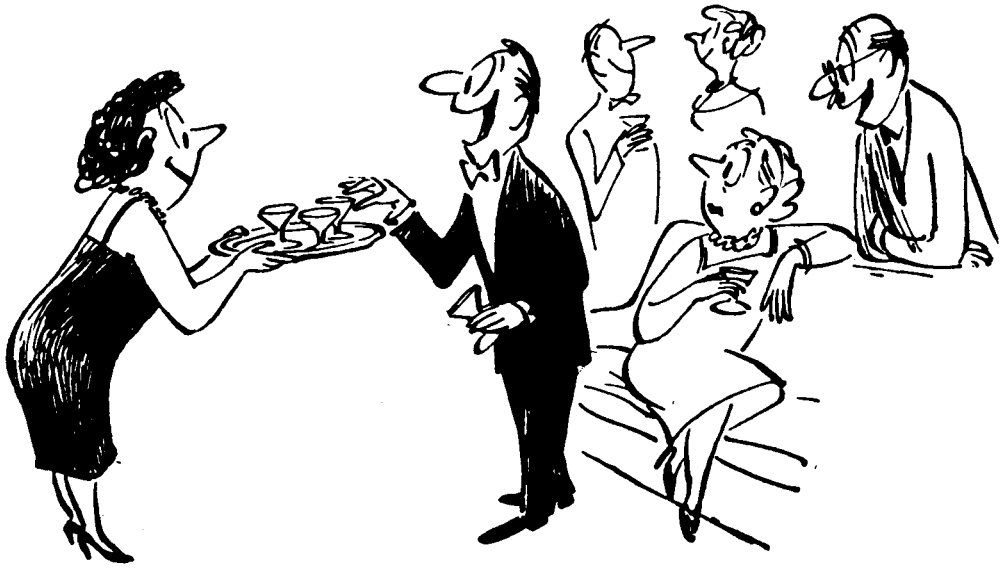
LET'S EAT AND RUN

If you're looking for the last word on how a simple dinner party should be conducted, this isn't it. But read on anyway.

by Peg Bracken



Look down any pleasant tree-lined street in the dark of the evening toward the house that's all lighted up. Move closer, if you like, to watch the random couples straggle in and hear the sounds of modest revelry. But don't feel too bad about it if you weren't invited to this one. You may stop and reflect—and a sobering reflection it is—that inside, people are going hungry. They were invited to dinner; but goodness only knows when they'll get anything to eat.

Something strange has happened to the simple, or informal, dinner party. Like a railroad train of six engines pulling one small caboose, it's heavy on the front end. A few decades ago you ate first, then spent a few hours getting acquainted. Now you spend a number of hours getting acquainted and finally eat, if you are staunch enough to last that long.

The etiquette books don't help much. They close their eyes to the existing situation. Nowhere in them can you find a polite way to ask your hostess for a sandwich at 9:30 p.m. if she is opening another jar of olives while your host is refilling the ice cube bucket. And in situations like this, where the experts fail us, the layman's-eye-view can sometimes be helpful.

As a layman in good standing for a number of years, I feel that punctuality—or, rather, the lack of it—is a prime reason for the shape we're in.

When the hostess says seven o'clock, she doesn't *mean* seven o'clock. A number of my friends, whom I have queried point-blank, admit this. They expect a little leeway for their last-minute touches.

Most female guests understand—for they are, after all, hostesses occasionally themselves. If they don't, they will get the message shortly, after they've once let their husbands talk them into being punctual. Sitting in their host's living room—having admired the cut of his bathrobe before he whisked upstairs to shave—with ample opportunity to read the bedtime Uncle Wiggily story to the host's children, they feel that this is no Mardi Gras. Indeed, they resolve never to let it happen again.

Furthermore, even if their hosts were ready for them, women still wouldn't want to be first—a hangover, perhaps, from some sash-twisting era in their childhood. Husbands can explain all they like, with superb logic, that somebody has to be first or there'd be no party. No matter. Wives are tactically skilled anyway at organizing a delaying action, and they can easily see to it that they arrive comfortably late.

As a result of these things, the latitude taken is truly breath-taking. People arrive when they feel like it, depending on their genes, their convictions, and their baby-sitters. That this creates a problem, with ramifications for host and guest alike, becomes clear if we follow a hypothetical couple—let's call them the Anyguests—to a simple dinner party at the home of the Goodhosts. (It's customary to name people in this fashion when you're writing about etiquette, so that you can tell at any given moment who is who.)

They arrive at about a quarter to eight and find the M. T. Tummicks—a plump and pleasant couple—sitting there nursing a cocktail. They have been sitting there for quite a while. Despite repeated proofs to the contrary, they can't seem to relinquish their simple childlike faith that they will be given something to eat within a reasonable period of time after they arrive somewhere for dinner.

Chuck Goodhost now pours another drink all around to welcome the Anyguests, and the three couples chat.

Remember now, the night is yet young. Conversation, though amiable, is still a little forced. Some-

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one, perhaps, will allow that the recent weather has been unseasonably wet (or dry). Someone else, catching the ball with practiced ease, will respond that while this is undoubtedly true, the weather may shortly turn dry (or wet).

This gives someone else a perfect opportunity to hark back a few years ago to the same identical month, when the weather was even wetter (or drier).

So it goes, for 15 or 20 minutes, until Mel and Ginny Wetsnoot roll in. A gay and party-loving pair, the Wetsnoots had made a short but refreshing stop at the home of other friends in the neighborhood. While they are not exactly fried by the time they arrive at the Goodhosts, they are at least partially sautéed.

Their appearance calls for another small libation all around, and presently things start to perk. The girls, up to this point, had been sniffing each other; but now they are all sitting on the sofa, discovering some strong mutual bonds. The men are standing up, speaking forcefully and with gestures.

Among the last to arrive are the Cary Nations, who don't drink, and who came late on purpose. Even so, they will have ample time to Fletcherize their canapés, because the Jim Yakaways hit port right behind them; and never let it be said of Chuck Goodhost that he lets a guest stand around empty-handed.

Indeed, the interplay now between ol' Chuck and his guests is reminiscent of the hot rodders' game called "Chicken," in which two stout-hearted nincompoops barrel down the highway at each other full speed to see who is first to swerve.

In a similar fashion Chuck bears down upon his guests, his ever-level cocktail shaker in his hand. It is a brave citizen indeed who dares to swerve in the direction of the dining room.

Now the Simple Dinner Party is truly in orbit. Large issues are being settled. Confidences are being confided. Stories are being told, and the Wetsnoots are eventually prevailed upon to do their imitation of an old-fashioned farmhouse water pump. Mel holds his arm out stiff, and Ginny pumps him while he makes the funniest noises.

It's about this time that Mrs. Goodhost perceives that her party is going nicely and decides to join it. In the food department she had planned on something resilient (although few entrées besides cold ham will actually keep their bounce through the long stretch from 7:30 to 10:00). She may go out to the kitchen and turn the oven down, so that the casserole may dry out comfortably at 200 degrees. Or, more likely, she'll think the heck with it and stay where she is.

It doesn't much matter, because by the time good ol' Chuck finally issues the last dividend from the good ol' shaker and the guests stroll into the dining room on their hands and knees, they wouldn't know sherried pheasant from a parboiled hot dog. So dinner is served around 10:00 at the dining table or at those little tables-for-four which Mrs. Goodhost has thoughtfully provided.

Make a note of the time now—and the place! For it is at this point that we start the downhill glide, with a whoosh that makes an Olympic ski jumper look like a slow freight. From here on in, it's anticlimax. The moment of truth—possibly the moment of the pump-handle bit—has been reached and passed some time ago. But the worst part of the evening, known as the shank, is still to come. By about 10:25 the guests have eaten everything, drunk everything, said everything. *But they can't go home.*

Notice now! The very thing they want most in the world to do, the very thing their host and hostess want most in the world for them to do—this is the thing they cannot do. Everyone has learned at his mother's knee, or some other joint where the learning process is just as thorough, that he must never eat and run. Indeed, this rule is considered so basic that etiquette books don't even mention it, any more than they tell you never to lie down on the dining table and go to sleep.

Thus, eventually, the guests and the host and the hostess stand up. Slope-shouldered and moving heavily, they head for the living room. These are the times that try men's souls. This, verily, is Ghastlystreet in Dullsville.

The Tummicks sneak a fast look at their wrist watches and settle back glumly, wondering if even a free meal was worth it.

The Anyguests are nervously calculating to themselves how much they already owe the babysitter. In the far reaches of their minds they hear those 50¢ pieces clank like manhole lids.

The Yakaways have already said everything they know three times, and they are now faced with the prospect of listening to the Nations, who, of them all, are still reasonably bright-eyed and vocal.

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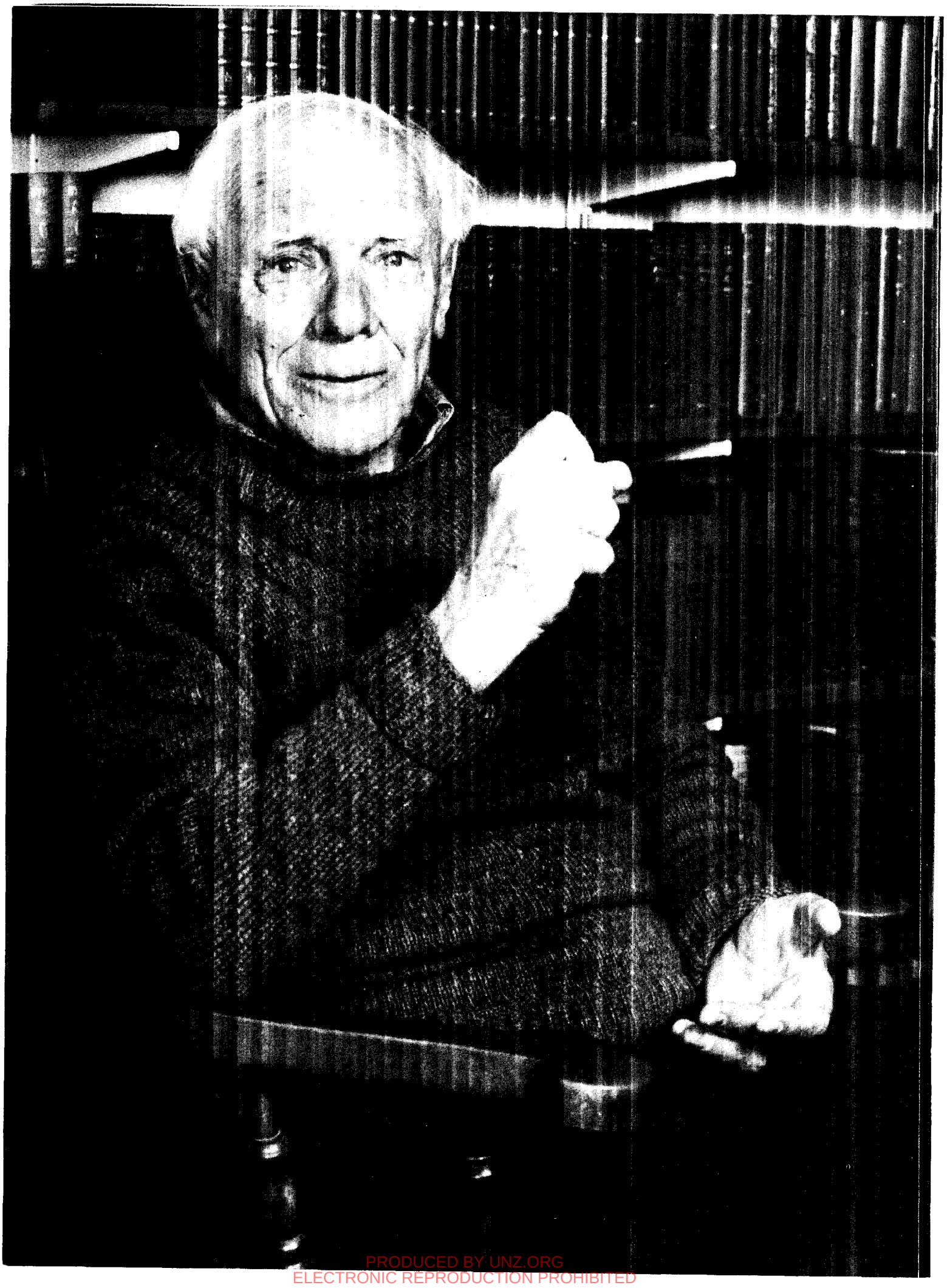

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Belief Beyond Reason

By MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

In trying to formulate what I believe, I have to begin with what I disbelieve. I disbelieve in progress, the pursuit of happiness, and all the concomitant notions and projects for creating a society in which human beings find ever greater contentment by being given in ever greater abundance the means to satisfy their material and bodily hopes and desires. In other words, I consider that the way of life in urbanized, rich countries as it exists today, and as it is likely to go on developing, is probably the most degraded and unillumined ever to come to pass on earth. The half-century in which I have been consciously alive seems to me to have been quite exceptionally destructive, murderous, and brutal. More people have been killed and terrorized, more driven from their homes and native places, more of the past's heritage has been destroyed, more lies propagated and base persuasion engaged in, with less compensatory achievement in art, music, literature, and imaginative understanding, than in any comparable period in the recorded history of mankind.

Ever since I can remember, the image of earthly power, whether in the guise of schoolmaster, mayor, judge, prime minister, monarch, or any other, has seemed to me derisory. I was enchanted when I first read in the *Pensées* (Pascal being one of the small, sublime band of fellow humans to whom one may turn and say in the deepest humility: "I agree") about how magistrates and rulers had to be garbed in their ridiculous ceremonial robes, crowns, and diadems. Otherwise, who would not see through their threadbare pretensions? I am conscious of having been ruled by buffoons, taught by idiots, preached at by hypocrites, and preyed upon by charlatans in the guise of advertisers and other professional persuaders, as well as by demagogues and ideologues of many opinions, all false.

Nor, as far as I am concerned, is there any recompense in the so-called achievements of science. It

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About the Author

Malcolm Muggeridge—prolific author, playwright, journalist, humorist, television personality, and educator—has been called the finest writer of English prose of his generation. Seemingly a man of many contradictions, he has been a supporter of Soviet Communism and, later, its bitter opponent. He was a spy for British intelligence in World War II, the editor of *Punch* humor magazine, and a TV film writer. In his religious life, Muggeridge has gravitated from atheism to an avid nondenominational Christianity. He has prepared documentaries on religious themes for the BBC and the CBC and has published numerous books on the subject, the latest, *A Twentieth Century Testimony*, in 1978. Now, at age 76, he is a member of the faculty of the School of Journalism at the University of Western Ontario.

Photography by Bern Schwartz

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is true that in my lifetime more progress has been made in unraveling the composition and mechanism of the material universe than previously in the whole of recorded time. This does not at all excite my mind, or even my curiosity. The atom has been split; the universe has been discovered and will soon be explored. Neither achievement has any bearing on what alone interests me—why life exists, and what is the significance, if any, of my minute and so transitory part in it. All the world in a single grain of sand; all the universe, too. If I could understand a grain of sand, I should understand everything. Why, then, should going to the moon and Mars, or spending a holiday along the Milky Way, be expected to advance me any further in my quest than simply going to Manchester and Liverpool, or spending a holiday in Brighton?

Education, the great mumbo jumbo and fraud of the age, purports to equip us to live and is prescribed as a universal remedy for everything, from juvenile delinquency to premature senility. For the most part, it only serves to enlarge stupidity, inflate conceit, enhance credulity, and put those subjected to it at the mercy of brainwashers with printing presses, radio, and television at their disposal. I have seen pictures of huge, ungainly, prehistoric monsters who developed such a weight of protective shell that they sank under its burden and became extinct. Our civilization likewise is sinking under the burden of its own wealth and the necessity to consume it; of its own happiness and the necessity to provide and sustain the fantasies that embody it; of its own security and the ever more fabulously destructive nuclear devices considered essential to it. Thus burdened, it, too, may well soon become extinct. As this fact sinks more deeply into the collective consciousness, the resort to drugs, dreams, fantasies, and other escapist devices, particularly sex, becomes even more marked.

Living thus in the twilight of a spent civilization, amidst its ludicrous and frightening shadows, what is there to believe? Curiously enough, these twilight circumstances provide a setting in which, as it seems to me, the purpose that lies behind them stands out with particular clarity. As human love only shines in all its glorious splendor when the last tiny glimmer of desire has been extinguished, so we have to make the world a wilderness to find God in it. The meaning of the universe lies beyond history, just as love lies beyond desire. That meaning shines forth in moments of illumination (which come and go so unaccountably; though, I am thankful to say, never quite ceasing—a sound as of music, far, far away, and drowned by other, more tumultuous noises, but still to be faintly and fitfully heard) with an inconceivable clarity and luminosity. It breaks like a crystalline dawn out of darkness, and the deeper the darkness the more crystalline the dawn.

Let me express it, as I have often thought of it, in terms of a stage. In the middle is the workaday world where we live our daily lives, earning a living, reading newspapers, exchanging money, recording votes, chattering and eating and desiring. I call this the Cafe Limbo. On the left of the stage is an area of darkness, within which shapes and movements can be faintly discerned and inconclusive noises heard; sounds and sweet airs that, as on Caliban's island, give delight and hurt not. I call this Life. The right of the stage is bright with arc lamps, like a television studio. This is where history is unfolded and news is made; this is where we live our public, collective lives, seat and unseat rulers, declare wars and negotiate peace, glow with patriotism and get carried away with revolutionary zeal, enact laws, declaim rhetoric, swear eternal passion, and sink into abysses of desolation. I call this the Legend.

Our civilization likewise is sinking under the burden of its own wealth and the necessity to consume it.

Across this triple stage, between Life, the Cafe Limbo, and the Legend, a drama is endlessly presented. Two forces shape the play: the Imagination, which belongs to Life, and the Will, which belongs to the Legend. Out of the Imagination come love, understanding, goodness, self-abnegation; every true synthesis ever grasped or to be grasped. Out of the Will come lust, hatred, cupidity, adulation, power, oratory; every false antithesis ever propounded or to be propounded. Those who belong exclusively or predominantly to Life are saints, mystics, and artists. In extreme cases—Christ, for instance—they have to be killed. (This is superbly explained in the famous Grand Inquisitor passage in *The Brothers Karamazov*, Dostoyevsky being, like Pascal, of the small, sublime band.) Those who belong exclusively or predominantly to the Legend are power-maniacs, rulers, heroes, demagogues, and liberators. In extreme cases—Hitler, for instance—they bring about their own destruction. In Life there is suffering, deprivation, and sanity; in the Legend, happiness, abundance, and madness.

Most of us spend the greater part of our time in the Cafe Limbo, casting an occasional glance in the direction of Life, and more than an occasional one in the direction of the Legend. Laughter is our best recourse, with the bar to provide a fillip as and when required. The Cafe Limbo is licensed. When a character passes from the Legend into Life, he brings some of the light with him, shining like a glowworm, until gradually the light subsides and goes out, swallowed up in the darkness of Life.

This same pattern may be traced more particularly and tragically in a single countenance, as anyone will be aware who has had occasion to watch over a loved face hovering between sanity and madness. (And many have; for as we abolish the ills and pains of the flesh we multiply those of the mind. By the time men are finally delivered from disease and decay—all pasteurized, their genes counted and rearranged, fitted with new, replaceable, plastic or-

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gans, able to eat, copulate, and perform other physical functions innocuously and hygienically as and when desired—they will all be mad, and the world one huge psychiatric ward.) You study the loved, distracted face as a scholar might study some ancient manuscript, looking for a key to its incomprehensibility. What you see is a fight to the death between the Will and the Imagination. If the former wins, then the flickering light will be put out forever; if the latter does, it will shine again, to burn with a steady radiance, and you can cry out from a full heart: "Oh, beloved, you have come back to me."

I am well aware that, psychiatrically speaking, this is nonsensical. Yet I believe it. I see these two forces struggling for mastery in each individual soul; in mine, in all men's; in each collectivity, throughout our earth and throughout the immeasurable universe. One is of darkness and one of light; one wants to drag us down into the dark trough to rut and gorge there, and the other to raise us up into the azure sky, beyond appetite, where love is all-embracing, all-encompassing, and the dark confusion of life sorts itself out, like an orderly, smiling countryside suddenly glimpsed from a high hill as the mists disperse in the sun's light and warmth. One is the devil and the other God. I have known both, and I believe in both.

For us Western Europeans, the Christian religion has expressed this ancient and, as I consider, obvious dichotomy in terms of breath-taking simplicity and sublimity. It was not the first word on the subject, nor will it be the last; but it is still *our* word. I accept it. I believe, as is written in the New Testament: If we would save our lives we must lose them; we cannot live by bread alone; we must die in the flesh to be reborn in the spirit; the flesh lusts contrary to the spirit and the spirit contrary to the flesh; God cannot see a sparrow fall to the ground without concern and has counted the hairs of each head, so that all that lives deserves our respect and reverence, and no one man can conceivably be more important, of greater significance, or in any way more deserving of consideration than any other. God is our Father, we are His children, and so one family, brothers and sisters together.

It is true that these basic propositions of Christianity have got cluttered up with dogma of various kinds that I find often incomprehensible, irrelevant, and even repugnant. All the same, I should be proud and happy to be able to call myself a Christian; to dare to measure myself against that sublimely high standard of human values and human behavior. In this I take comfort from another saying of Pascal, thrown out like a lifeline to all skeptical minds throughout the ages: Whoever looks for God has found Him.

At its most obscurantist and debased, the Christian position still seems to me preferable to any scientific-materialist one, however cogent and enlightened. The evangelist with his lurid tract calling upon me to repent, for the Day of Judgment is at hand, is a burning and shining light compared with the eugenist who claims the right to decide in his broiler-house mind which lives should be protracted and which must be put out, or with the colporteurs of sterility who so complacently and self-righteously display their assortment of contraceptives to the so-called "backward" peoples of the world as our civilization's noblest achievement and most precious gift.

The absurdities of the kingdom of heaven, as conceived in the minds of simple believers, are obvious enough—pearly gates, angelic choirs, golden crowns, and shining raiment. But what are we to think of the sheer imbecility of the kingdom of heaven on earth, as envisaged and recommended by the most authoritative and powerful voices of our time? Wealth increasing forevermore, and its beneficiaries, rich in time-payment merchandise, stupefied with television and with sex, comprehensively educated, told by Professor Hoyle how the world began and by Bertrand Russell how it will end; venturing forth on the broad highways, three lanes a side, with lay-bys to rest in and birth pills to keep them *intacta*, if not *virgo*, blood spattering the Tarmac as an extra thrill; heaven lying about them in the supermarket, the rainbow ending in the nearest bingo hall, leisure burgeoning out in multitudinous shining aerials rising like dreaming spires into the sky; happiness in as many colors as there are pills—green and yellow and blue and red and shining white; many mansions, mansions of light and chromium, climbing ever upward. This kingdom, surely, can only be for posterity an unending source of wry derision—always assuming there is to be any posterity. The backdrop, after all, is the mushroom cloud; as the Gadarene herd frisk and frolic, they draw ever nearer

"Oh, Mr. Fulgrave, you could have gone so much further if only you'd learned to make effective use of the telephone."

Continued on page 128

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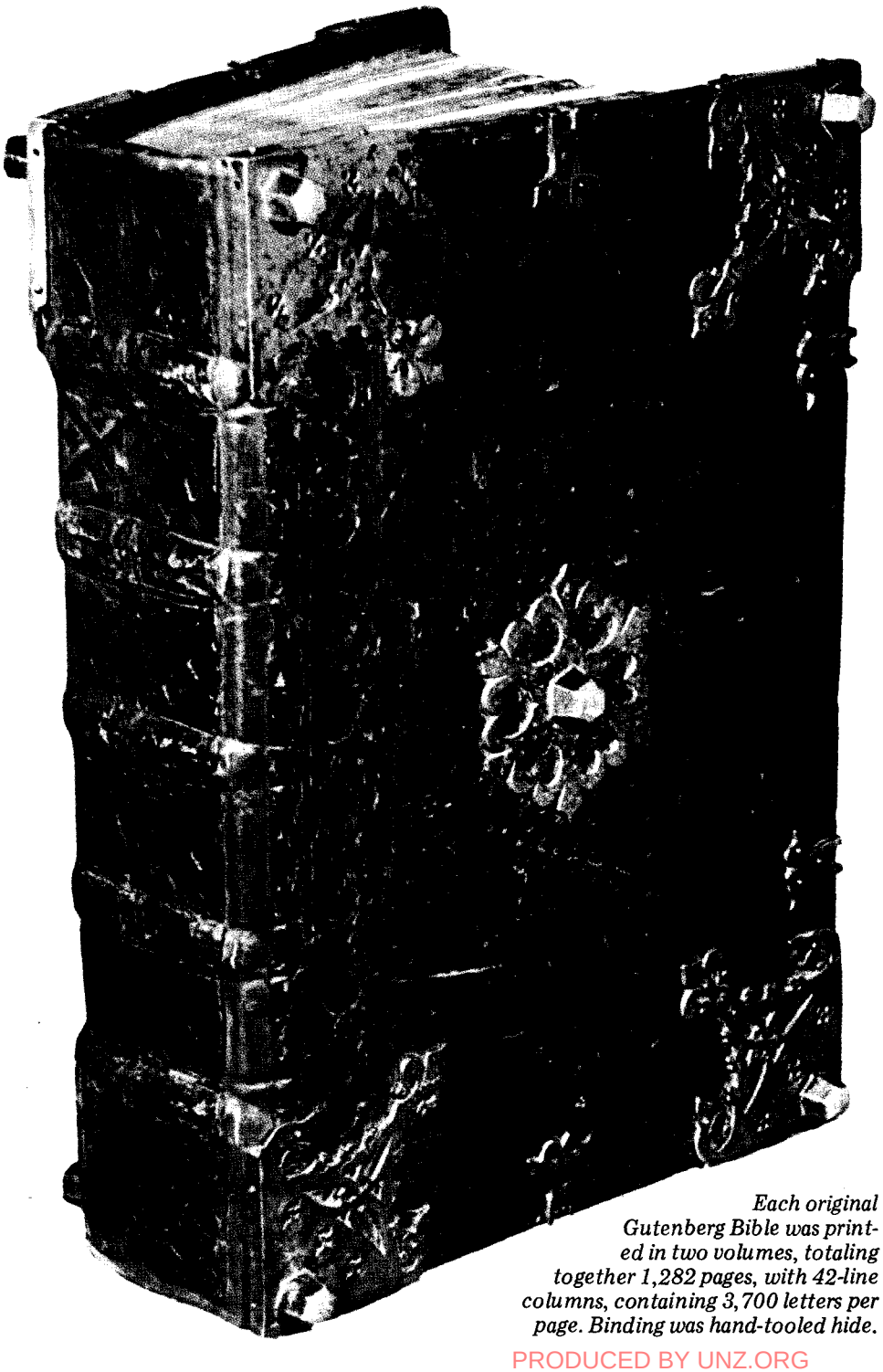
HOW TO BUY A GUTENBERG BIBLE

When a group of Texas scholars went shopping for a very special memorial gift, only the best would do.

by Paul Rosenfield



Each original Gutenberg Bible was printed in two volumes, totaling together 1,282 pages, with 42-line columns, containing 3,700 letters per page. Binding was hand-tooled hide.

Time, as the afternoon pressed on, was the big factor. Even Texans aren't accustomed to hauling around $2.4 million in literature without a time schedule.

The climate was hot and sultry in New York. It was June 21, 1978, the day that the University of Texas bought its very own Gutenberg Bible, after making sure that such a fee did little more than dent its oil-rich treasury.

To transport the Gutenberg to the Austin, Texas, campus, UT dispatched then Chancellor Charles A. LeMaistre and his executive assistant, Arthur Dilly. University regents had obviously heard that Texas saying about not sending a boy to do a man's job.

The time was 1:45 p.m. The tall, gray-haired man didn't seem nervous as he stood in the small shop on 42nd Street. Because of his slow talk, the clerk probably guessed where he was from as he pointed to the two zippered tote bags priced $12.50 each. Maybe Arthur Dilly did seem in a hurry—after all, it was pushing 2:00 p.m., and the flight to Texas did leave JFK at 4:30. And there was that mid-afternoon city traffic to fight.

As Dilly rushed upstairs with his purchases, he couldn't help but ponder the significance of it all—historic for Texas, for book and art lovers everywhere, and for all students of education's progress throughout the world. Not only did these two volumes fulfill a dream of the late UT chancellor, Harry Hunt Ransom, but the $2.4 million seemed a bargain.

Of the 200 Gutenbergs printed in the fifteenth century, only 48 are believed in existence. Of those 48, only 20—including the one that came to Texas—are complete and in perfect condition. Of the 12 Gutenberg Bibles in the United States, the only perfect ones are at UT, Harvard, Yale, the J. Pierpont Morgan Library in New York City, and the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C.

Reposing in the James A. Michener Galleries of the Ransom Humanities Research Center on the southwest corner of the UT campus, the two volumes of the only complete and perfect Gutenberg Bible between the East and West coasts have naturally provoked stimulating comment.

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Dr. William Burton Todd, UT professor of English and consultant for the Humanities Research Center, feels the Bible stresses the role of the 4 million-volume UT library, as "an oasis in a vast intellectual desert."

LeMaistre and Dilly, now UT director for development and assistant to Chancellor Don Walker, brought the Gutenberg to Texas in a cloak-and-dagger operation rivaling the CIA, the FBI, and even a James Bond thriller. A coldly practical man, Dilly uses one phrase to describe the Gutenberg and its impact—"instant ivy." (Just who coined the phrase isn't clear, since oilman Ralph Spence of Tyler, chairman of the executive committee of the Chancellor's Council, describes it the same way.)

Today, the Gutenberg draws a steady stream of visitors. Under constant guard, it is spotlighted in a plexiglass case which will be lifted through the years only to turn a page, so that lights will not dim the artistry of Johannes Gutenberg, who created the printed Bibles in Mainz, Germany, during the 1450's. Even the casual observer marvels at the color, the quality of the rag paper, and the burnished leather cover—thought to be the third binding for this particular Bible but itself dating from the sixteenth century.

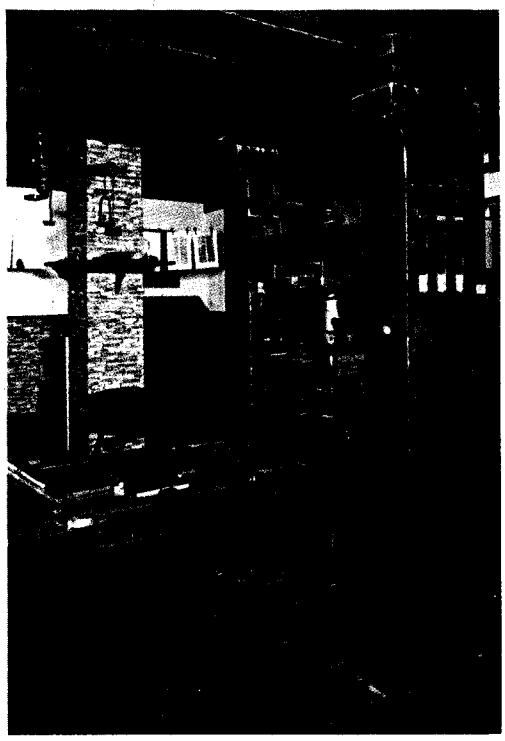
The thought behind such an acquisition by UT is irrevocably tied to UT Chancellor Harry Hunt Ransom, who died in 1973. A scholar and bibliographer, Dr. Ransom often expressed to Dr. Todd and others his hopes for a rare book cache at the university, and part of his dream was to have a Gutenberg Bible on the campus. He viewed it, as does Dr. Todd, as "a landmark of Western civilization."

Understandably, you do not search for a Gutenberg quietly. Among book collectors and in the market places it must be known—almost unobtrusively advertised—that a buyer exists who has the money, or who can raise it. The following is how it happened for the University of Texas.

On December 1, 1976, Dr. Todd wrote former Governor Allan Shivers, chairman of the UT Board of Regents, that a Guten-

Tribute to the Father of Printing

By Fleur Brennan



This reconstruction of Gutenberg's press is exhibited at the Gutenberg Museum, Mainz.

While $2.4 million—the sum the University of Texas paid for its original Gutenberg Bible—may seem prohibitive for most budgets, a reissue of the world's first printed book will soon be available for $87,000. The facsimile is an ironic tribute to the incredible achievement of its creator, Johannes Gutenberg, who dedicated his life to the invention of printing 500 years ago.

The poignant story surrounding the father of printing is seared with greed and ruthlessness, for the genius whose invention opened the magical world of books to millions died a ruined man, cheated by his patron and bankrupted by his innovation, the printing press.

Last year German printers began working to reissue the fabulous facsimile, printed by a new photographic process on costly vellum pages made from calf hide.

Their earlier plans to print it with metal type using Gutenberg's original method proved so expensive they had to be dropped, and the issue was trimmed from 30 Bibles to only 12. But publishers Koehler of Mainz and Idion of Munich have ensured that they will not follow Gutenberg's tragic path to bankruptcy, because they are also printing 895 profitable facsimiles on paper for only $4,000 each.

Dr. Helmut Presser, director of the Gutenberg Museum in Mainz, welcomes the new edition, which will give people a chance to see the beauties of the Gutenberg Bible in libraries and museums the world over.

For 500 years, this book has been the crowning memorial to its creator. The details of Gutenberg's life story have been forgotten with the passage of the ages, but his invention of printing and his Bible have made his name immortal.

Born in 1400, son of a scribe in Mainz, Germany, Johannes spent his boyhood watching his father hunched over his grueling work, painstakingly copying manuscript books for nobles, churchmen, and lawyers. A single Bible took many months to copy. As he watched, the young Johannes found growing in his mind a vision of being able to produce hundreds of pages in the time it took his father to copy one, but without the errors that inevitably appeared in the handwritten manuscripts. Like many other fifteenth century craftsmen, he began to search for a way to realize the dream of printing.

When he was 28 the Gutenberg family was forced to move to Strasbourg in temporary exile after the Guilds of Mainz succeeded in ousting the patricians. Johannes was by now working on methods of printing and had already sunk a large part of his personal fortune into his experiments.

Unable to find fresh capital to finance more work, Gutenberg had to return to Mainz in 1444. Not guessing that the world would hail printing as a leap forward for civilization, he felt his book had to exceed the beauty of handwritten

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berg was for sale in New York City at the Carl and Lilly Pforzheimer Foundation. Incredibly, three Gutenberg Bibles were known to be for sale at the time, unprecedented in the annals of historic bookdom. The asking price for the Pforzheimer book: $2.7 million. Carl Pforzheimer, who had visited the Austin campus in 1941 and had become a good friend of Harry Hunt Ransom, had died in the intervening years, and the foundation was operated by his son and grandson, who decided to dispose of some of their collection.

A short time later, when the price was reduced to $2.5 million, Dr. Todd saw the Bible in New York City and was impressed with its quality. It was generally known among UT faculty, alumni, and other individuals interested in the university that the Chancellor's Council wanted to do something to memorialize the late chancellor.

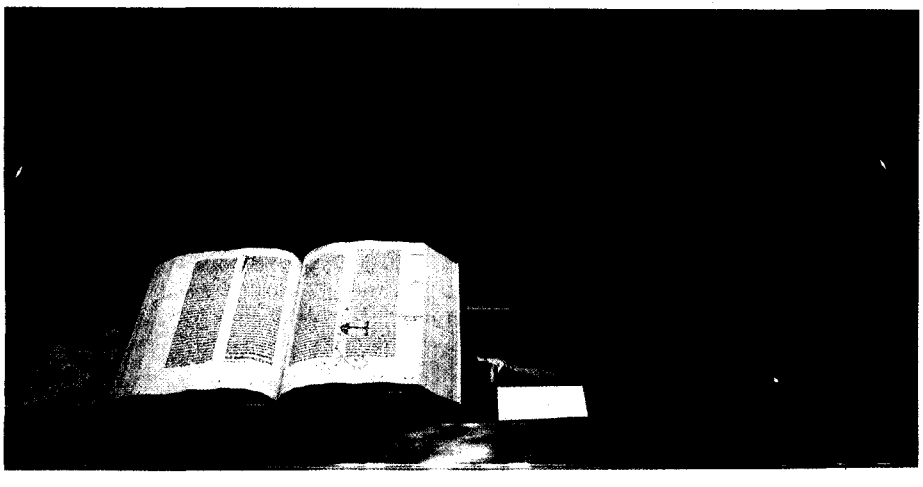
It was in the summer of 1977 that Dr. Todd appeared before the 45-member executive committee of the Chancellor's Council, meeting in the Dallas home of Mr. and Mrs. Trammell Crow. As a result, Dr. Todd and his wife, Mrs. Ann Bowden (who has retained her own name for professional reasons), went to New York City in August of 1977 and spent two days examining the Pforzheimer book.

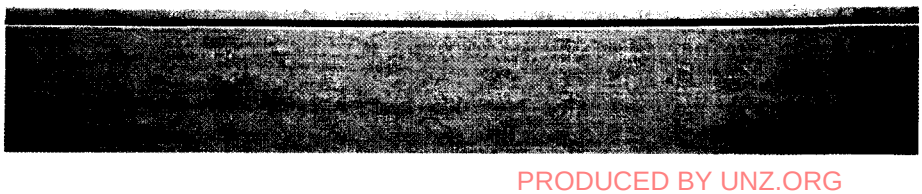
"Each of us spent seven hours examining the Gutenberg," Dr. Todd said. "We looked at every page, taking detailed notes as to the quality of each of the 641 leaves. You know, each page is worth about $6,000."

The first order of business, then, was for them to report back to the Chancellor's Council, and the matter did not come up for final, decisive action until the regular Board of Regents meeting in Austin on June 9 of last year. By that time, enough had been going on in the background for Dr. Todd and the others to be encouraged. Ralph Spence had already appeared before the Board of Regents in the spring. He was present again June 9 to tell the regents the Pforzheimer book was a "premier copy." By this time, the price was down to $2.4 million.

At this significant Austin meeting on June 9, at 1:06 p.m., the UT Board of Regents gave $2.4 million to buy the Bible—$1 million outright and $1.4 million to be repaid. The university's option to buy expired at 4:00 p.m. that same day! (Spence is still leading the drive to raise the $1.4 million.)

At high noon that same day, Chancellor LeMaistre telephoned Pforzheimer, closing the deal. Then the special problems had to be considered.





Gutenburg found the models for his printing characters in the exquisite manuscripts of German monasteries. The pages were hand-decorated with flowing illuminations in jewel colors and gold leaf.

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"Naturally, we wondered how to physically get the Bible to Austin," Dilly said. "We knew it had to be insured for the trip, so we telephoned the insurance company the university does business with."

The university wanted to know if it could buy travel insurance from 2:00 p.m. June 21 to 9:00 p.m. that same day. They vaguely explained what it was for, then added that they would be leaving New York City from JFK Airport on Braniff International with one stop in Washington and would need the insurance for the value of the baggage only.

"That was arranged, and then we knew we would need a bill of sale," Dilly said. "How do you get a bill of sale for a book worth $2.4 million?"

Attorneys arranged that, too, and when everything seemed pointing to the June 21 culmination of the sale, Mr. and Mrs. Spence flew from Tyler to New York to see the acquisition.

Then, finally, it was June 21. Carl Pforzheimer III (his father was in Europe at the time) took the foundation's general counsel, Chancellor LeMaistre, and Dilly to lunch at the Harvard Club, a sedate spot where talk might easily be about rare books, millions of dollars, and things like that.

"From the club, we walked with our luggage to a 42nd Street building and took an elevator to the eighth floor," Dilly said. "To no one's surprise, a peephole opened and we went in. We signed our names and were led into a 15 by 30-foot room, sort of like a study. The Bible was on a long, antique table, and once more the pages were counted. It took me about 40 minutes."

Dilly had two checks in his pocket—one a State of Texas check for $1 million, signed by State Treasurer Warren G. Harding, and the other a certified check on UT Austin local funds for $1.4 million.

When Carl Pforzheimer III looked at the checks, the expected happened. He was incredulous when he saw the million-dollar check signed by Warren G. Harding, Treasurer of the State of Texas.

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A man in period dress demonstrates the early printing methods used by Gutenberg. The procedure remained basically unchanged until the last century.

manuscripts. This became his ultimate goal.

He toiled on to perfect print of staggering beauty and improvise an effective press. At the same time, he had to conceive and build a unique new technique, a technique that had eluded all the medieval inventors until then, of casting individual typographical characters out of metal.

This feat Gutenberg achieved by cutting each letter out of steel so that a raised stamp was produced. This stamp was beaten into a softer metal, a block of copper, to form the mold, which was dropped into the base of an ingenious hand-casting instrument. This was closed and filled with soft alloy to make an individual piece of type.

The tiny alloy characters, arranged in lines and columns, were kept secure for the printing process by being locked into a "forme," a rectangle of wood, which was taken apart after the printing to allow the type to be broken down and used for another page.

By 1448 his credit was so impaired that Gutenberg had to find a relative to stand surety for repayment for him, although the loan amounted to only 150 guilders. However, his powers of persuasion were far from being exhausted, and in the following year he entered into his fateful association with a wealthy Mainz lawyer, Johann Fust. In 1449 Gutenberg received from Fust a loan of 800 guilders, carrying interest of six percent, to be used in completing his work on his apparatus, which was pledged to Fust as security.

The typographical process on which he had so long and persistently worked was at last a completely practical proposition. He had already tried his hand at printing pamphlets, leaflets, and indulgences. Now he was ready to begin the most ambitious project of his life—the printing of the first book. For the 188 Bibles he planned to produce, 8,000 calf skins were needed for the 30 vellum copies and 100,000 sheets of paper for the remaining 158 Bibles. To buy these materials, he had to borrow another huge sum from Fust.

By now, Fust must have been fully aware of the prime importance of the work, and he consented to the further loan of 800 guilders only if he were taken into partnership and given a share of the profits. At last, in 1452, the dream became reality and a new era was born.

Led by his foreman, Peter Schoeffer, Gutenberg's enthusiastic employees threw themselves into the task of producing the Bibles. His workshops were humming with activity. Six presses ran simultaneously. The printed pages produced from the presses were everything Gutenberg had ever envisioned.

But so insidious was the greed surround-

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INGRID BERGMAN: SUPERSTAR IN SPITE OF HERSELF

She never feuds with co-stars, lavishes praise on sister actresses, and happily accepts second billing. Maybe that's why she's still tops with her peers and her public.

by M. George Haddad

"Welcome! Welcome! It is such a beautiful day, no? The sun is shining, I heard a bird singing this morning, and for once the newspapers are not full of only bad news. All is well with the world. Won't you sit down and make yourself at home?" This effusive, genuine welcome belongs to living legend Ingrid Bergman, who is staying at London's elegant Dorchester Hotel while performing in a play titled *Waters of the Moon*, co-starring her old friend from *Murder on the Orient Express*, Wendy Hiller.

Incredibly, Miss Bergman was reluctant to do the interview. Not because of a harried schedule or a reticence to speak with the press, but because, in her own words, "I've been giving so many interviews, I wonder if the public will soon tire of me. Perhaps I am talking too much. . . ." Impossible. If anything, the general public—the devoted fans who remember the innocent star of *Intermezzo* or the heroic actress in *Casablanca* or the libeled lady who dared love Roberto Rossellini or the superstar who made a comeback in *Anastasia* and won her third Oscar for *Orient Express*—complains that Ingrid Bergman isn't doing enough, making enough films.

"Oh, I have been busy," insists the ageless star, sitting in the midst of a spectacular view of the London skyline. "I have made a wonderful picture with a man I admire. . .so much, I cannot describe it. He is Ingmar Bergman, and the picture is *Autumn Sonata*, in which Liv Ullmann plays my daughter, who is about the same age I was when I did *Intermezzo*. And to make the coincidence complete, she plays a pianist!" Miss Bergman clasps her hands in delight.

"To work with such marvelous, talented professionals at my age—or any age, really—is a privilege. I am a very lucky woman. And then I am doing this beautiful play by N. C. Hunter, an unjustly neglected playwright. The audiences seem to love the play, and the Haymarket is always filled to capacity." Of course, as the actress may be aware but would never mention, the reason the theater is packed is largely because of her; every night hundreds of American tourists flock to see "that play with Ingrid Bergman," and also to catch the excellent Miss Hiller.

The two great actresses get on splendidly—no rumors of a feud here. But then, Miss Bergman is not by nature a competitive person, and she is the first to admire and praise talent. "There are so many wonderful actresses in Hollywood," she declares enthusiastically. "They say the good old days were so much better, but times were not conducive to treating serious subjects or giving women roles in which they are complete human beings, with or without a man. I think, for instance, the work of Anne Bancroft, Jane Fonda, and Shirley MacLaine is brilliant! And of course, there are the non-American actresses, like Liv and Glenda Jackson, all so clever and so lucky to get such good roles while they're young."

Although she remembers the past fondly, by no means does this remarkable woman live in the past. On the contrary, she feels most of her top roles came after she passed 30 or 40. One of her favorite love stories is *A Walk in the Spring Rain*, which she did with Anthony Quinn. Unfortunately, it faded quickly at the box office:

"It seems most young people do not want to see people the age of their parents being in love and leading beautiful, romantic lives. This is a pity, but I received many beautiful compliments about the picture from people closer to my own age. And to work with someone like Tony Quinn! Ah, I had the pleasure twice, for we also did *The Visit*. And then there was Charles Boyer. After so many years, we got to work again in Vincente Minnelli's beautiful *A Matter of Time*, with his talented daughter Liza. Again, audiences did not respond to this film, which I don't understand. But merely to work with those talents and to see Charles again, for a final time, *that* was worth everything."

Asked whether she will ever retire, Miss Bergman shakes her head vigorously. As long as they will still "tolerate" her, she says, she will act on stage and screen. Because she does not possess the typical superstar ego, she is willing to be billed beneath the title or to take a smaller role, like that of the Swedish missionary in *Murder on the Orient Express*, a shrewd move.

"I love the stage, because I love people." She is extravagantly sincere in all her statements without sounding corny. All the while, her eyes sparkle merrily and her well-manicured hands are in constant motion. "Many big stars refuse to go back to the stage, even though

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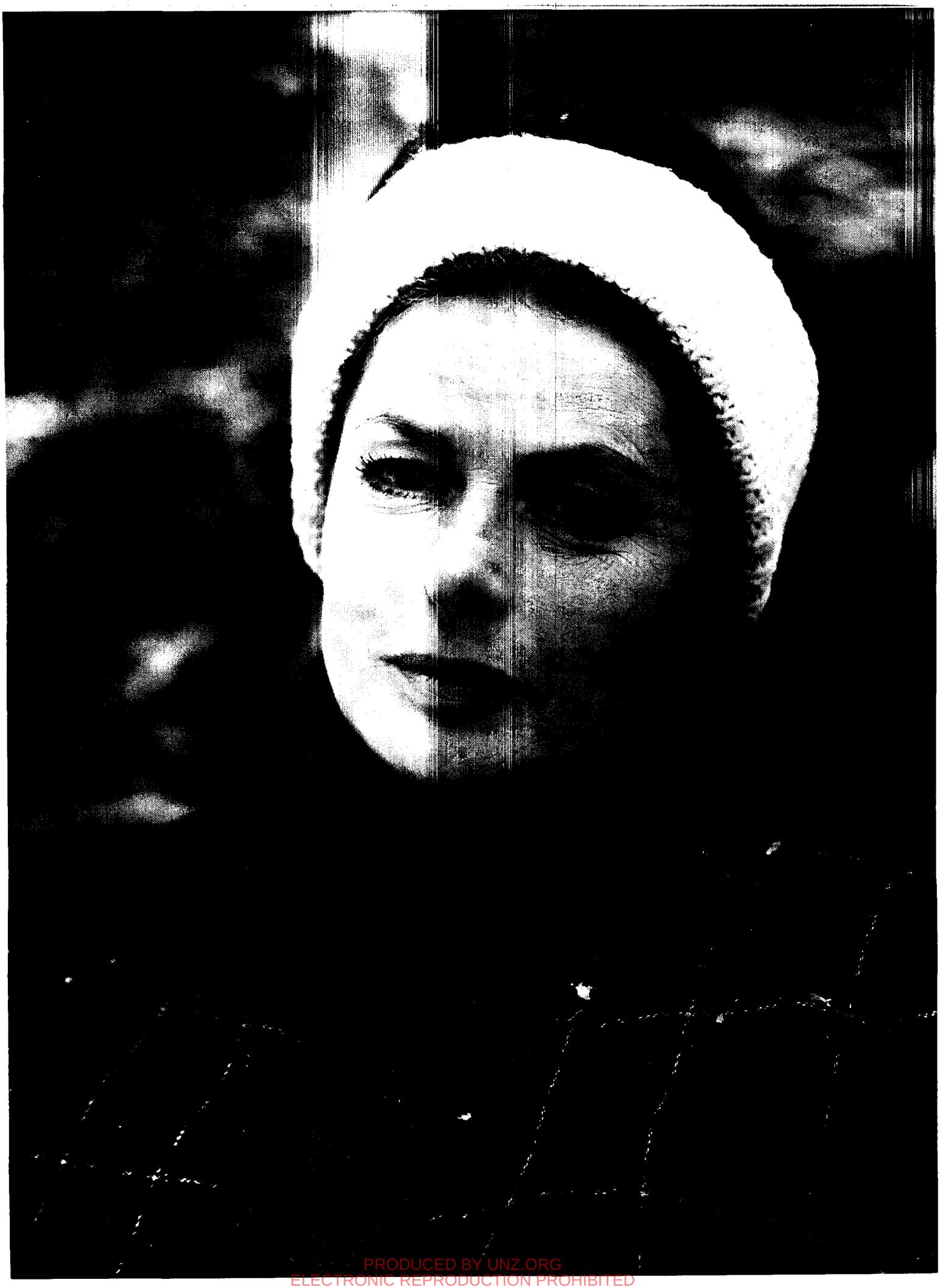

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they may have started there. But my roots are important to me, and so is audience contact. When the people laugh or clap, it fills me with the one emotion I cannot describe. . . . Sadly, however, this play, which is so brilliant, may not make it to America. I think it is too English or too. . .too *calm* for American audiences. Nowadays, so much of what one sees on films and on the stage is very sexy or violent or shocking.

"These things do not interest me. I cannot tell you how many roles I have turned down because they required me to use foul language or to appear highly unsympathetic. I will only play a villain if the story is excellent, if the villain has a motive. But not for mere sensationalism. I am willing to experiment and to test myself, but not to debase myself or the audience. The horror movies: Some are clever and well done, but I am not a fan of horror pictures, so I turn those down, too. You see, it is difficult for an older actress to find proper work.

"I frankly don't need to do movies for the money, because I have had good friends and advisors, so I wait until a good part comes along. And meanwhile, there is always the London stage. Soon I hope to work on the New York stage again."

The recently released Autumn Sonata *gave Bergman the opportunity to work with fellow Scandinavians Liv Ullmann and Ingmar Bergman. "I never choose to think that I am entitled to have privileges, only that I am privileged because of others," she says.*

In between assignments, Miss Bergman travels back and forth between two continents to visit her children. Stateside, her daughter Pia Lindstrom is a mother and news commentator, and in Europe her handsome offspring by Rossellini are either studying or deciding on careers. "My son Robertino is to be an architect, which is a good, solid profession, and my twin daughters are Isabella and Ingrid. Ingrid studied sociology and is making her plans, while Isabella has shown an interest in acting. She has worked for a feminist newspaper in Rome and is doing television documentaries.

"All of my children are hard workers, and that is important, because no matter how rich you or your parents are, work gives you a reason to get up in the morning. Personally, I never had to work. My father was well-off; I only worked so hard as an actress because I wanted to. I still work hard at being a good mother and a grandmother. But I do not interfere with my children's lives, even though I prefer to have them around me. I do not push my unmarried children to get married or to make me a grandmother all over again. That is very selfish, and I think parents should give children a chance to form their own ideas, to do what makes them happiest, and to have their own dignity and self-respect.

"For this reason, my children like me and ask me to visit them often. They even advise me on my career, and if they strenuously object to a particular role, I will probably not take it. They know, too, what is good for me, and they give me the perspective of younger people. My children do not want me to appear in any picture with nudity in it, which I am proud of, and of course, there is no question about *me* posing undraped, for they would bury me alive!" She laughs heartily.

"I have tried to raise all my children well. I am very proud of them."

Ingrid Bergman's two previous marriages were to Scandinavian Peter Lindstrom and Italian film director Roberto Rossellini. Now her spouse is fellow Swede Lars

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Schmidt, who is rarely photographed at his wife's side. Why does the actress rarely refer to him?

She smiles thoughtfully. "Whenever I am with Lars I feel very secure. He is the only one of my husbands who can look at me as a well-known actress and not feel threatened. He is a rock, a pillar of strength. Our marriage has lasted because he accepts me for what I am, and vice versa. We do not try to change each other or to spend 100 percent of our time together. I prefer not to say where he lives or what he is doing, because he is a private man. Unlike me, he did not choose to be in the limelight, and I would not want to intrude on his privacy.

"This is also why a proud mother does not speak much more about her children. It is not because I am egotistical, hopefully, but because my children are independent and intelligent and talented in their own rights. They do not want to become successful only because they have Ingrid Bergman for a mother, and I am glad. A mother is willing to do all she can for her children, but when she sees they are strong and wise enough to do things on their own, she feels very beautiful inside."

Winner of three Oscars, Bergman collected her first in 1944, five years after coming to the U.S. She claims the awards too often are based on popularity, not merit.

Looking back over the past, does the celebrated lady regret anything? Her love affair with Roberto Rossellini, which eventually resulted in her rejection by the American public, and an unpleasant divorce?

Resolutely, she shakes her head, speaking quietly:

"To regret anything is useless. No one can ever go back and change anything. Why waste time thinking about it? Everyone makes mistakes, and the results of many mistakes are often good. . . . Regarding the blow-up over my divorce from Peter, it was not that the American people hated me, but simply that the standards of behavior were so different, so rigid then. I have always considered myself a woman capable of passion; my marriage to Peter had already fallen apart, and I fell in love with another man. Was that so terrible? But my image in Hollywood, playing Joan of Arc and so many 'good' women, was very different from my real life. Nobody could have lived up to that image, and when the people saw I was somebody else, many of them felt betrayed.

"It did not cause me regrets, because I loved Roberto very much, and he gave me such beautiful children. Our marriage was good while it lasted—I have truly loved each of my husbands, and why should one regret love? When I think back, I think only of the good times and happy moments. I think of my children, whom I feel so fortunate to have. I feel sorry for the actresses—especially the beautiful ones—who spent their lives alone with their stardom and are now sad and lonely. You see, in my day beauty belonged to the likes of Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, and Ginger Rogers. Later still, there was Marilyn Monroe. I was never a great beauty, although when I look back I now think I was—by comparison! But I always had my children to comfort me, and I still have them."

Several of the motion pictures she appeared in have become classics, in particular *Casablanca*, which has often been parodied. Certain other screen greats resent such tampering with the memory of their work. Does she?

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I BREAK INTO THE BIG TIME

Norman Rockwell's adventures as an illustrator continue as the Post's *longtime cover artist recalls how he was duped as a gullible young beginner but still hit the jackpot—all at age 22.*

by Norman Rockwell, as told to Thomas Rockwell

Time has dimmed memories of John Fleming Wilson, novelist and playwright, but in the years just before World War I he was a famous man. I met him by accident. As art director of *Boys' Life*, I had assigned myself to illustrate one of Wilson's short stories, and I needed a good look at a life raft. Edward Cave, the editor, suggested I ask Wilson for help, so I went over to his Broadway hotel and sent up my name.

This beaming young man of 24 had good cause to smile: Already accepted as an illustrator, his future was bright. The boy is Eddie Carson, model for N.R.'s Post *covers.*

After half an hour a short, thick man with a brutish face came lumbering across the lobby and pumped my hand. "Wilson," he said, "John Fleming Wilson. Let's have some breakfast." Slinging an arm across my shoulders, he propelled me into the bar. He ordered a double whiskey and two fried eggs, and the same for me. When I protested that I didn't drink—I was only 19—he said, "If you want to be an artist, boy, you've got to live." But he canceled my whiskey, ordering coffee instead.

After he had downed his whiskey, he asked what my problem was. I told him I wanted to see a life raft before I drew one. "That's the ticket," he said; "see everything, do everything. Stick with me. I'll show it to you."

He took me in a cab to a downtown dock, and I sketched a life raft. Then we stopped in a bar, and he had a drink. He was all for going on to some other bar where, he said, the company was gayer—women and all—but I told him I had hired a model for the afternoon. So he said I should come around to his hotel early the next day, because something big was going to break for him any day now, and he was going to get me in on it.

I can't say I liked the man, but he was a famous author, and he had promised to do something for me. What it was I didn't know, except that it was certainly connected with my work.

At nine the next morning Wilson ushered me into his suite, saying that he had to finish a short story before we went out. He dictated to a male secretary, walking about the room, a bottle of whiskey in one hand, a glass in the other. After he had completed his story—it took only half an hour—we went over to the offices of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers of *Scribner's* magazine. Wilson left me in the anteroom and strode into the editor's office. An hour later he came out.

"It's all set," he said. "We're going to the Panama Canal to do a series of articles. I'll write 'em, you'll illustrate 'em. We'll blast the canal and Davis and Pennell in the bargain." (Richard Harding Davis and Jo-

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seph Pennell had just done a series for another magazine, picturing the canal as a rousing success.)

"We're in, boy, in!" Wilson shouted. "I'll be the greatest writer, you'll be the greatest illustrator. America'll go down on its fat red knees and kiss our feet when we get through." And he insisted that I accompany him to his favorite tavern to celebrate.

When we boarded a trolley later on, he was soused and fell against the motorman. The motorman shoved him away, and Wilson cursed him. They wound up rolling in the street, pummeling each other, until some workmen and I managed to separate them.

That was the beginning of a strange two months. Wilson would "show me life" almost every day. Mostly I'd stand at a bar with him, drinking lemonade while he drank whiskey. The promise of that trip to Panama held me, so I accompanied him on his excursions, and every three or four days we'd go up to Scribner's and he'd talk to the editor.

"It's all set," he said one day. "Get yourself a pith helmet, five suits of cotton pajamas—that's all they wear in the tropics—and sandals. And have your teeth fixed—in Panama they'll rot like raw meat in summertime." I did as he said.

The next week he told me to buy a revolver. I bought that. The next week he advised me to buy a machete and a white umbrella. I did. The date of our sailing got nearer and nearer. Wilson told me he had purchased the steamer tickets; he even gave me the name of the boat we were to sail on. I had dropped most of my own work in the excitement. I was going to be a great illustrator, like Pyle or Abbey or Remington. I packed my outfit in the special knapsack he'd told me to buy and strapped on a mosquito netting.

Two days before we were scheduled to leave I called for Wilson at his hotel. He was gone. The hotel manager had no idea where he was—or where his wife was, or the secretary, or the secretary's wife. I went over to Scribner's. Yes, of course, they knew John Fleming Wilson. A series of articles on the Panama Canal? No. They'd never heard of that.

I was crushed. I went to my studio and sat there amidst my heaps of tropical gear. All my dreams of becoming a great illustrator, of working for the big magazines, seemed lost. I sat there, unable to rouse myself. Late that night my father came in and led me off to bed.

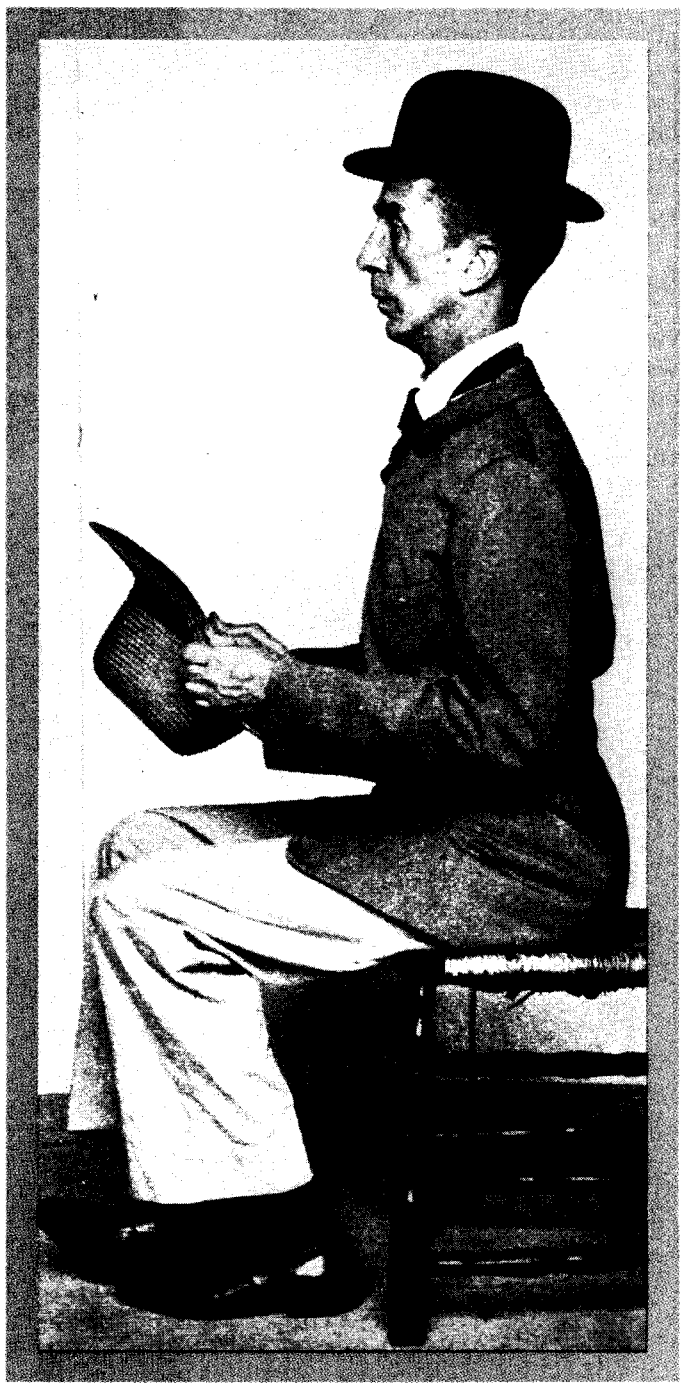
I guess I came near to having a nervous breakdown. I couldn't work, or sleep, or eat, or go out anywhere. Finally my father sent me to the mountains for a month. I lived with a farmer's family, took long walks through the snowy countryside, and gradually calmed down.

One day, after I'd been back in the city for two or three months, Wilson came around to my studio. He explained that he'd been called away unexpectedly—no time to notify me. The trip was still on. I felt a surge of hope.

The next night I took Eleanor Bordeaux, my girl friend from Mamaroneck, over to Wilson's apartment in Brooklyn to help celebrate his birthday. The minute I stepped in the door I knew I'd been kidding myself. Everybody at the party was drunk; men and women were lying together on the sofas—it was an orgy. I could see Eleanor was scared, so I got her out of there fast. That was the last I ever saw of John Fleming Wilson. Long afterward I heard that he had died in a fire somewhere out West.

Partly because of Wilson—I was afraid he'd come to my studio drunken mad—and partly because of the drab life at Mrs. Frothingham's boardinghouse, my family moved out of New York. All of us—my mother and father, my brother Jarvis, and myself—went to Brown Lodge, a superior boardinghouse in New Rochelle. I'd had enough of city life.

The night of my arrival at Brown Lodge I went out walking with Gertrude, Mrs. Brown's niece. As we crossed a vacant lot I tried to kiss her. She fended me



Rockwell was a born stage director. Here, he even poses as his own model, when he painted Henry Ford for the company's 50th anniversary in 1953.

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off, saying, "Oh, I wouldn't kiss anyone unless I was engaged."

I asked, "Would you kiss me if we were engaged?" She said yes, so I kissed her.

"Well," she said, "now we're engaged." Such was the custom in those days, and somehow I lacked the nerve to say no, we're not.

When Gertrude announced our engagement the next day Mrs. Brown was overjoyed. I guess I was a good prospect—steady, hard-working, respectable family; earning a splendid $50 a week and aiming for more. Mrs. Brown became excessively cordial, plying me with three eggs for breakfast and unlimited helpings of brown betty at supper. Conferences were held concerning the wedding gown, a minister, and the wedding supper. Gertrude was happy, the other boarders were excited, my parents were pleased—I was miserable.

I liked Gertrude—she was an awfully pretty girl—but I certainly didn't want to be married; not yet anyway. Finally, after a week of dazed meandering, I led her up to the trunk room of Brown Lodge, took her hand, and said, "Gertrude, I'm not worthy of you. I'm no good."

"You mean you don't want to be engaged," said Gertrude.

"No," I said, "I'm not worthy of you. You're a fine girl, Gertrude; I'm no good, I'm rotten."

So she gave me back the ring. Mrs. Brown took it very hard. Two or three days later Gertrude and I walked back from town together. Mrs. Brown saw us coming up the road and screamed at Gertrude from the kitchen, "Come in here! What're you doing with that no-good artist?"

Rockwell knew well the appeal of a pooch in a painting, and he was an expert in coaxing them to pose.

For a studio I rented office space on the second floor of the Clovelly Building at 360 North Avenue in New Rochelle. When the office beside mine fell vacant, I rented it and knocked down the wall. The enlarged studio was the biggest I'd ever had; I used to feel sort of loose and airy when I contemplated it. That didn't last long, however. I met an illustrator who had recently come East from Peoria and had no place to work. "Why don't you move in with me until you can get a place of your own?" I said.

For a few weeks the arrangement worked out well. We worked at easels at opposite ends of the room, talking when we felt like it, now and then going across the street for coffee. Then a hardware company commissioned him to do the drawings for their catalogue. The next day there were two easels set up at his end of the studio. A stranger came in. "Norm," my studio mate said, "I want you to meet so-and-so. I've brought him on from Peoria to help me with the catalogue."

The following morning I found them unpacking two huge crates. "Our models," my guest said cheerfully, displaying a handful of wrenches. During the course of the day the crates yielded an assortment of hammers, pinch bars, watering cans, rakes ("Norm," he said, "I wonder if you'd mind moving into the corner. I want to set these tools out where we can see them."), shovels and tin pails, paper bags of screws and nails ("Would you put your brushes on the palette table, please? I need that chest for these packages."), a lawn mower, a wheelbarrow, and an enormous quantity of wrapping paper and excelsior.

That evening, as I pulled my jacket from beneath a heap of wrenches and picked my way through the tools, barking my shin on the wheelbarrow, I wondered where my own model would fit in. The next morning I wasn't sure I'd fit in myself. Two more crates had arrived. Somewhere behind them lurked my easel; my chair was hidden by mounds of excelsior; wrapping paper hid my palette table. I asked, "Couldn't you throw away the crates and wrappings?"

"No," he said, "we gotta send all this stuff back when we're done with it."

"O.K.," I said, "but I haven't got much room here."

He took the wrapping paper off my palette table and piled it underneath. "There," he said, "how's that?"

For two weeks I waded through tools, bags, pails, and excelsior to my dark little corner and painted to the clatter of dropped wrenches and whispered discussions of how best to portray the ball-peen hammer. Then I told a forceful friend about my situation and left for a two-week vacation.

When I returned the studio was again a broad expanse of open floor, in the center of which sat my easel like a primitive god. Somehow I never again had those airy, loose, lightheaded feelings when confronted by the empty room.

At this time I was working almost exclusively for juvenile magazines, so most of my models were children and hard to find. Say I was doing a picture of a

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boy and a dog. To locate the right boy, I'd have to hang about the grade schools at recess and stop little boys on the street, studying them to see whether they were the type I wanted. If I found the right boy, I had to persuade him to pose.

"Gee, mister," he'd say, "I gotta play ball on Satiddy. I can't do no posin'."

"Fifty cents an hour," I'd say, launching into a long explanation of pictures and models and stories and magazines. Finally I'd cajole the boy into asking his mother. Then I had him, because most mothers thought it was just wonderful that little Clarence was going to appear in *American Boy* or *St. Nicholas*, and little Clarence would report to my studio at nine o'clock Saturday morning, ball game or no.

Arranging for the dog was more complicated. First I had to discover him; then I had to follow him to learn where his owner lived. Once I chased a dog all afternoon through vacant lots, over fences, down and up gullies, through briers, burrs, and nettles. He was a perfect mutt—black patch around one eye, woebegone, lanky, and rough. But he escaped through a backyard crisscrossed by clotheslines hung with clammy bed sheets.

But finding the dog and the boy was nothing to posing them. You take a young mutt who's been reared on rats and table scraps—there's exuberance for you! I'd set him on the model stand, pushing him down on his haunches. He'd sit quietly for a moment staring at me. Then he'd catch sight of his tail out of the corner of his eye and go for it. Next it would be a flea behind his ear; then he'd prance about the model stand, barking at an imaginary enemy.

Still, I had to have dogs. John Ames Mitchell, editor of the old humor magazine *Life*, once told me that the most popular subjects for magazine covers were, first, a beautiful woman, second, a kid, and third, a dog. Later on, when I was doing *Post* covers, I'd receive letters from readers saying, "I love that little boy, but, oh, that dog—with those human, beseeching eyes."

Occasionally I'd need some other kind of animal. Once I was doing a picture with a duck in it. I called the local butcher and asked him to bring me a fat one. When he set it on the floor of the studio, it waddled off behind a chest. "How am I going to get it to pose for me?" I asked the butcher.

"Get me a hammer and some wide-topped tacks," he said.

"I don't want to hurt the duck," I said.

"Don't worry," he said. "You just hold the duck where you want him." So I did, and he began to tack the duck's feet to the model stand. "Hey," I said, "stop!"

"It don't hurt him," he said, continuing to drive in tacks while the duck pecked cheerfully at the hammer. "You could pound a railroad spike in the web of his foot. Don't have no feeling there."

So all afternoon I painted the duck while it stood tacked to the stand, quacking and heaving itself up on its legs. After a while it stopped trying to move and just stood there looking at me. "Quack," it would say indignantly. "Quack, quack."

The kids were easier to pose than the livestock, but it wasn't easy to get them to stay put. I'd prop a boy's feet into a running position with bricks or boards, making him as comfortable as possible. Five minutes later he'd begin to squirm: "Say, mister, you almost through?" Ten minutes later: "I gotta go home, mister." Then: "Gee, my back hurts. You done yet?" After 25 minutes, when I'd tell him to rest, he'd put on his coat.

"Hey," I'd say. "I'll need you all morning."

"All morning!"

"Come on, 50¢ an hour. You've only earned a quarter so far."

After two or three months of this I hit upon a useful device. At the beginning of the modeling session I'd set a stack of nickels on a table beside my

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Stage-directing again. Here Rockwell shows a couple of young neighbors how to indicate the traditional small boy aversion to bathing.

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Debby was three when she found the stage. Now, Pat says, he can't get sloppy when she's around, and he finds his singing has improved.

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PAT & DEBBY: SHARING THE LIMELIGHT, SPREADING THE WORD

After several stormy years, harmony prevails at the Boone family residence. Performing solo, in tandem, or en masse, Pat and company are making beautiful music together, onstage and off.

by Paul Baker

It has been something like 25 years and 45 million records since Charles Eugene "Pat" Boone made his first hit record, entitled "Two Hearts, Two Kisses." Pat and his wife Shirley were living in Texas, where he was earning $44.50 a week at a Fort Worth TV station. He had to borrow the money to make it to Chicago, where the song was recorded.

Now in their mid-40's, Pat and Shirley Boone are not only parents of four daughters in their mid-20's, but they are also grandparents twice. For several years, entertainment has been a family affair for the Boones, all of whom joined Pat in 1969 for a concert tour of Japan. The audiences loved the family show, and the Boones began getting concert billings from Tokyo to Vegas. In addition, they recorded several albums of music and appeared on numerous television specials.

When Debby won top song at Grammy Awards, she and Gabriel were friends—now they plan to marry.

In 1976, the four Boone sisters—Cherry, Lindy, Debby, and Laury—recorded the first of their own albums on their father's label, Lamb & Lion Records. Their second one, entitled *First Class*, received a nomination for a Grammy Award for best performance in an Inspirational category.

In 1977 it had also been Debby's lot to be the first of the four daughters to shine in her own right as a star, when she recorded the tremendously successful song "You Light Up My Life." Within a few weeks after its release, Debby's recording virtually eclipsed any of Pat's more than 50 hits. "You Light Up My Life," which ultimately sold more than 3½ million copies, remained at the #1 position on pop music charts for ten straight weeks, a feat unmatched by anyone else in the previous 22 years, the Beatles and Elvis included.

Debby was endowed with numerous top awards for her accomplishments, and they ultimately led to new career opportunities in acting, including a television acting role in "Gift of the Magi" this past Christmas and a Las Vegas show in late January.

"I never dreamed," Pat reminisced recently, "that I would bring my family into my live performing and into my television work. When we started out I felt we should keep our family separate and let the girls have as 'normal' an upbringing and childhood as possible.

"I enjoyed bringing them on television once every few years and showing them off," he continued. "Any dad does! But then, it was 'Back home, girls. Back to school.' However, normal teen-age existence in school life changed dramatically, so I felt that they would be exposed to worse things at home than with me on the road. Who would have ever dreamed that? The girls, as they entered their teens, and even before, were exposed to the temptations of drugs, sex, occult religion, and things like that among their friends. So, I was always glad to load everybody up on the plane and take them with me rather than leave them at home."

Pat and Shirley discovered very quickly that there was no way to isolate their girls from corrupting influences, especially those in an entertainment environment. At first, they tried to isolate the girls by sending them to private schools.

"But," recalls Pat, "we found that we couldn't ever run away from things that were happening all around us—in other people's houses, in other families, and in the streets; we couldn't protect them from what was happening in the newspapers, magazines, and on television. There was no such thing as isolation.

"We discovered, though, that there's *insulation*, which is valid no matter where they are, and no

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matter what the environment, the school, or the economic background. Insulation is a living, vital, vertical relationship with God. One to one.

"The most priceless thing a parent can do for a child," Pat adds, "is encourage a relationship between God and the child. That will tend to work wonders in the family unit, in the child's personal life, and among the child's friends. We've seen that with our children, at least."

Pat's heavy hand of authority over his daughters, with his rigid rules, restrictions, and protectiveness, has always been a popular target of the sensationalist press. His reputation as an archaically strait-laced character drew an unending barrage of good-natured jabs as well as downright derision. Raising children with such a strict hand was passé to many parents, too demanding on the parents if nothing else. The spanking rod had been put away in the closet ever since Dr. Spock had written his famous book on child care.

In the mid-1960's, however, the gossip columnists *had* plenty of tasty morsels to chew on when it came to the Boones. Pat's image as the all-American boy faded as he began living a life style decidedly different from the one he preached—a "do-as-I-say-not-as-I-do" life style which brought him close to professional, financial, marital, and paternal failure.

In 1967 new life began for the Boones. First, it was a spiritual renewal for Shirley, who had been near the point of collapse. Not too long after that, Pat experienced a similar renewal, and then each of the girls did likewise. Life in the Boone household changed radically.

"Dating from the spiritual turnaround we had," Pat explains, "the top thing became relationships with God and with each other." Although Pat remained a protective, strict father, his rules were now tendered with love and sincere desire to raise a Christian family in an environment of love. Their dad was now an example for the girls rather than a hypocrite.

Though things had been put back in order at the Boones', there were still periods of crisis within the family. One such crisis came when teen-ager Debby found that her friends didn't really fit into the mold her father demanded. They didn't dress "right"; they didn't have the strict curfew that Debby was embarrassed to have. For two years or so, Debby withdrew into a world of her own, rebelling. But, she recalls, she finally found out that what she really wanted wasn't to be just like her friends.

"I just wanted to find out who *I* was. I finally relaxed and let the Lord help me discover that," Debby explains.

Although she didn't fully realize it during her rebellious years, Debby's parents were seeing beneath the rebellion a potential singing ability that they wanted to encourage and bring more to the surface.

"Up until the time I recorded 'You Light Up My Life,' I hadn't done a solo record," Debby remembers. "My parents hadn't felt comfortable about it. There was a struggle going on, of me wanting my own career and also of knowing deep within me that that was what God was going to do with me. My parents were frightened for me, and yet my mother knew that I'd eventually be doing just that. It was all a matter of timing. I always thought I was ready when I wasn't, but I knew that the Lord would show me the time through them. And He did! This was it! The first time they came to me, saying, 'You should do this song!' "

"You Light Up My Life" became more than just a hit record for Debby. "At first," she recalls, "it was just an O.K. song to me. But when I started listening to the words and saw how it really applied to my relationship to the Lord, then the excitement came. For me, it was kind of what the Lord was doing in me while singing it that was so special."

The special feeling that Debby experienced reached her audiences as well. In countless appearances on national and international television programs singing the hit song, the charisma was there. In fact, Debby received hundreds of letters from fans who expressed to her how inspirational the song was for them, relating in some cases that it changed lives.

But not all the letters have come from happy people. Debby also receives correspondence from down-and-outers, people in the middle of big problems. They seek her advice.

"I have letters that would tear your heart out," she says. "I want so badly for those kids to have parents like I had—parents who love them and never give up by taking the stand that 'times have changed' and 'we're being too restrictive by saying no.' I just wish that parents could trust themselves enough that, when they know what's right for their kids, they do it even though it seems so unfashionable.

"I see parents letting their kids dominate them," Debby adds, "telling them how it should be—even when they're younger, really young. The kids get a little cocky, it starts then; and that's when it needs to be dealt with, then continued all the way up until they're grown."

Debby, who has worked with emotionally disturbed children, sees the importance of parental authority being ex-

There's music in their blood all right, and this second generation of the Boone Family Singers has both Pat and *Shirley to thank. Her father was Red Foley, the country and western star.*

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ercised. "I know that—from the depths of their being—they want to be restricted and want to have that security of knowing that their parents are helping them get through their lives, guiding them and leading them. They want to know they can't come and go as they please, because they're afraid of where they'll end up."

Debby remembers the times when she didn't respond so favorably to her parents' corrections. "All through my life," she says, "it was, 'I'll never do that to my kids.' But now I know I will! I can look back and see that *some* problems have stemmed from an almost 'panicky' restriction, to the extent that we girls have had fears of things we shouldn't be afraid of, but I wouldn't trade with anybody in the world."

As Debby's mother looks back over nearly 25 years of child-raising, she says, "I feel we've done what we can do, and we'll always be available to our children for any kind of spiritual counsel. I feel the Holy Spirit leads us to know how to pray for them at times when they're not even with us, and that will be a constant protection. But we've really done the core of our job. We've planted the seed."

Referring to Scripture verses Ephesians 6:4 and Proverbs 22:6, Shirley adds, "We've raised them in the nurture and the admonition of the Lord. We can say we've trained our children in the way they should go, and if they should depart from it for a while, I trust the Spirit of the Lord to draw them back. He did it to us."

Laury, who is the youngest of the Boone sisters and will most likely be the last one to move away from under the Boone roof, comments that "Debby and I and all the girls are just so happy for the way our parents *did* bring us up. Granted there were times that, even looking back, I might disagree with the way they handled things—especially some of the strictness—but looking at the results, as opposed to the results of some of my more lenient friends' households, we know the *Lord*, and that's the most important thing. They've guided us into a spiritual relationship with Jesus. That's made us stable."

The number of people living in the Boones' Beverly Hills home is diminishing. Oldest daughter Cherry and her husband Dan O'Neal now live in Hawaii. Daughter Lindy and her husband Doug Corbin have given Mom and Dad their first two grandchildren. The Corbins live close enough, though, to enable little Ryan and even littler Jessica to visit their grandparents occasionally. Debby's engagement to Gabriel Ferrer, son of actor Jose Ferrer and songstress Rosemary Clooney, was announced late last year.

"We now find ourselves in a very unpredictable phase," says Pat. "Shirley and I are trying to look into the future and figure it out. We spent a lot of time thinking about it this past summer, when we took our first vacation alone together in 16 years!"

Both Pat and Shirley conclude that their Hawaii vacation was a slowing-down time for them, giving Shirley a rest from raising the kids and giving Pat a new perspective on not being involved in so many business and career activities that there is no time to spend with his wife.

Anyone who has known the Boones for long knows that their rest is overdue. Pat's busyness has been incredible over the years. At one time he was involved in more than 30 business ventures, and he admits that practically none of them came to anything. He can now see that the involvement in so many different personal and business activities was like the spinning of a web: As he got more caught up in it, it kept him more and more from precious time with his family.

Says Shirley, "We always *had* to be busy! And I think when you're so busy, sometimes you don't really take time to get to know each other. You don't relate important, deep things that you're really about. I think it's a very important part of our relationship that we don't play games and stay *so* busy that we don't have to face the realities of what plateau our lives are at. I think God planned it that way. We need to reexamine our relationships with the Lord every now and then, and we need to do the same thing in our relationships with one another: where we are and where we're going."

Pat and Shirley see themselves at a crucial time. "We've got friends that have raised families," says Pat, "and when their children are just about gone, the husband and wife break up. They find they didn't build enough into their *own* relationship. They had built their lives around the kids and careers. Now that the career may have settled into a manageable situation, and now that the kids are about raised, the husband and wife look at each other and they don't even know each other. They're not really satisfied. They haven't developed enough common interests apart from family and business.

"So," he continues, "Shirley and I are learning that we have to invest time in ourselves and each other, operate on principles, and the feelings will come out of that. When the new wears off and the differences really begin to loom large, what are you going to do? Fifty percent of the marriages these days break up. Business partnerships break up. Friendships break up.

"We didn't go off to

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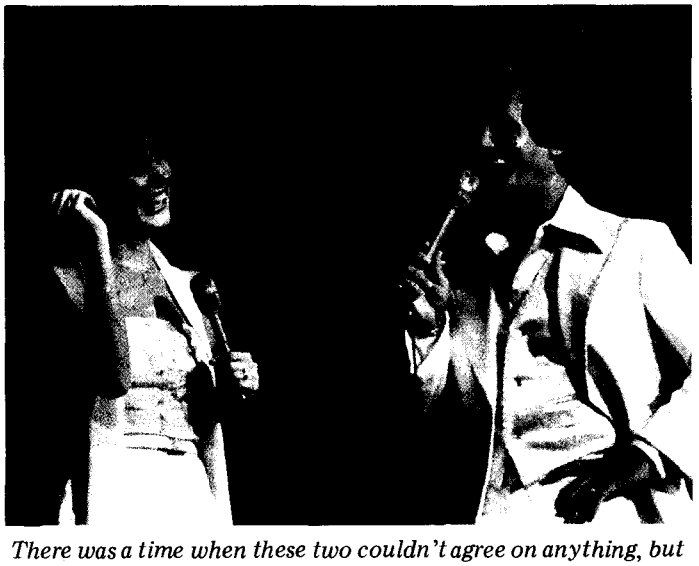

There was a time when these two couldn't agree on anything, but now they're a team. According to Pat, had Debby been a son instead, they probably would have been competitive.

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A Russian icon of Christ teaching: Individual artists are sometimes impossible to identify, since the Eastern church did not favor personal expression.

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Christ on the Cross *by El Greco (1541-1614)*
Following a tradition from the Middle Ages, the artist includes his patrons in a picture of a holy subject.

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The Entombment *by Titian (1490-1576): Titian's paintings, spanning nearly a century, are a study in the evolution of Italian art.*

Crucifixion: The Head of Christ *by Mathias Grünewald (1460-1528): Part of the Isenheim altarpiece, this 16th century work once stood in an Alsatian abbey.*

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Christ Walking on the Waters *by Eugene Delacroix (1798-1863): Skilled in all techniques, Delacroix worked with bituminous paint, pen, and watercolor.*

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SCIENCE FICTION

DOCTOR HANRAY'S SECOND CHANCE

Perhaps when you were young you underestimated your father. What would you give to live in the past for an hour and try to make amends?

by Conrad Richter

Illustrated by Douglass Crockwell

If he had known it would be like this, he wouldn't have come, he told himself. He had driven more than a thousand miles to see it again, this triangle of river and long blue mountains that shut in the rich brown farming land. This was where he had been born and bred. Here, if anywhere, he felt, he could find himself again.

And yet, now that he had come, it didn't mean anything. It seemed hollow and dead, like every other place he had been since these spells had come over him. It was true then, he told himself. Something must be seriously wrong with him. But exactly what it could be neither the doctors nor himself had as yet been able to find out.

He drove slowly along the blacktop road. A large board announced: *Rose Valley Military Reservation. U.S. Army. No Admission.* Ahead to the right and left he could see the high steel fence topped with strands of barbed wire. At the little house in the center of the road, he obeyed the sign that said, Stop!

"I would like permission to go into Stone Church," he requested.

"What for?" the guard wanted to know.

"Just to look around. I was raised here."

"You can't do that. This is a restricted area."

"I know about that," the man in the car said. Then, after a moment, "I believe I have a right to visit the graves of my parents."

"You'll have to prove who you are. What's the name?"

"My father's name was Doctor John Hanray. My name is Peter Hanray. Here are some identification papers."

The guard stared. His tanned face flushed. His lean, hard features altered with respect.

"I'm sorry I didn't know you, Doctor Hanray. I can see it's you now, sir, from your pictures. I'll phone Colonel Hollenbeck you're here."

"I didn't come to see Colonel Hollenbeck," Hanray declared quietly. "I just want permission to go in and look around. By myself."

The guard stirred uneasily. "Yes, sir. I'll speak to the colonel, sir." He hurried back into the little house, and the visitor thought he could make out an occasional phrase: "Yes, sir; it's him, sir. . .the one who made the A-bomb. . . . He don't want to come up. . . . No, alone; all alone! . . . Yes, sir, I'll tell him."

The guard appeared. "The colonel's coming down," he said with satisfaction.

Outside a distant building a flurry of dust suddenly rose and died. After a moment an olive-colored military car came flying up, and a tall, gentlemanly colonel got out.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting, Doctor Hanray," he said, shaking hands. "If you had let us know you were coming, we'd have been all ready for you. Just the same, if you can give me a few minutes, I'll take you around."

"Thank you," the scientist said bleakly, "but it's not an official visit. Just a personal one. I'm not working right now. In fact, I have been laid up a bit. You may know that I was raised here at Stone Church. I'd like to visit my parents' graves and look around. By myself. I'm sure you'll understand."

The colonel's face fell a little. "Certainly. If that's what you want, sir, I'll have my chauffeur drive you around."

"If you don't mind, I'd like to go in alone."

The colonel's face looked gravely unhappy. "I understand, sir. Unfortunately, the regulations are very strict, as you know. Visitors are required to have guides, even the most distinguished ones. Something might blow up or you might get lost. Even men who lived in the valley all their lives come back to work here and get confused."

"No, that's all right," the

The boy was shying to the farther side of the road at sight of a stranger. Speak to him—speak to him before he is gone, *the man cried to himself.*

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physicist said wearily. "I'll take a guide. But ask him to stay as far behind me as he can. If I can't go in that way, I don't want to go in at all. When I stop, tell him to stop behind me and wait. I hope you have a patient man. I may stand looking at nothing, so far as he's concerned, for a long time."

Well, he told himself, as he drove quietly through the steel fence, the valley had certainly changed. The rambling Army buildings, the absence of familiar landmarks confused him. Now whose barn had stood here at this pile of stones, and where was the house? A few of the old houses could still be seen, but surely that paintless, boarded-up box couldn't be the Foster house.

He stopped, motioning for the jeep behind him to drive abreast of his car.

"I'm trying to find out where I am. Where's the road that used to come down over Penny Hill?"

"Oh, there's no road up there any more. The Government didn't want it. They bulldozed it out."

Hanray felt a sense of loss and bereavement. He had loved that Penny Hill road, used to walk it as a boy.

"Well," he said, "perhaps you can tell me whose house this used to be over here?"

But the guard did not know who had lived there. "Whoever they were," he added, "they kicked about getting out. You can bet on that."

"What did they kick about?"

"Anything and everything. First they said they didn't have enough time."

"How much time did they have?"

"Everybody on the reservation had the same notice. Three days to get their money from the Government and move out. But they weren't satisfied. They came back afterward and tried to buy back some of the stuff they'd sold with their property. Like their bathtubs, those that had them. Their sinks and corncribs and sheds. They claimed the new places they bought didn't have them, and they couldn't buy any new plumbing or lumber on account of priorities."

"Well, the Government didn't need their old bathtubs and corncribs."

"No, they had to burn up the old lumber and throw the sinks and bathtubs on the junk pile. The colonel said it would cost $25 to $50 in red tape to get every sink or bathtub through Washington. And it would take weeks besides. The colonel told them to forget it. They were just casualties of the war. The contractors had to come in. We had to start getting out things for the men at the front to fight with. Like your A-bomb. They made plenty of stuff for it right here. I guess you know that."

The scientist winced.

The guard went on admiringly, "I guess that was the greatest thing ever invented. Just think, something that wiped out a whole city and 100,000 of those rats at one crack. And I hear that's nothing to what you can do now."

Hanray sat at the wheel, very still. He felt the old nausea and shell-like feeling coming over him. Then he drove slowly on.

Well, he told himself after a little, they hadn't destroyed the road that ran down by Jarretts' farm anyway. This must be it he was passing, looking strangely narrower and shorter than it used to. How many times had he walked that road with one of the Jarrett girls after church or choir practice!

How much faster you went in a car than he used to in a buggy. This was Stone Church already, or Deckertown as some called it, with half the houses gone and the rest reduced to windowless boxes. Tillbury's store had vanished, as had Hulsizer's blacksmith shop

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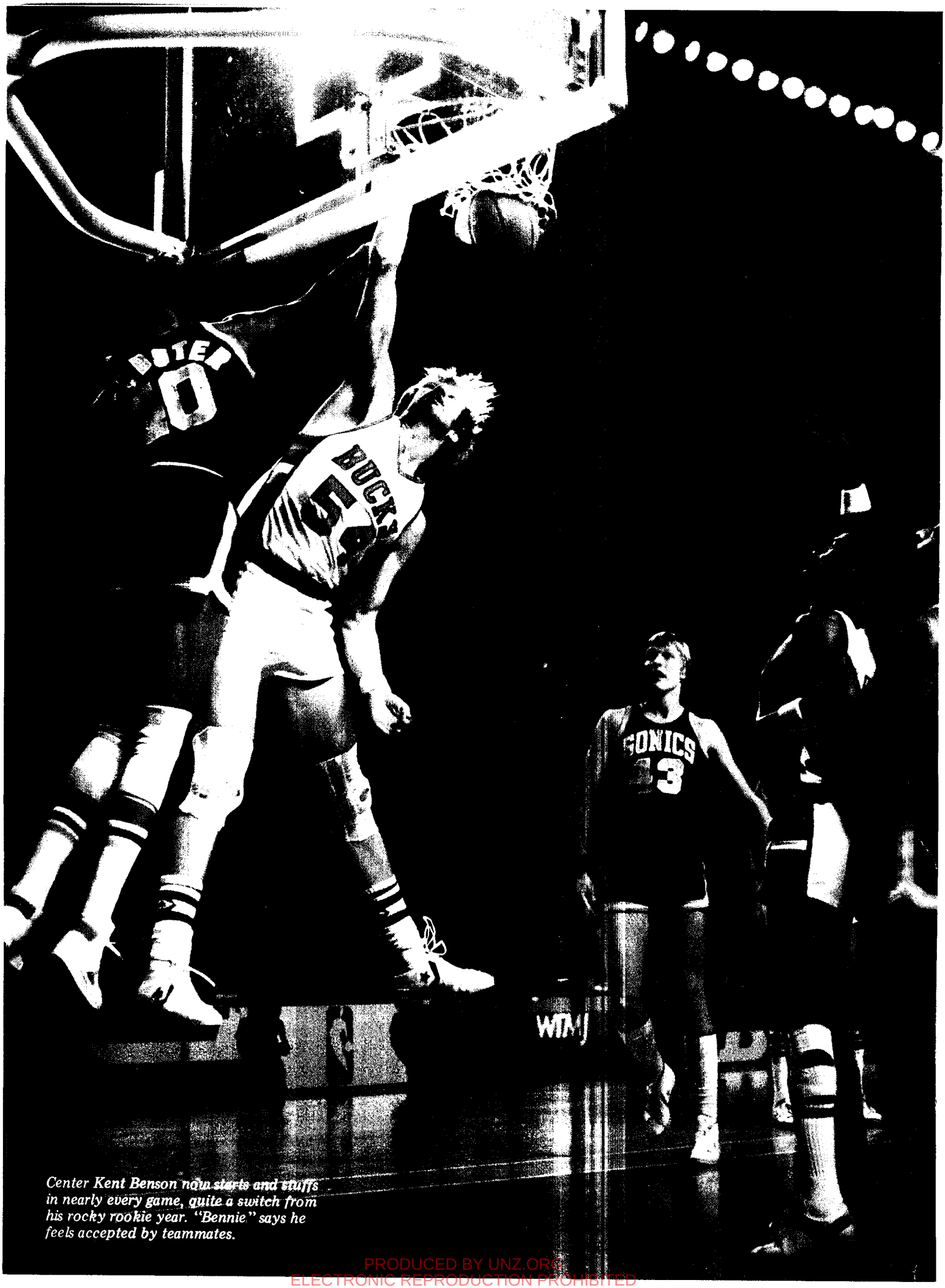

Center Kent Benson now starts and stuffs in nearly every game, quite a switch from his rocky rookie year. "Bennie" says he feels accepted by teammates.

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KENT BENSON: FRONT AND CENTER

Ace pivotman for the Milwaukee Bucks feels an obligation to stand up and be counted as a Christian.

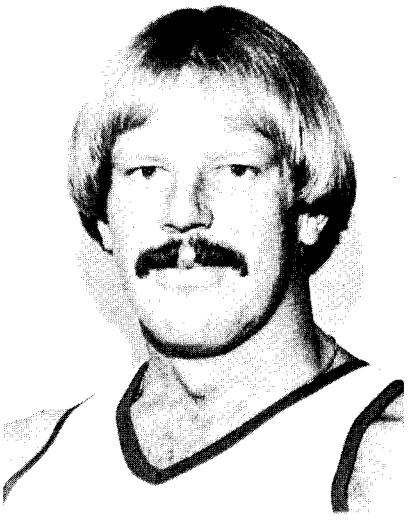
by James Russell Hall

Straddling a wooden chair, 6-foot-11, 245-pound Kent Benson carefully removes the last sliver of carrot from a glass bowl that had only moments before contained two huge helpings of salad. His elongated, double-size fingers, the same appendages that curl almost halfway around a basketball, now grasp a 16-ounce tumbler filled with diet cola.

"You know, if it hadn't been for an athletic scholarship to play basketball at Indiana University, I probably would have gone into farming," begins the awesomely built center for the Milwaukee Bucks of the National Basketball Association. "Because my father is a farm equipment salesman and I grew up working on 4-H projects, I've learned enough about farming to know that it wouldn't be a bad life. I love the outdoors, and I can really see myself settling down to life on the farm when I leave basketball." So why *does* Kent Benson play basketball?

"Basically, because I know that this is where God wants me," he says. "I have come to believe that God has an important purpose for me in pro sports; a role that will have me encouraging people by my example—encouraging them to come to the realization that a life of devotion has rewards that are much more lasting and much more real than anything they can find outside of God.

"I'm especially concerned about the image young kids have about professional athletes," Benson continues. "I think young people look up to those of us who have been fortunate enough to have made it to the pros, and I think that many of them want to fashion their lives around their perceptions of sports heroes. If those heroes are girl-chasing, bar-hopping kinds of guys—well, the kids are going to think that kind of life style is where it's at. But I believe that when the kids see athletes who aren't afraid to tell publicly about a commitment to God it will make them think, 'If this is good for him, maybe it'll be good for me, too.' "



Big Kent Benson keeps a low profile, unlike some sports heroes who bask in their glory. He and wife Monica expect their first child in May.

Benson, 23, hasn't always been so certain about the direction his life has taken. He remembers a confident college freshman who brought "Mr. Basketball" credentials from his hometown of New Castle, Indiana, into coach Bobby Knight's Indiana University cage program. He remembers that same freshman, relatively far from his closely knit Catholic family, finding the sport that came easy in high school now replaced by rigorous, physically draining practice sessions and ego-diminishing discipline. Under the critical eye of the perfectionist Knight, Benson did not progress well as a basketball player during those first few weeks.

"I was ready to pack up my bag and leave," an older and more patient "Bennie" reflects today. "The problem was that I was trying to make it my freshman year by trying to use the same 'tricks' that I had used in high school, and they just didn't work. So after a few weeks of practicing hard and getting nowhere, I was just about ready to give up. Only the fact that my Christian friends encouraged me to stay convinced me that my sports career wasn't supposed to end right there."

Benson's decision to continue at Indiana would be increasingly appreciated during the rest of his freshman season, when he would eventually earn a starting position and a prominent place in Knight's plans for building a national collegiate powerhouse. Loyal fans will never forget Benson's junior year, when Indiana claimed a National Collegiate Athletic Association championship without a loss during the entire campaign. "Big Red," as he was tabbed by basketball fans across the nation, would become a first team all-American on every major poll that season and the next, as well as Most Valuable Player in the Big Ten Conference his senior year.

"There were a lot of people watching me very closely through the national championship experience," says Kent, who by this time has slipped off his cowboy boots and is reclining his massive frame on a sofa in the modest apartment he shares with his wife Monica. The two met when Benson was still a student at Indiana. Monica is a pretty senior in physical education. She spreads out wedding photos on a table, half-listening to her husband's conversation

Continued on page 130

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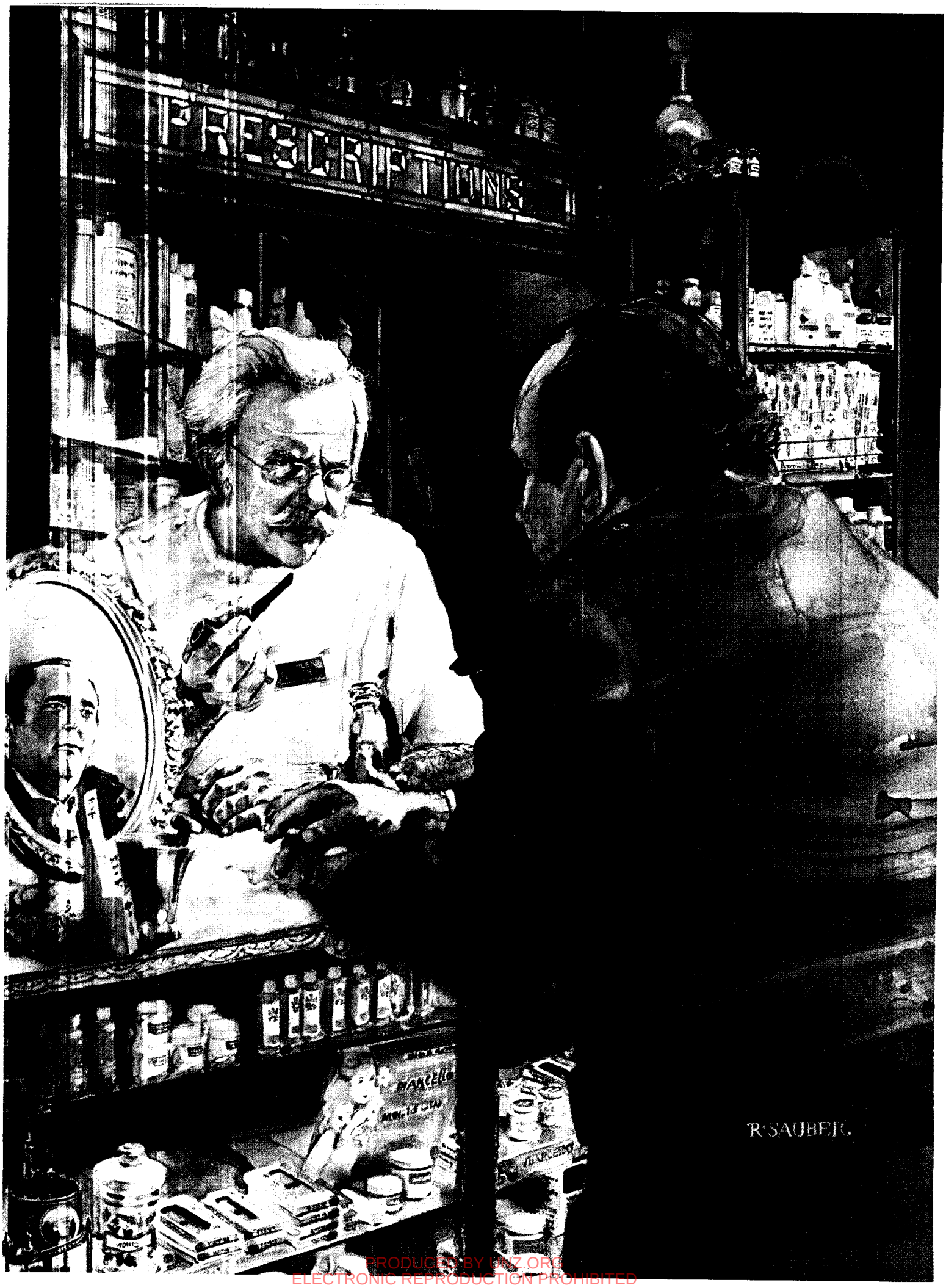

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Years of experience are put to the test as Inspector Brent matches wits with a clever killer who has an

Unbreakable Alibi

by Mary Roberts Rinehart

Illustrated by Rob Sauber

Synopsis To a police inspector less experienced than Tom Brent, the solution to the Ingalls murder case seemed obvious. The victim, a wealthy and sometimes disagreeable invalid, did not approve of her daughter's engagement to young Ken Townsend. When Mrs. Ingalls was found strangled with a wet silk stocking belonging to daughter Joy, the commissioner of police wanted Brent to make a quick arrest. But Brent was a veteran police officer and something told him that Joy was not a murderer.

The list of suspects was short, and no one except Joy had both a motive and access to the victim. There was Ken, who believed his future mother-in-law suffered "heart attacks" in order to keep Joy at home with her. The night of the murder Ken had left the Ingalls home and the door had been securely bolted behind him.

There was Harry Ingalls, the shiftless nephew of the deceased. He and his bride Maud seemingly had nothing to gain by Mrs. Ingalls' death. In fact, a sizeable check given to Harry by Mrs. Ingalls could not be cashed because of her death.

Rounding out the circle of suspects was Miguel, longtime servant of Mrs. Ingalls. He seemed to have neither a reason nor the ability to kill his employer. He was content to work in the kitchen and supervise the Ingalls' pet, a dog that spent most of its time burying and digging up a mysterious, sticky cork.

Time was running out for Inspector Brent. Due to retire after this final case, he was being pressured to bring about a quick solution to the murder.

But should he arrest Joy Ingalls? He had exactly two hours to prove her innocence.

Conclusion begins on [illegible] page

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Conclusion

A group of curiosity-seekers had gathered on the grounds of the murder victim's home when Inspector Brent returned shortly after noon. The patrolman was still there on the pavement, trying to marshal the crowd. "Keep moving," he was saying monotonously. "Nothing to see. Keep moving."

Brent nodded to him and went inside. Joe was at the top of the stairs, and he went up to him.

"Anything new?" he inquired.

"The laboratory reported. No prints in the room except the woman's and the daughter's. The doc says plain strangulation. That's all so far."

"Where's the girl?"

"Downstairs. Townsend hasn't come back."

He found Joy in the library. She had put on a black dress and touched up her lips. And in spite of reddened eyes she looked very pretty. Very pretty and very innocent, Brent thought. She even tried to smile when she saw him.

"Ken went to get a lawyer," she said. "He seems to think I need one. That's silly, isn't it?"

"Well, it won't do any harm," Brent said guardedly. "Fact is, commissioner wants to talk to you. Might be as well to have somebody around to look after you."

She looked appalled. "The commissioner! Then they really do think I did it!"

"Not necessarily," Brent said stoutly. "Just a few questions, that's all. Better get your hat, or whatever you girls wear these days. I'll take you down."

He watched her as she went out. Maybe she played golf and tennis. Maybe she could throw a baseball hard and fast. But to think of her killing her mother was as impossible as to see her in a chair at headquarters, surrounded by hard-faced men firing question after question at her. He lit a cigarette and wandered unhappily back to the dining room window. The Scottie was again in the yard, but he was not digging. He was sniffing at the hole from which he had retrieved the cork. All at once Brent remembered the little dog wiping his nose on his trousers leg, and he went down the back stairs and into the kitchen. The Filipino gave him an unpleasant look.

"How long we have police hanging around here?" he demanded.

"Not long, I hope," Brent told him. "Where's that cork he carried in?"

"He take it out again."

Brent went out into the yard. The Scottie was still sniffing around the hole, and Brent bent down and dug his fingers into it. The dog grumbled and nosed at him angrily.

"It's all right, old boy," Brent told him. "I got business here."

For already he had found the cache from which the cork had come. In it was a small bottle, and whatever had been in the bottle had leaked out. Brent sniffed at it and then put a finger inside. He stared at his hand and whistled. Then he carried the bottle into the kitchen.

"Ever see this before?" he asked.

The Filipino looked at it and shook his head. "No see," he said laconically. "No, not mine."

Brent dropped it in his pocket and went rapidly up the stairs. Joe was sitting in a hall chair, half asleep, and the girl was moving about in her room. He roused the man with a touch.

"When she comes out tell her I've gone but I'll be back in a few minutes," he whispered. "Where's the key to the room?"

Joe gave it to him, and he slipped quietly through the door, closing it behind him. The room was as he had left it. The bed still bore the imprint of the dead woman's body, but careful examination revealed nothing else.

But he did not give up easily. He heard the girl go down the stairs and Joe tell her he was out. Then very cautiously he got down on his knees and examined the floor. It looked hopeless. The heavy pile of the carpet had been disturbed by many feet, and his eyes were not so good as they had been.

He had accumulated quite a bit of dust and he was sweating profusely when at last he drew a small magnifying glass from his pocket and went over the floor inch by inch. It was slow work. He had left his flashlight in the car, and the light was not too good. Nevertheless, he found one or two almost infinitesimal objects and put them carefully into an envelope in his pocket. He was looking more cheerful when he went out into the hall.

Brent went down the stairs. His feet did not hurt him any more, or at least he did not notice them. There was almost a spring in his walk. From the sound of the voices in the library, he judged that young Townsend had returned, but he did not go there at once. Instead, breathing hard, he made for the telephone and called Carver, at the Belmont.

That gentleman seemed annoyed when he heard his voice. "Look, Brent," he said. "I was at my lunch. What's eating you, anyhow?"

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"It's about the fellow who hid his breakfast this morning," Brent said. "Got any idea who he was?"

"Sure I have. Name's Somers. Comes from Cincinnati. As if I care!"

"You said he wore a goatee, didn't you?"

"I did. I was curious about the guy. Gray hair, mustache, and a goatee, according to the chambermaid. What makes, Brent?"

"Don't know yet. When did he leave?"

"I told you that. Between eight and nine this morning. Only here one night."

"How about his room? Has it been cleaned yet?"

"I don't know," Carver said. "With these conventions, and service what it is——"

"Well, see here, Carver. Do something for me, will you? Go up yourself and lock it. I don't want it touched."

"Ha! Getting interested, are you? What's happened? Commissioner take you off the other case?"

"He's going to, in about an hour."

"Like that, is it? I'm sorry, Brent. Well, what if the room's been already done? Still interested?"

"Lock it anyhow. I'll be there as soon as I can make it."

Back in the library he faced an enraged young man with his fists clenched and his face flushed with fury. Joy Ingalls, wearing a hat and coat and looking more frightened than ever, had evidently been trying to calm him. Townsend whirled when he heard him.

"You're not getting away with this!" he shouted. "She's not going downtown to be interrogated! She's not going anywhere! And if you try to pull a fast one, I'll forget your age and give you something you won't forget in a hurry!"

Brent winced, not at the prospect of a beating but at this reference to his age. Perhaps a little of his exuberance died. His voice, however, still remained mild.

"How about taking her to lunch at the Belmont?" he said. "Find a quiet corner, so people won't notice her."

Townsend looked astounded. "The Belmont? But I thought——"

"Never mind what you thought. Do what I tell you. I'll drop you there if you like. Any back way out of this house? There's a crowd and a patrolman out front."

He called up the stairs to Joe. "We're going out. I'm taking Miss Ingalls downtown," he said.

"They'll murder her at headquarters," Joe said somberly. "Before they're through with her, she'll think she did it in her sleep."

"Ever have days when no maximum seems enough?"

Brent grinned, and going back to his little party, he led the way down the stairs to the kitchen. There he confronted an outraged Oriental with a large carving knife in his hand.

"You take her to jail?" he demanded.

"Don't be a fool, Miguel," Brent told him. "They're going out to lunch. Only I don't want it known. If anybody asks where they are, you haven't seen them. That clear?"

Even then he might not have got away with it, except for Joy. She put a hand on his arm and smiled at the Filipino.

"That's right, Miguel," she said. "The inspector's our friend." She turned trusting eyes on Brent. "That's true, isn't it?"

He nodded. It was true. It was as true as hell. He felt like a man on a wire over Niagara Falls with all he had to help him an infinitesimal scrap in his pocket and a vague hope that he could get across. But he managed to smile.

"Out with you," he told them.

He watched them go. The Scottie tried to follow them, and they had to send him back. He waited while the little animal trotted resentfully to the house. Then he turned to the Filipino.

"If you're the lad I think you are," he said, "you'll give that dog the best meal he ever had." But he added, "Or choke him to death. He may have cost me my job."

He picked up two dazed young people at the corner and drove them rapidly toward the Belmont. Behind him they were quiet, as though they were still bewildered. Young Townsend spoke to him once, however.

"I'd like to know what's changed your mind, sir," he said to Brent's back.

Brent negotiated a corner before he answered. Then: "It's like this, son," he said. "I've been in the service a long time, and you get to know people that way. You learn to listen when they talk, and you learn to know what they can do and what they can't. I nearly slipped up this morning because I didn't listen when I should have."

He left them in the lobby of the hotel and went to Carver's office. Carver was smoking an after-lunch cigar, and he eyed Brent curiously.

"Room's the way he left it. Want me to take you up?"

"It's not necessary. All I need is the key."

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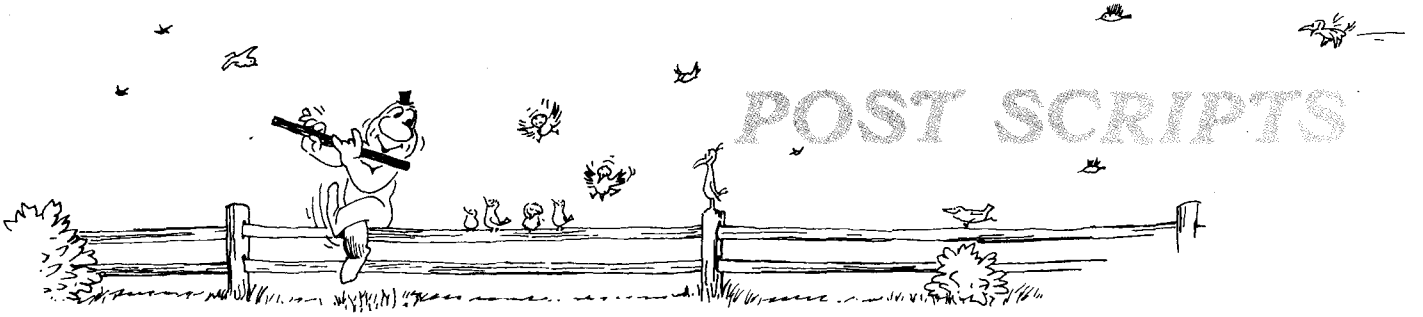


POST SCRIPTS

Turn of the Script

Every Sunday the minister routinely placed his sermon on the pulpit and left to make a final check of service preparations. One day a young prankster took the last page of the manuscript.

At the bottom of the (supposed) next-to-last page, the minister reached the climax of his sermon. "So Adam said to Eve," he began, then turned the page.

Only the pulpit desk faced him. Nervously he started again, "So Adam said to Eve. . . . " Looking up at the congregation, he apologetically concluded, "There seems to be a leaf missing."

–John A. Johnston

Daffy Definition

Installment Buying: Confound interest.

–Lucille J. Goodyear

Déjà Vu

A patient came out of the anesthesia after an operation and lay quietly gazing out the window for a few moments.

"So this is what it's like to be dead," he observed.

"You're not dead," said his nurse. "The house across the street is burning."

–Samuel J. Stannard

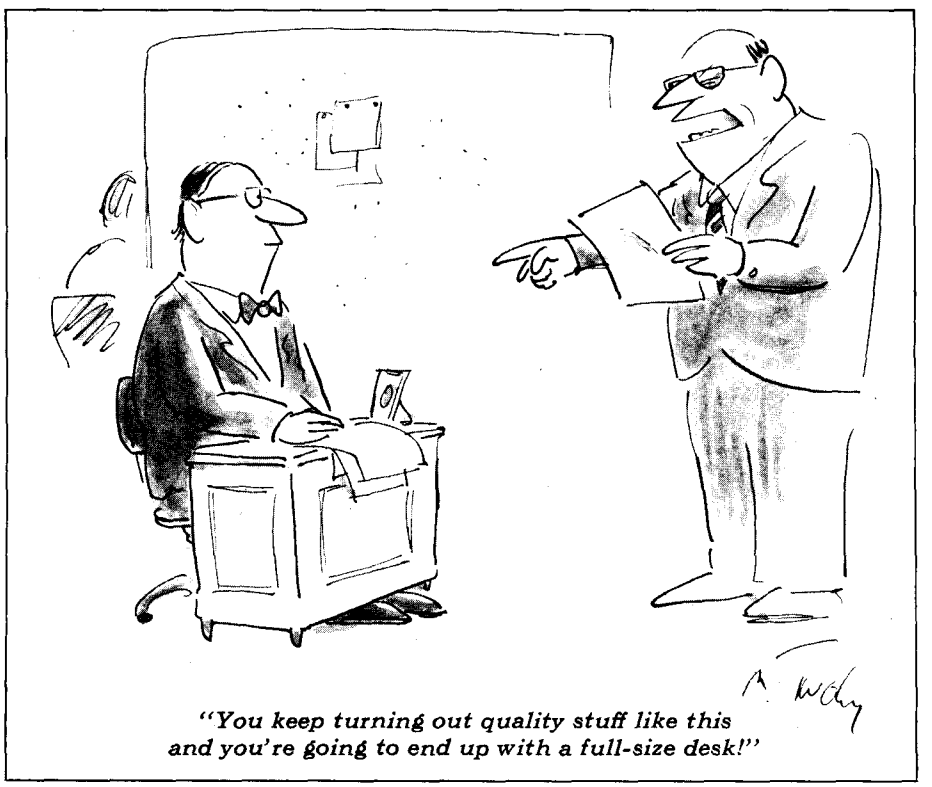
To Tell the Truth

The new minister's car started spurting just after morning service, so on Monday he drove it into the garage for repairs.

"I hope you'll go a little easy on the price," he told the mechanic. "After all, I'm just a poor preacher."

"I know," agreed the mechanic, "I've heard you."

–Honey Greer



"You keep turning out quality stuff like this and you're going to end up with a full-size desk!"

Heir Conditioning

Father of a motherless young girl giving instructions before his daughter's first date: "Just follow the directions on your mayonnaise jar."

She read it: "Keep cool but do not freeze."

–Rose Sands

Rapid Recall

I'm writing a letter to Detroit
explaining
That due to a fluid deficiency
In my bank balance I'm recalling
My check No. 903!

–Ruth M. Walsh

Daring Duo?

In a quiz on the New Testament, a little girl was asked: "What did Jesus say about people getting married?"

Without hesitation, the little girl answered: "Jesus said, 'Forgive them for they know not what they do.' "

–Lucille J. Goodyear

The Final Offering

A four-year-old attending church for the first time whispered to his Grandfather, "Why are there three flags on the pulpit?"

"One is our country's flag, the second is the Christian flag, and the last one is for the boys who died in the service," the man explained.

The child was quiet during the early part of the sermon but became more and more fidgety when the preacher showed no signs of concluding his message. Unable to contain himself any longer the four-year-old asked loudly, "About those boys who died in the service, was it the morning or evening service?"

–Ida F. Killian

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Just Loose Change

"I thought my money was mine,"
The working man declares.
"But I learned at income-taxing
time
That most of it was theIRS."

–Agnes W. Thomas

Threatening Theologian

A plumber had promised a clergyman that he would repair a leaky hot water faucet within a day or two. More than a month went by, with delays and excuses, until the clergyman, completely exasperated, sat down to compose a strong protest. The note the plumber received read simply:

"Dear Sir: See Matthew 11:3."

Aware that he was being confronted with a Bible quotation, the plumber looked it up and found that the clergyman and the people of ancient times had apparently had to contend with very similar problems. The quotation read: "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?"

–Kenneth E. Hall

Shell for Eggheads

Philosophizing over quite a span
We pondered what a home must be
to man:
A pseudouterus?
(To nurture and protect?)
A status symbol?
(For neighbors to inspect?)
Existential residential?
Our search through Sartre and
Camus now complete,
Having examined abstract, we shall
pour concrete.

–Joan T. Zeier

A Helping Hand

A woman telephoned an ill friend to find out how she was feeling. "Terrible," the other woman said. "My head's splitting and my back and legs are killing me and the house is a mess and the children are simply driving me crazy."

"Listen," the caller said, "go and lie down. I'll come over right away and cook lunch for you and clean the house and take care of the children while you get some rest. By the way, how is John?"

"Mr. . . . ah . . . Brother Barnes, isn't it true that your Universal Transmission Church used to be the Barnes Auto Transmission Service?"

"John?" asked the complaining housewife.

"Yes, your husband."

"My husband's name isn't John."

The first woman gasped. "My heavens! I must have dialed the wrong number!"

There was a long pause. "Then you're not coming over?" the other woman said.

–Henry E. Leabo

Harbingers of Broken Springs

The buds are swelling on the trees,
Wild geese are winging north,
Forsythia's abloom, and anxious
Gardeners sally forth;
With green grass under foot,
they're saying
"Spring is here!"—Big deal!
I could tell without their help
By potholes underwheel.

–Mary Margaret De Angelis

"Sorry—we've tempered justice with so much mercy, there's no justice left."

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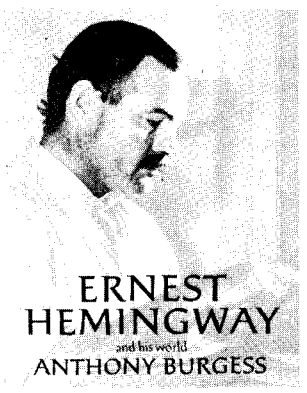
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BOOK SHELF

Ernest Hemingway and His World

by Anthony Burgess
Charles Scribner's Sons, 128 pages
$10.95

by David Brudnoy

Writing like Hemingway is easy. He said things simply. He wrote what happened. He cut out adjectives and let the nouns and verbs do the job. He also wrote great literature, and the foregoing few sentences are as lousy, in imitating the man's unique, spare, but not famished style, as those penned by thousands of beginners leaping from their first contact with Hemingway to what they assume will be their own "Hemingwayesque" masterpieces.



There is hardly a young American writer who hasn't passed through his Hemingway period—mercifully brief if the young writer has his wits about him, endless if he believes that a pale facsimile will do. "Papa" has been in and out of fashion almost as often as short skirts; at present it is considered chic to prattle about Hemingway's "minor" status, patronizingly consigning him to the ranks of the second level in American literature, not quite dismissing him entirely—always risky, that, and the academics who issue the grand pronouncements are nothing if not cautious—but certainly not lauding him as the generation just before this one did.

Well, let Ernest Hemingway slide in and out of the limelight and let the scholars entomb him, enshrine him, disinter him, do what they will with him. And turn instead, first, to the writings themselves, the bulk of which are easily accessible and the best of which still have the power to move any but the most frigid heart; and, next, turn to this calm, sober, acute appreciation of one fine writer by another. Anthony Burgess acknowledges his debts to the tireless chroniclers, especially to Carlos Baker's mammoth *Hemingway and His Critics* (1971), and then gets on to the short, sweet business of exploring the man, who was "as much a creation as his books, and a far inferior creation," and the books themselves, written in that "terse style [that] he slaved to perfect over years of poverty and ascetic dedication."

Here is Hemingway not for the lazy reader who wants to know the truth about an almost legendary giant, but for the general reader who wants to see more into the essentials without the encumbrance of the 10,000-footnote mania; here is Hemingway as only another splendid creator of fiction can understand him, enriching our comprehension of the man and his works. Burgess shows with a minimum of belaboring how Hemingway was preoccupied with the sound of words, thus explaining, as well as I've seen it done, why the movies based on Hemingway's books have, without exception, fallen far short of expectation. Hemingway had an almost painterly eye joined to his brilliant structural capacity. Removed from the page, put into the mouths of actors (in snippets), divorced from the descriptive passages, even the most "cinematic" of Hemingway's works fails to survive the transition to the screen. If all there were to Hemingway, as his smug detractors insist, is his flat, lean prose, he would be a snap to mimic and relatively easy to transfer to the movies.

Burgess shows us Hemingway's debt to his mother (the woman he always derided, cruel fellow, as an "old bitch"): a passionate concern with tone and rhythm. And he makes plausible the comparison of Hemingway in this regard to James Joyce.

Throughout *Ernest Hemingway and His World* Burgess effortlessly draws the reader through the life into the writings and back and forth between the two. Of course the achievement is no more effortless than Hemingway's own apparently offhand prose. Art very often is making the difficult appear easy, and at his best Hemingway wrote as if he had tossed off thousands of words before his first morning bottle.

Oh yes, the bottle: Early on, and late, Hemingway indulged—in all life's pleasures and traps—on the grand scale. Voracious of appetite, drawn to four women as wives and to Lord knows how many others as close friends, compelled to exert herculean efforts to prove his manhood by the quantity of liquor consumed, the number of animals slaughtered, the passion of his physical demonstrations of his rightness when others offended his sense of himself—Hemingway sometimes seemed to be a weird perversion of Whitman's boast, "I am large, I contain multitudes."

Hemingway actually *was* something of a war hero, in the conflict to make the world safe for democracy. He was also something of an anti-Semite, though that was probably mostly affectation. He was a bully, a vulgarian, a snob, a sometime Catholic for whom the faith was appropriated when convenient (as when he wanted out of marriage with a Protestant and into marriage with a Catholic) and pushed aside when adherence proved inconvenient. He betrayed his friends, brutally satirized Sherwood Anderson (that gentlest of writers), savagely derided his patroness (Gertrude Stein), and badmouthed almost every one of his literary equals. He was, let it be said bluntly, a boor in much of his public and private actions.

All of which matters not in the least when the reader sits down to savor *The Sun Also Rises* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and *The Old Man and the Sea* and dozens of exquisitely wrought short stories, to which I turned immediately after reading Burgess' study, to enjoy once more the thrill of discovery. Burgess makes more of *A Farewell to Arms* than this

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reviewer has ever thought justified, but he makes a plausible case for that book's great worth. Burgess' book leads the reader, no matter how set his views, into reconsiderations, and invariably it offers to even the reader well acquainted with Hemingway a new angle, an intriguing analysis. And Burgess shows no mercy to the inferior products of Hemingway's pen: His is no slavish adoration, but the fair appraisal of a master of the literary art.

Those who must have their scandalous writers dissected will come away from this book only partly satisfied. Not that Burgess prettifies his subject; he merely gets on with the business of exposition and exegesis, without lingering overlong on the gossip.

"Man is not made for defeat. A man can be destroyed but not defeated." Hemingway wrote that of Santiago, the old man who battled the great fish in the sea. It can as well be said of Hemingway, of whom Burgess, in but one of many remarkably perceptive paragraphs, writes: "The Hemingway tune was a new and original contribution to world literature. It is in the ears of all young people who set out to write. And the Hemingway code of courage, the Hemingway hero, and his stoic holding on against odds have exerted an influence beyond literature. Though the insufficiencies of the man eventually maimed his work, Hemingway at his best is a seminal force as considerable as that of Joyce or Faulkner or Scott Fitzgerald. And even at his worst he reminds us that to engage literature one has first to engage life."

The Post Recommends

Battles of the Bible
Chaim Herzog and Mordechai Gichon
Random House
$17.95

A seemingly insignificant strip of land that lies between the eastern coast of the Mediterranean Sea and the western bank of the River Jordan, Palestine, because of its strategic position along the caravan routes within the Fertile Crescent, has been the scene of many a heroic conflict of arms from time immemorial. Many of the most significant military engagements that have been decisive in determining the development of our Western, Judeo-Christian culture and religions have taken place in this small country.

Two of Israel's foremost military experts have undertaken the task of reconstructing and evaluating all of the most important battles that took place in Palestine from Joshua's invasion of the land of Canaan to the fall of Judah under King Zedekiah. Part Two of the book discusses the major campaigns of the Maccabean revolt in the second century B.C.E.

As the authors explain in the foreword, their attempt in this book has been to apply modern military thinking and understanding to the Biblical narrative, the perception of which, to most, has been obscured by the passage of thousands of years. But as the crust of time was stripped away by their careful research and detailed reconstructions, it was the conclusion of the authors that "the factors which influenced the generals of Judea and Israel of old continue to influence the generals of Israel today." Utilizing 36 detailed maps and over 70 specially commissioned photographs of the very sites of conflict, *The Battles of the Bible* offers for every student of Biblical history (or for those simply interested in ancient history and warfare) a ready reference that is both scholarly and accessible.

The Synagogue
Brian de Breffny
Macmillan
$19.95

Precursor of the early Christian church, the synagogue has been for over 2,500 years the center of Jewish spiritual and social life. In an admirable text, which is accompanied by hundreds of superlative photographs by photographer George Mott, Brian de Breffny traces the development of this great institution from its birth of necessity during the Babylonian captivity in the sixth century B.C.E. down to the present day.

From the Diaspora and the Great Synagogue in Alexandria (which contained 71 golden cathedras, one for each member of the Great Sanhedrin) to the Middle Ages—during which houses sometimes substituted for the place of worship, with a cupboard for the Ark and a lectern for the bimah—to the modern centers of Jewish life designed by no less eminent architects than Percival Goodman and Frank Lloyd Wright, the author demonstrates how contemporaneous Jewish thought and external influences of the non-Jewish world in which they lived influenced, through the ages, the architecture of this sacred house of learning and worship.

A Step Further
Joni Eareckson & Steve Estes
Zondervan
$6.95

Few persons know mental and physical anguish as intimately, or deal with it more effectively, than Joni Eareckson, the attractive young Maryland resident who has been a quadriplegic since she broke her neck in a 1967 diving accident.

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Why Should Jimmy Carter Create a Department of Education?

It's bound to come up this year. It's something Jimmy Carter promised the country he'd do if elected. We've turned the issue over in our minds and find ourselves absolutely against a new department in the federal government. Here's why.

No matter who runs the show, in the end you, the public, will bear the cost of educating your children. Now, if the federal government is going to get into the act more, no one doubts it will cost money for the federal expenditures. We must assume, for the proposition to make sense, that either overall education costs will go down or that quality of education will improve so much it will be worth the added costs.

Even the most enthusiastic champions of the Department of Education don't believe it will drive total costs down, although they do plan on shifting some burdens from local governments to the federal level. Generally, it is exactly the promise of these federal funds that they hope will convince congressmen and senators from the various states that a Department of Education is a good idea. Not mentioned is the fact that this will drive the federal budget and taxes up. The most fervent advocates of the new department are the most militant teachers' organizations. You can bet they want more money, not less. They also want a lobby in Washington paid for by the government.

Anyway, it's obvious to us that a school board in Keokuk, Iowa, will handle Keokuk funds slated for Keokuk schools more carefully than a bunch of bureaucrats in Washington would handle federal money for the same job.

Atrocious Federal Meddling

To consider if education will be better, we should look at what the "E" in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has done for us so far. Frankly, federal meddling in education has been atrocious. A key tactic has been for the federal government to get the educational institutions hooked on some type of federal aid and then force them to comply with the government's will.

The list of cases where the federal government tampered with the nation's education goes on and on. It ranges from catastrophic to ridiculously petty. The concept of busing school children came out of Washington. The burden of racially integrating society was placed on the backs of our school children. Tens of thousands of neighborhood schools were destroyed. Millions of children were imprisoned in those horrible yellow buses for hundreds of millions of hours. In Washington the "domeheads" drove to work in their private automobiles, parked in free government parking lots, sat in those gray buildings, and said, "Get those little brats on the bus." In the posh Washington suburbs where these bureaucrats lived there was no crosstown busing at all.

Lyndon Johnson tried to enlist help from college administrators to stem student dissent about the Vietnam War by threatening the withholding of various categories of federal funds to the universities. All this did was turn many university presidents against the war and against acceptance of any sort of government aid.

Boy Sopranos Illegal?

The do-gooders in Washington are great at pressuring local schools to correct all sorts of social ills. They have driven college presidents nuts by trying to enforce exactly equal representation on the teaching staffs for women and various ethnic groups and threatening to withhold funds for GI bill students if schools did not comply. They have tinkered with the idea of allowing junior high girls to play on boys' football teams and have considered making boy sopranos illegal in schoolboys' choirs. They have tried to change the rules of girls' high school basketball in the state of Iowa.

One of the crowning achievements of American schools has always been that of teaching the children of each wave of immi-

"I think I see a bottle top."

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grants to speak English. By fostering bilingual education the Washington tinkerers have been pulling this thread of our social fabric. The idea is to force schools to teach students in the language spoken at home. The cost of this is staggering. Unless this dangerous concept is nipped in the bud, we are likely to develop sizable communities in America that permanently use a foreign language as their primary means of communication. The basic ingredient of America's culture is the English language. These educators have not clearly thought out what might happen if they are successful in breeding a multicultural America. The existence of two cultures in Canada is tearing that nation apart.

A Scholastic Failure

None of this has done much for the education of our children. In Washington, D. C., the city budget comes under intense federal scrutiny. The school system is one of the most expensive in the land. The teachers are more highly paid than any in the surrounding areas. Yet, by any normal measure, students graduating from high school are in the lowest scholastic achievement category of the nation. An able Washington, D. C., school board is now struggling to get out from under the suffocating control of the federal government.

We are convinced a Department of Education in Washington will increase the cost of schooling overall, and the callous treatment that our school children will receive from the federal government will worsen their education. A far better idea would be to remove the "E" from HEW and get the government off the backs of our children. The most hateful and oppressive nations work their will by regimenting the children and bending their minds. Over the last decade, year by year, Washington has gotten more involved in our schools. It's time to stop it!

The Defanging of Our Military

This is the year when America's back is to the wall. The national will is being tested. Somehow we must demonstrate the resolve to maintain strong defenses and fight inflation simultaneously. We are struck by the number of politicians who say they are for an adequate national defense; then, as if to demonstrate they are not completely in the Pentagon's pocket, they come out squarely against support of the Navy's aircraft carriers and, for certain, against building any more of them. The Navy air arm, they maintain, is a senseless relic of a previous war, sort of an expensive dinosaur we should kill off as soon as possible. It has just dawned on us that these senators and congressmen didn't become global military strategists overnight. Someone is orchestrating them; the subject is worth exploring.

We don't think every dollar spent for defense is worthwhile, either. America maintains the bulk of her army in West Germany. Most defense experts agree it could be overrun in two weeks. A recent government study shows America could not evacuate these soldiers (and their dependents, which number in the tens of thousands) in case of war. As we understand it, the Army says it cannot carry out its mission without an effective reserve. The Army Reserve has dwindled to nothing since the repeal of the draft.

Aircraft Carriers vs. Air Bases

But the Navy's aircraft carrier is a force that can still fight. America still has every one it built since World War II; not one has been damaged in combat. In the same interval many of the huge airfield installations we have built overseas have passed into the hands of potential enemies or have been allowed to decay because of global obsolescence. The Vietnamese use our air bases now, as well as many of our planes. The huge complex that was Wheelus Air Force Base in Libya is no longer ours. We can no longer use the air bases we spent hundreds of millions to build in Thailand. Our right to stay at Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines is now in doubt. At this very moment civilian strategists are citing the use of air facilities in Iceland as an excuse for disbanding the Navy's carrier force. Simultaneously, Icelandic politicians are discussing whether or not to throw the Americans out.

In forward combat areas, even when air facilities ashore stayed under our control, they did not compare favorably with aircraft carriers. In South Vietnam we lost over 400 allied aircraft to ground attack, and 4,000 more were damaged by such action. Not one carrier airplane was lost or even damaged by enemy actions while on board our aircraft carriers. The "sitting duck" analogy just doesn't wash. Shore air bases sit still; carriers move. They are re-

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Unbreakable Alibi

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Carver gave it to him, but he was inquisitive. "I've been up. There's nothing there, Brent."

"Maybe. Maybe not," Brent said. "If you want to be useful, get a description of Mr. Somers. How he acted. If the waiter saw him. What luggage he had. Anything you can pick up."

"I told you a lot of that before."

"Sorry. I had other things to think about just then."

"I noticed," Carver grinned. "Your feet, wasn't it?"

Brent left that unanswered and went upstairs.

The room itself offered nothing at first. The ash trays had not been used, but a burned match on a window sill indicated that Mr. Somers had just possibly emptied them out the window. Brent opened it and looked out. The hotel doorman was standing just beneath. And he permitted himself a wry smile. He wondered what would have happened had Somers attempted to dump his breakfast the same way.

He went over the bedroom carefully. The bureau showed no use whatever. If the late occupant had emptied his pockets before he went to bed or even placed a pair of brushes on it, there was no sign of it on its virginal cover. But Brent wasted no time on it. He went to the bed and stood looking down at it. It was mussed, as though someone had lain in it, but the creases were rather shallow. Mr. Somers had not slept deeply or long. Then he struck gold. He moved a pillow, and there it was. It was his case. All he had to do now was prove it.

He knew how and why Mrs. Ingalls had been murdered. He was fairly sure who had done it, and he was confident that if his evidence held up, the girl would not be arrested. But he grunted as he prepared to leave. It was up to the commissioner now, and to his cooperation. Or was it? Perhaps he could go a step further first.

He called Carver on the house telephone and instructed him that the room was to be left as it was. Then, locking the door behind him, he went down in the elevator and stopped at the desk.

"Will you see if you have a card for an F. C. Somers, from Cincinnati?" he asked the clerk. "Think he checked out this morning."

The clerk grinned. "Fellow who dumped his breakfast in the can?" he said. "What do you want to know? He left this morning about eight, traveling light on a cup of coffee."

"When did he get here?"

"Last night about nine-thirty. Carver's been looking up his card, so I know. Some asylum looking for him?"

"Remember what he looked like? He must have paid his bill."

The clerk looked bored. "Look, inspector," he said, "we had two conventions here. One of them came in last night. One left this morning. How in blazes could either the cashier or I remember that fellow? His card says he paid for one night in advance, so he probably had no luggage. That's all I know."

Nor was the waiter who had taken up the breakfast any help. Mr. Somers apparently had been in the shower when he got there. The hall door was open, so he merely left the tray. He hadn't noticed anything later when he went back for it. The money for the check was on it. And a half-dollar tip. Somers had gone. But the waiter had seen one thing. There had been a small black overnight bag on the bed.

"And that's all?" Brent inquired. "There was no other luggage?"

"That's all I seen, mister."

He gave the man a dollar and went to the dining room. Ken and Joy were still at the table. They had found an inconspicuous one in a corner and were quite openly holding hands.

"Just a question or two and I'll let you go," he said. "Either of you been to any masquerade parties lately? Where you had to dress up, and so on?" The speech was addressed to them both, but it was Townsend he watched. And it was he who replied.

"Not since college," he said. "And that wasn't a party. It was a play. What's the idea, inspector?"

"How long ago was that?"

"Seven or eight years ago. There's been a war since, I seem to remember."

"Just thought I'd inquire," he said. "You may be asked that later on. It's all right. Don't worry." He got stiffly to his feet.

Ken had risen when he did. "Does this mean— "

But Brent shook his head. "Listen," he said, "I don't know what it means. Not for sure. But I've got an angle and I'm following it up."

He glanced at his watch after he left them. His two hours were up, and he hoped someone had brought the commissioner his lunch. Or at least coffee and a doughnut. He could not hope for anything more.

He grunted, and before he drove off he unlocked the glove compartment and took out his police positive. He examined it and put it back again. He did not like carrying a gun, and this time he did not think he would need it. Still it was best to be sure it was around.

After that he drove to the theatrical district and to a certain part of it. The traffic was heavy there, however, and after a time he parked the car by a fire hydrant and saved time by making his rounds on foot. But his feet were agonizing, and he had visited a half dozen places before he found what he was looking for. He took out the bottle he had found in the garden and showed it to the man in charge. The label was gone, but the druggist recognized it at once.

"Sure," he said. "Handled it for years. Not much doing this time of year, though. Not the season."

"Sold any the last day or two?"

"Sold one yesterday, as a matter of fact," he acknowledged. "Just remembered. Girl bought it. Kinda funny, too. Most of our customers for it are men."

He could not describe the girl, however. It had been raining, and she had a sort of waterproof hood effect over her head.

"Think she had a fellow with her," he said. "He didn't come in, though. Just hung around outside. Maybe it was for him."

Unfortunately, he had not noticed the man, except that he was tall, and Brent could get no more out of it. His evidence, he realized, could fit Joy Ingalls and even young Townsend. And as a result he was depressed as he went back to his car. He was tired to the point of exhaustion; his time was up long ago. And he had a strong conviction that even coffee and doughnuts—if he had got them—would not take the place, with the commissioner, of his usual substantial meal.

Certainly it was no time to see him. He drove around uncertainly, thinking of Emma and what he would tell her. Of one thing he was sure: She wouldn't get her chickens, although why anyone wanted to keep them puzzled him. You couldn't talk to a hen or take her for a walk. Or even watch her bury a bottle—which last brought him back to his problem again. Somehow, the night before, Harry Ingalls had got out of the

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Davis House and strangled his aunt. He knew it, but he could not prove it. And he had lost time. If he had only paid attention to Carver that morning, it would have helped, but he had been busy with his feet and the smear on his trousers leg.

"Gray-haired guy," Carver had said. "Wore a goatee, too. Only a fellow with a weak chin wears a thing like that."

Fool that he was, it was not until he had found the bottle of gum spirit that he had remembered and knew what it might mean—that someone, preferably Harry Ingalls, had built up a beard to cover something, probably a receding chin, put on a gray wig, and almost certainly got away with murder.

His mind went back to the untidy room at the Davis House. They couldn't have burned the stuff there. It would have smelled to high heaven. But he was confident it had been Harry at the Belmont; Harry whose bits of glued beard had come off in the hotel bed, as it had on his aunt's carpet. Harry who, afraid of losing his disguise, had carried the bottle of gum spirit in his pocket and lost it. And Harry who, completely unnerved by what he had done, had been unable to eat his breakfast and, in a fit of desperation, had put it in the tank.

He must have been in a bad way to do the idiotic thing he had done. But at least it had given him time to dispose of the bag and its contents, and to take his shattered nerves back to Maud, who had no nerves whatever. Where had he made the shift, he wondered. There were thousands of places—men's rooms anywhere, comfort stations, even a back alley. But perhaps he had kept the bag. In that case——

He did not go to the Davis House at once. He stopped at the Belmont to go to the mezzanine and discovered Joy sitting alone and Townsend pacing the floor impatiently.

Down on the main floor, however, he had a shock. The reporter, Clarke, was standing there, staring up at the gallery. He grinned when he saw Brent.

"I don't get it," he said. "That's no place to hide the girl. I suppose you know there's an alarm out for her. And headquarters is a madhouse. The commissioner—— "

But Brent was in a hurry. He started off, then turned. "If you're a friend of mine," he said, "you'll see that someone sends the commissioner his lunch. It might help some."

Brent caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror before he left the hotel. He was dirty and unshaven, and his trousers were a disgrace. Moreover, he found himself limping, as though he had picked up a blister somewhere. He had no time to worry about his appearance, however. He might know who had killed Mrs. Ingalls, but he knew he still had no case. It had been skillfully and carefully planned and carried out.

He even had a motive: During a brief visit to Mrs. Ingalls' lawyer, he prodded that unwilling gentleman to the admission that Harry profited by the will to the extent of $50,000. But without the bag or its contents he was lost. Under ordinary circumstances, he could have alerted a hundred men or more to the search. The circumstances, however, were not ordinary, as he discovered when he called his office at headquarters from a booth in the hotel. To his surprise, it was Joe who answered the phone.

"What are you doing there?" Brent inquired sharply.

"You're asking me!" Joe said. "They've pulled me in, and it looks as though I'm in for it, letting that girl escape. Where the hell are you hiding her anyhow? The whole force is after her."

"Who pulled you in, Joe?"

"Maguire's got the case now. He did it."

So that was it. He was not only off the case. He would probably be broken and retired as a lieutenant. It was a hell of a slap at a man who had only been doing the best he knew how. Brent hung up and stood still, mopping his dirty face with a dirtier handkerchief. He was not through, however. With an air of dogged determination, he got into his car and drove to the Davis House.

There, however, bad luck pursued him. A hard-faced clerk told him the Ingallses were out—probably paying a funeral call on Joy—and refused to let him examine their rooms.

After some argument, however, he got permission to speak to the nurse on the sixth floor, but he felt slightly sick and not a little dizzy as he left the elevator. Here, though, he had a bit of good fortune. The day nurse was once more standing at the window, smoking and looking out. She jumped when he touched her on the shoulder and, turning, gave him a black look.

"What's the idea, scaring me to death? Oh, it's you again. Police, aren't you?"

"Yes. I wanted to see the people next door. But they seem to be out."

"Yes, thank heaven. That radio of theirs has been going all day. What did they do? Kill the old woman?"

"I'm checking up on them. May be something, may be nothing. I don't suppose you saw either of them this morning when you came on duty?"

"I saw him about nine o'clock. He'd been out for a paper."

"Didn't carry a small bag, did he?"

"A bag? No. Just the paper. Why?"

The picture was complete now. Harry Ingalls had not gone out for a paper. He was coming home, to Maud and

Continued on following page

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$50,000. And he had not brought anything back with him to incriminate him. Somewhere between the Belmont and this hotel he had got rid of his disguise.

Well, this was it. He had to have help, and have it fast. There was no use telephoning. He had to tell his story and hope the commissioner would listen to it. He left her staring after him and went down to the car. He drove crazily to headquarters and took the elevator upstairs. The operator eyed him queerly, and he was aware not only that the news was all over the building but that he himself looked as though he had been rolling in the gutter. There was no time even to wash, however. He pulled up his tired shoulders and entered the commissioner's office. That gentleman immediately let out a yelp that could be heard for a considerable distance, and then, out of sheer fury, was silent. Brent was rocking on his feet, but his voice was steady.

"I'm reporting on the Ingalls case," he said.

"You're reporting! You damn fool, you've been off that case for the last two hours! I told you I'd break you, and I will! Never before," roared the commissioner, recovering his voice, "have I had one of my top men behave in this manner on a job like this! What were you doing? Sleeping? And where's that girl? Where have you hidden her?"

"She's not hidden. She's on the mezzanine at the Belmont Hotel. She didn't do it, commissioner. I know who did; only now I need help, and need it right off."

"You don't need a thing, unless it's a bath."

"If you'll just listen—— "

"I'll listen to Maguire. It's his case."

For the first time Brent saw a man standing by a window. When he turned, he saw that it was the district attorney.

"Why not let him tell his story?" he said, eying Brent. "Maybe he's got something."

"I've got it all," Brent told him, "if I can find a black bag somewhere between the Belmont and the Davis House. It's got some false hair in it, a gray wig, and some loose hair to build up a beard. Or it may be empty, but the bag itself will help." He steadied himself against the desk.

"That bag will solve the case, commissioner," he said doggedly. "We need it. We've got to have it. And soon. It may be in a locker room at the railroad station or checked there. It may be in a trash or garbage can or in some areaway or alley. All I know is that it's somewhere between the Belmont Hotel and the Davis House. And I'd like some prints of a room at the Belmont. It's locked. Man's name was Somers, registered from Cincinnati."

The commissioner inspected him. After all, he had been in the service for almost 40 years. And he did not look as though he had been asleep. He looked more like a man at the end of his string and desperate.

"All right, let's have it," he said. "And it better be good."

He told his story to both men, producing the hairs from the murdered woman's carpet and from the room at the Belmont Hotel, the fact that Harry Ingalls had often stayed in the house and so must have had a key to it, that he inherited under the will, and last of all the bottle the dog buried in the garden.

"No, no! This is a Tribune. *Go out and find me a* Herald."

"It was a nice plan," he said. "Ingalls and his wife ate at the Belmont and went to the theater. She stayed to see the show, but he didn't. He went somewhere, put on the wig, built up the hair on his face with the spirit gum out of that bottle, and registered at the Belmont as Somers. He probably wiped out his prints in the room there, but it won't hurt to try for them."

The district attorney looked puzzled. "What put you onto him?" he asked.

Brent put his head back. The chair felt wonderful. "Well, it was two things," he said tiredly. "The dog burying the bottle was one. People don't generally have gum spirit around, and Harry Ingalls must have had it in his pocket when he went there last night. He couldn't take a chance on a struggle and that goatee of his coming loose. The bottle of gum spirit probably rolled under the bed, and the dog found it there. Anyhow, it was his. I located the place where he bought it."

"And the other thing?"

He smiled faintly. "Well, that's funny too," he said. "It was because Ingalls was too scared to eat his breakfast this morning at the Belmont. He was afraid to leave it, so he hid it in the toilet tank in his bathroom. I happened on that by accident," he added modestly.

"That's a hell of a place to hide a breakfast!" said the district attorney.

"Well, maybe you never tried it," Brent said. "But you can't flush two large rolls and a slice of ham down a toilet, and you can't very well throw them out the window. That's where Harry Ingalls outsmarted himself. He didn't want the waiter to know he was too scared to eat, so he hid them in the tank." He yawned. "The wife's in it, too. She bought the gum. He waited outside."

He glanced at the commissioner. Why, the old buzzard was actually looking excited. He braced himself and went on.

"Ingalls was still Somers when he checked out of the Belmont this morning. All the luggage he had was the bag. He got rid of the hair and the bag somewhere, bought a morning paper, and went back to the Davis House, as if he'd just gone out."

But that was as far as he went. He leaned back and closed his eyes. He was very tired and his feet hurt like hell. He unfastened one shoe and slid it loosely off his heel. That was better. And, after all, he had done his work. The rest was up to the other men. Let them go around dumping garbage pails. He was through with that. As from a great distance, he heard the commissioner yelling into the intercom and saw uniformed men hurrying in and out of the room.

"I'm sorry about Maguire, Brent," the commissioner said, in the comparative silence which followed. "But look at it from here. I hadn't heard from you and——"

He stopped abruptly. Brent was sound asleep. His reply was merely a snore, and suddenly the commissioner smiled. He looked quite human when he smiled.

So he's going out in a blaze of glory,

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after all, he thought. *He and his wife's chickens. It's a pity these fellows have to quit when they're still as good as that.*

But of course he did not know about the dogs, preferably Scotties, on which Brent had decided before he slept; or the two young people in a taxi, holding hands and looking into each other's eyes. In this last instance only the driver knew, and it meant nothing to him. Nor did the fact that the wig had been already found in a trash can and the bag in a locker at the railroad station, or even that Harry Ingalls was on his way, in due time, to the chair, with Maud as an accomplice.

"Them police ain't so smart," the taxi driver said to his wife that night over the midnight edition of a morning paper. "Got the fellow right off. He must have bungled the job."

Brent himself did not read any papers that night. He sat at home with his feet in a basin of hot water while Emma fed him and fussed over him. She did not mention the chicken farm. Nor did he.

"That dog helped you a lot," she said. "Maybe it means something, Tom. If you still want the kennel, you'd better have it. I guess barking is no worse than cackling, although I never knew a dog that could lay an egg."

It was surrender, and he knew it. He reached up and patted her hand, while his mind saw the runways he meant to build. Green outside and whitewashed inside. He got a towel absently and dried his feet.

"Better take a bath and get to bed," he said. "I'm still on the job, for a while, you know." ☒

Second Chance

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and red stable. And now suddenly, as he reached the corner where one road used to turn off to Maple Hill and the other to Alvira, he saw the old stone church before him, the doors, windows, and belfry all blinded with boards.

Beyond this, he knew, lay his father's house. He got out of the car slowly and walked over. Sight of the place shook him a little. Could this be his boyhood home whose idyllic picture he had carried in his mind all these years? The paint was gone, the porches torn away, the picket fence vanished, the great sugar maples cut down. The doors and windows he so well knew had been closed with rough lumber. Not a splinter was left of stable or orchard. From where he used to pick up Baldwin and Smokehouse apples, he could see the raw industrial strip of buildings of the XYT explosive line.

He couldn't stand looking at it long but retreated to the cemetery. Only here was it as it had always been; a few more graves, perhaps, but otherwise as he remembered. He had heard reports how well the Army had taken care of the dead left in its reservations. The graves looked even better kept than formerly, the grass clipped, the black iron fence intact, the white stones erect and recently cleaned. He read again the line *Faithful Physician* carved on his father's stone—and in fine italics at the bottom, *He went about doing good.* His mother had done that. As a young scientist he had disliked to see it the next time he came home. But today the simple words filled him with emotion and curious envy. He had once thought, he told himself, that he had far outdistanced his father, but now he knew it was his father's life that had outdistanced his. Standing here by his parents' graves, his back turned on the boarded-up houses and church, on the scarred earth and ugly munitions buildings, he could almost believe that it was all a dream.

It was as if vestiges of the peaceful life he knew as a boy still remained, and he found himself seeking them, stepping over the iron fence, passing through Kellys' little woods and climbing the strong flanks of Penny Hill.

Presently he came to a halt. In a little hollow high up on the slope he had come on a vestige of the old Penny Hill road. Farther down around the bend, he knew, it had been completely destroyed. Farther up around the next bend or two, it must run futilely into the steel fence. But here for a short distance it lay untouched and utterly unchanged, the same yellow shale and curious narrowness, the same weathered rail fence and dried grasses. It even smelled as it used to.

The longer he stood there in the growing dusk, the less it seemed that he had ever been away. Nothing here had changed. He could almost believe that he was still a boy and that the valley behind him still lay intact and unharmed. He could almost feel himself as a boy swinging along the road bound for the lamplit window at home.

His nerves tautened. Did he only imagine it, or was something actually coming up there in the dusk? Yes, it was moving down the road. He could make it out now, straining his eyes through the early obscurity, a figure rounding the shale banks, a shadowy boy in knee breeches carrying a book satchel. The strangest feeling ran over him. He must be really ill, he told himself, for there was no road above for the boy to have come from and none below for him to pass over. Besides, boys today did not wear knee pants. Yet he could plainly hear the sound of the boy's shoes on the road. He told himself now that it must

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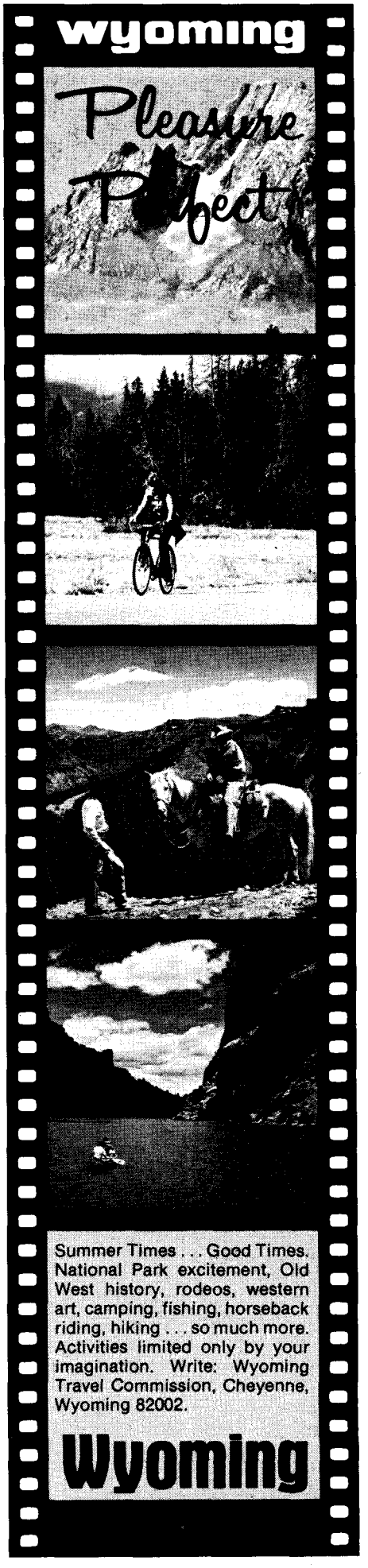
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be a real boy, someone who lived today on the reservation, who knew this short cut and whom the guards let through. Then, as the boy came almost abreast, he recognized, with a feeling that made all adult sensations seem tame, the familiar red-ribbed sweater that had been his own, the certain look of its stout coarse weave.

The boy was shying to the farther side of the road at sight of a stranger. *Speak to him—speak to him before he is gone*, the man cried to himself. But when he did so, his voice sounded harsh and croaking: "Are you acquainted around here, boy?"

"Why, yes," the boy said, stopping, but he did not come any closer.

"Is there a doctor around?"

"There's two in town and one at the Stone Church."

"Do you know the doctor's name at the Stone Church?"

"It's Hanray—Dr. John Hanray."

"And your name?" he asked.

"Peter Hanray," the boy told him shortly, and started away.

"Wait, I want to go with you!" the man said, as soon as he was able.

They made a curious pair going down the shale road in the dimness, the boy hurrying tirelessly ahead, the man following heavily after. At every moment the latter looked for the road to peter out, expected to see, below, the cold hard electric lights of the Army barracks and XYT-line buildings. But all that lay around them was the soft, dim blur of the unwired country dusk. There were the faint glow of a lantern in Bomboys' red barn as they passed, and early lights in the Peysher house and Hauser log cabin. At Shaffers' yellow house and Klines' unpainted one, children played and shouted in the yard. Here the Penny Hill road joined the other road as it always had, while ahead Jarretts' woods loomed up in its old, dark, and mysterious way.

And now the scientist breathed faster, for they were rounding the corner. The boy ran ahead of him through the side gate and up the steps. He burst in through the door, and the man behind him saw the kitchen as he had always remembered it, with the water bucket on the stand, the wood stove steaming with pots and pans, and, hurrying in from the pump on the back porch, his mother, more real than he had imagined her, in dress and apron that were part and parcel of his youth. Something in him wanted to run to her, but her smile and anxious scrutiny were all for the boy.

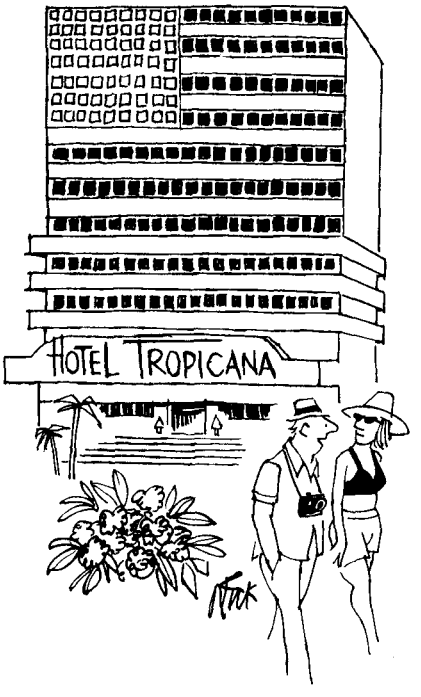
"He was up on Penny Hill," the boy said. "He wants to see Papa."

His mother's smile left, and she put on the grave face she showed to the outside world. "Will you come in?" she bade him politely, as to a stranger.

Hardly could he control his emotion as he stepped into that well-known room. The table was set as always when he used to come home from town: the dishes with pink flowers he had long since forgotten, which had come in cereal packages, the blue glass butter dish, and the plated silverware worn softly black along the edges.

He noticed that his mother watched him intently. For a moment his heart stood still, thinking she must know him. But she still spoke as to a visitor. "Do you want to come in the office? Or you can wait in the parlor if you'd rather."

Hanray dared not speak. He let himself be led into the parlor. He would get hold of himself in here, he told himself, once he was left alone. Why, he knew all these poor shabby furnishings better than any of the rich things in his fine Midwest home. The old green tassels still hung from the table cover; the haircloth sofa stood by the door; faded blue flowers bloomed in the wallpaper, and the same spots were still worn in the ingrain carpet. His Grandfather and Grandmother Ainsley hung on the wall. He heard the same old rings on the telephone from the exchange at Maple Hill.



"Somehow I always feel right at home here."

All that was missing now, besides his father, was Doxy, the stern, black-and-brown, long-haired shepherd dog.

He sat very still. The rattle of buggy wheels came around the house, the steps of the boy sent out to unhitch, then the unmistakable sound of his father coming up to the side door. A minute more and he came forward, a man in a brown beard and clothes like a farmer, with a doctor's worn bag in his hand. He looked tired. Likely he had been up all last night with some shiftless mountain patient. Sight of him brought back the feeling he had had as a boy for his father, a kind of shame that he wasn't rich and successful like Doctors Grove and Hereward in town; that he seldom charged enough or collected what he did charge; and especially that he never carried himself with the professional dignity of the town doctors. They were men of science, above such inferior things as humility and religion. His father, on the other hand, attended church like some simple, unlearned countryman, even acted as superintendent of the Sunday school when he could, greeting perfect strangers with the brotherly and overfriendly way of a preacher. That, as a boy, he used to resent the most—that his father showed the same warmth and affection for a stranger as for his own family. But today, now that he was only a stranger himself, an unspeakable gratitude welled up in him for his father's warm greeting and for the kind brown eyes that searched his face.

"How are you?" he said, grasping his hand and holding it in the manner he always did when he tried to recall a name. "I feel I should know you. I know your face, but I can't call your name. Do you live around here?"

"I used to," the visitor said.

"Has it been a long time?"

"A very long time."

"You have come far perhaps?"

"Farther than I can tell you."

"I'd have been here before," his father apologized, "but I was over at Berrys' on the ridge road. Maybe you remember them. Old Mr. Berry is pretty feeble. There is little a doctor can do for him any more except pray."

His father closed the door. "Now you can sit down and tell me your trouble," he said kindly.

The scientist thought he would give a great deal if he could feel his father's gentle and skillful hands go over him.

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But what he had to say was something else.

"I've come to see you about your boy."

"About Peter!" His father was surprised.

"About him and his future. I understand he's only 14, he's already well along in high school, and he's thinking of taking up physics and chemistry in college. I've come to you to beg him to change his mind. What he must do is prepare for a life like yours."

He saw that his father was staring at him.

"I don't know how you know this or who told you. I can talk to him again, but I'm afraid there isn't much use. I don't think I've been much of an example to him. He says he's seen too much doctoring from the inside. He doesn't want to starve, and he doesn't want to have anything to do with death and dying."

The scientist shrank.

His father went on, "Peter's more interested in science. All he talks about is the great opportunity for public service in being a scientist. He says that he wants to do only good in the world."

The scientist winced again. He leaned forward desperately.

"You must change his mind for him then!" he begged. "Make him see the great opportunity in medicine, the salvation of going around doing good like you."

"Like me!" his father said in surprise. He looked up.

His wife was standing in the doorway. "Supper's ready, John. You better eat before more patients come. I don't have very much, but if the gentleman would care to sit down with us, he'll be welcome. Did you notice, John? He looks like someone we know." She turned . . . "Are you by any chance related to the Ainsleys?"

"I am," he said unsteadily, "but please don't ask me how."

"I knew it," she said. "You remind me of my Uncle Harry."

His father turned to him as they went out for supper. "If you would only talk to him?" he asked. "We're just his parents, but perhaps he will listen to you!"

It was strange how the scientist felt an uneasiness to face the boy again. Young Peter was standing by his chair, impatient to sit down. He welcomed the supper guest coolly, looking the other way. They sat down at the familiar table. His father bent his forehead to his hand, resting the elbow on the table, gave the usual sign, and started to pray. Never had the words held such a new and awesome meaning as today.

All through the meal he could scarcely refrain from stealing glances at the boy across the table. Was it possible that he had once been as slender, light-hearted, and fair-skinned as that, his blood vessels so new and pliable, his eyes clear as spring water? Could he ever have been so young, innocent, and idealistic?

Vainly he tried to win him. When he spoke, the boy listened unwillingly and, if pressed, with veiled hostility. He made only short inscrutable replies, then looked the other way. There was something about him the boy did not relish. Yet this was the one he must make peace with, he knew. There was no mistaking that. All through the meal he talked, argued, and begged, until he felt the sweat stand on his face. His father and mother had begun to look at him queerly. The boy resisted as hard as ever, until the man knew he was foiled and defeated; that never could he dissuade the boy from his dream.

It was when hope was at its lowest ebb that a scratching sound was heard at the door. The boy answered it, and a black-and-brown shepherd dog burst in. It was Doxy, keen and shaggy old Doxy. He jumped up at the boy in greeting; then, smelling on the floor, ran straight to the visitor, jumped up, barked, and licked him. For a little while he ran back and forth between boy and man, smelling eagerly at one and then at the other, as if something puzzled him.

"That's singular," his father said. "Doxy doesn't go to many people. But he acts as though he knows you."

The scientist saw that now for the first time the boy was regarding him intently, with a kind of respect, as if his hostility was broken and he saw in him something he hadn't seen before. The man sat very still. He had received honors from a dozen sources, including the President of the United States, but never had he felt quite the gratitude as for this. Some inexplicable thing inside of him was released and began to melt.

"If you don't mind," he asked his mother, "may I stay here for a while this evening?"

That was his mistake, he knew. Hardly was it said and permission given before the dog began to growl. His hair bristled. Then a sudden knock rang from the door. The boy went to answer.

"It's somebody for you," he stammered.

"Is it the guard?" the visitor asked, and the boy nodded.

The scientist sat very quiet. It shook him a little. It had come sooner than he expected. But he should have known he couldn't stay in this blessed place forever.

"I'll have to go now," he said, and got to his feet. He saw that his parents looked frightened. He kissed his trembling mother and then his father's bearded mouth as he used to do when he was small. Last he shook the cold

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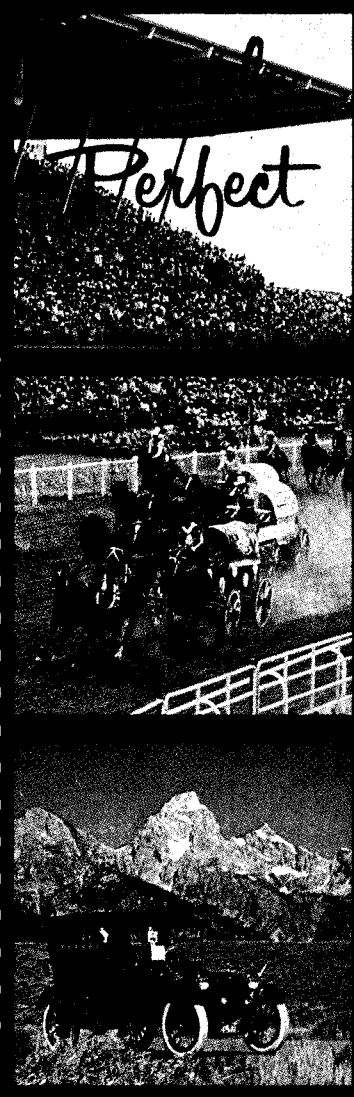
wyoming



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3. **A SEVERE MERCY. Shelden Vanauken.** $6.95 Harper & Row (7)
4. **THE STRONG-WILLED CHILD. Dr. James Dobson,** renowned psychologist and nationally acknowledged authority on practical family guidance, gives helpful advice to parents. $7.95 Tyndale (4)
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AT ALL QUALITY BOOKSTORES

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hand of the boy.

The rap came once more, demandingly. Again the dog growled deep in his throat.

"I'm coming!" the scientist called. Then to the others, "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," his father answered. "I'll pray for you."

"Remember you're an Ainsley. We'll both pray for you," his mother told him.

"God bless you," he said, and opened the door.

Not until he was clear of the house, with his foot reaching for the steps, did he remember there were no steps there.

When he came to himself he was lying on the ground. As his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, he saw that the sugar maples and picket fence were gone. He picked himself up painfully. The house was dark. The door looked as if it had been boarded up for a long time. So did the windows. And yet so real and strong remained the memory of his father and mother and the lamplit table that he pounded on the boards.

"Papa!" he called.

Only silence from the decayed shell of a house answered him. Below he could see the cold glitter of electric lights on the tanks and buildings of the secret XYT explosive line. Nearer at hand were the cemetery and the guard waiting. Well, he told himself, he could face things a little better now. His father and mother had said they would pray for him. And the boy inside of him had made his first sign of peace to the man he had become. ☒

Big Time

continued from page 69

easel. Every 25 minutes, when it came time for the model to rest, I'd transfer five of the nickels to the other side of the table, saying, "Now that's your pile." The kids liked that.

After two years at Brown Lodge my family and I moved to an even better boardinghouse called Edgewood Hall. It was at Edgewood Hall that I discovered three of the best models I've ever had: Billy Paine, Eddie Carson, and a mongrel pup called Lambert. Billy and Eddie were about eight years old when I started to use them, and they could act. If I wanted a sad expression, a belly laugh, disdain or a sneer, they could give it to me and hold it all morning. Lambert was the thoughtful type. I'd place him in position on the stand, and he'd just sit there with his head cocked to one side, thinking, hour after hour.

I used Billy Paine in countless illustrations and, later on, in 15 *Post* covers. He posed for all three of the boys in my first *Post* cover. When he was 13, Billy climbed out a window in the second story of Edgewood Hall, lost his footing, and fell to the sidewalk below. A few days later he died. Eddie was grief-stricken. I was saddened, too. Billy was a swell kid, a regular rapscallion. I missed him a whole lot, and still do, especially when I look at the old *Post* covers. He was the best boy model I ever had.

In New Rochelle I was surrounded by success. Men of affairs, commuters, lodged at Edgewood Hall. Downtown I often saw Coles Phillips, the celebrated pretty-girl artist, or Clare Briggs, the well-known cartoonist. Almost every day on my way to work I'd pass J.C. Leyendecker, the famous *Saturday Evening Post* cover artist, walking to the railroad station to catch the train for New York, where he had his studio.

They made me wonder whether I was getting anywhere. Sometimes I'd get out my portfolio and look at my work: illustrations for *St. Nicholas*, covers for the *American Boy*, *Boys' Life*, *Youth's Companion*, drawings for a *Handbook of Camping*, *Tell Me Why Stories*, a history book. All were for children's books or magazines. I'd go through the whole portfolio: $15 for this job, $10 for that, $20 here, $25 there. Who'd ever heard of me besides a lot of kids? I felt at a dead end—the same old jobs day after day, nothing new, no challenge.

Then I'd run over to Edgewood Hall seeking my new-found friend, Clyde Forsythe, a celebrated cartoonist. I'd drag him away from his dinner and back to my studio. When he said something I had done was good, I believed him; he had been a newspaperman and a cartoonist for years, and knew the commercial-art world. I should add that he was making a lot of money, owned an automobile and a motorboat, and belonged to the local yacht and tennis clubs. In short, he was established, which carried weight with me.

When Clyde left his supper and came to my studio, he always managed to prop up my sagging confidence. "What're you moaning about? It's a darn good picture. Get off your hands and knees and work. You'll make it. Give it time. Hell, Lincoln was 51 before he was elected President. Give it time."

After I'd interrupted his supper ten or twelve times, and we'd become good friends, Clyde suggested we rent Frederic Remington's old sculpture studio together. It was a corrugated-iron barn which Remington had built so that he could do the life-size statue *The Cowboy*, which now stands in Fairmount Park in Philadelphia. The barn didn't look very solid, but it was big and inexpensive, so we took it.

Clyde was doing a daily comic strip about a dull-witted Swedish prize fighter, Axel, and his cunning manager,

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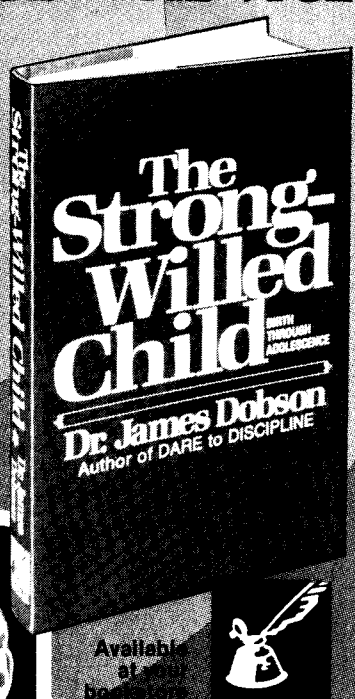

Dr. Dobson is Associate Clinical Professor of Pediatrics at the University of Southern California School of Medicine, and is on the Attending Staff for Childrens Hospital of Los Angeles in the Division of Medical

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Big Time

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Flooey. He spent about two hours a day on it. Every morning at ten o'clock he'd come in and thread his way through my clutter of costumes, frames, model stand, canvases, paints, palette table, and props. Then he'd sit down at his drawing table and think up an idea for his comic strip.

The comic strips weren't serials then; you had to have a complete gag every day. Axel says something to Flooey, Flooey shoves Axel, Axel shoves Flooey, and they both fall over backward. The public loved it, but it was torture for me. When he had made a rough sketch of the gag, Clyde would show it to me, and I'd have to laugh. It isn't easy to laugh at a comic strip every day for a whole year. I did it, though, because Clyde was my friend. After I'd appreciated his gag, Clyde would make the finished drawings in an hour and a half or less, and he'd be through for the day.

I was eager to improve my work. At the top of my easel I painted "100%" in gold lettering. Everything I did was going to be as good as I could make it, and I pestered Clyde to rate each picture according to a scale I had painted on matboard and tacked to my easel: excellent, upper middle, middle, lower middle, bad.

"What d'you think?" I'd ask him. "The kid's not bad. Upper middle?"

"Well, yes," he'd say, "the kid's good. But that dog's kinda lopsided. I don't think it rates more than lower middle. Not with that dog the way he is."

I guess he went through as much torture criticizing my pictures every day as I did laughing at his comic strip. He kept urging me to show my portfolio to the adult magazines and book publishers. I wanted new markets, but I was afraid to risk a refusal.

I had a secret ambition: a cover on *The Saturday Evening Post*. The cover of the *Post* was—and still is—the greatest show window in America for an illustrator. I'd conjure up a picture of myself as a famous illustrator, surrounded by admiring females, deferred to by office flunkies at the magazines, wined and dined by the *Post* editor, Mr. George Horace Lorimer. But the minute I thought of that name my courage failed.

Mr. Lorimer had built the *Post* from a small family journal with a circulation in the hundreds to an influential mass magazine with a circulation in the millions. He was the baron of publishing. What if he didn't like my work? Suppose he denounced me as an incompetent? I'd go down, down, down. The kids' magazines would drop me, then

Continued on page 102

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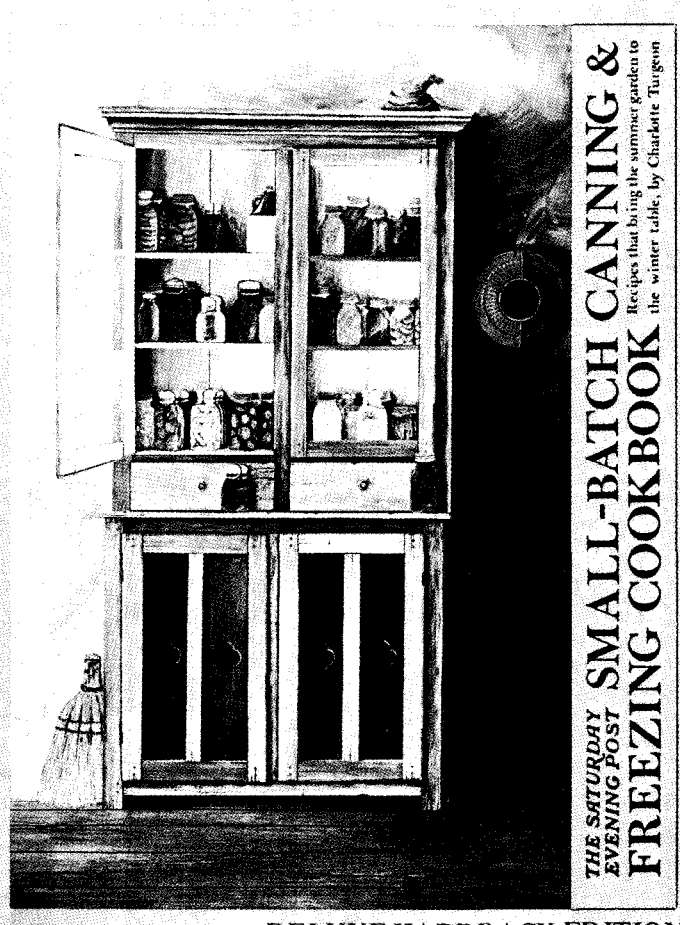
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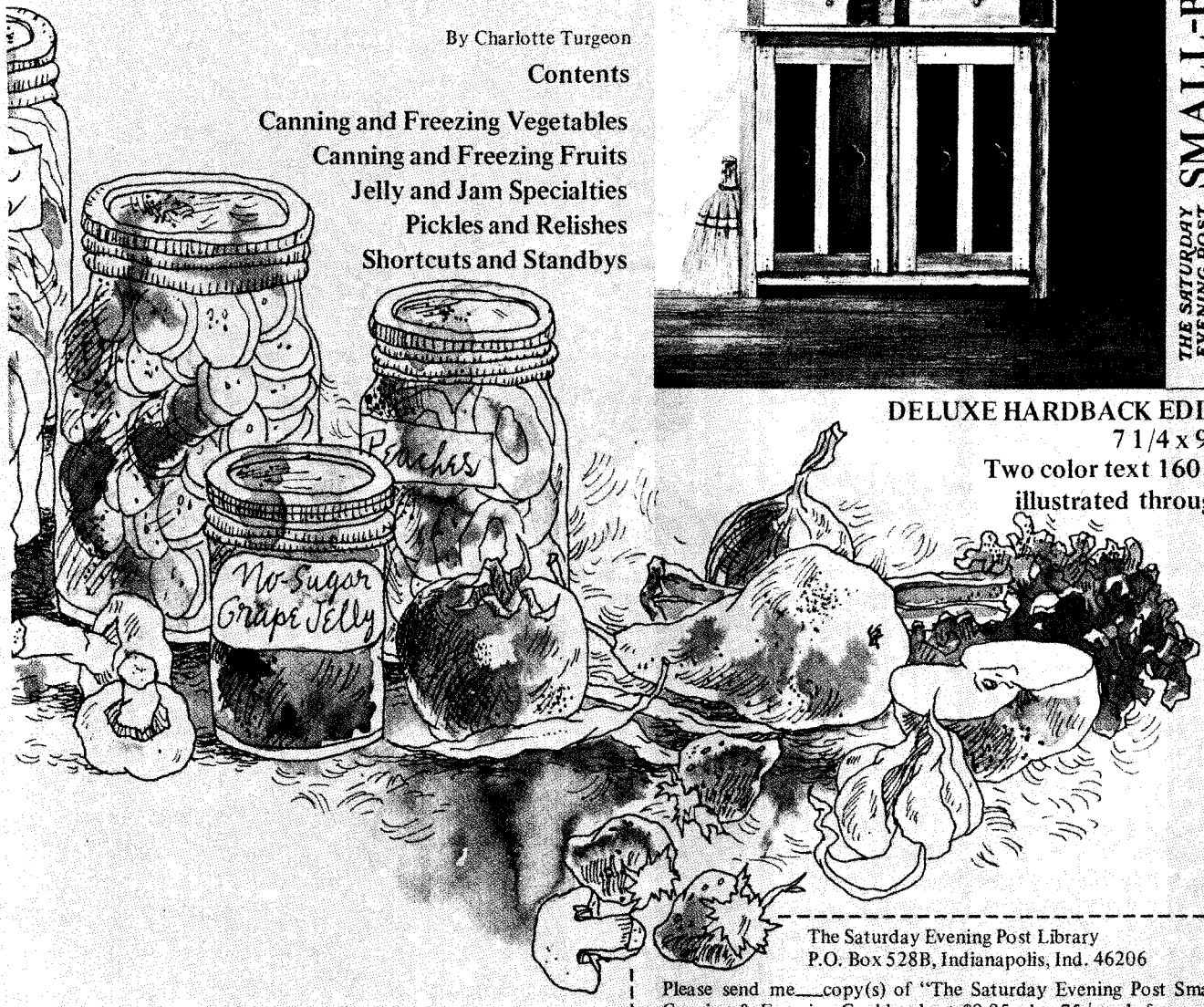

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the dime novels and pulps would refuse to use my work, and I'd end up doing the wrappers for penny candies. I had visions of myself as a starving wretch with a huge Adam's apple, lying in a flophouse on the Bowery.

One day, as I was mentally rolling on my cot in the flophouse, Clyde asked what I was muttering about. I told him.

"Why don't you do a cover and show it to them? What the hell, you're as good as anybody. Lorimer's not the Dalai Lama."

I set to work the next morning on a painting of a handsome Gibson man in white tie and tails, leaning over the back of a sofa to kiss a gorgeous Gibson girl in evening dress. High society, just the sort of thing the *Post* was using at that time. The next day I left that painting to start another: a beautiful ballerina curtsying in the glare of a spotlight. After two weeks I had both of them nearly finished. I was pretty well pleased with myself.

"They're terrible," said Clyde. "You can't do a beautiful, seductive woman. She looks like a tomboy who's been scrubbed with a rough washcloth and pinned into a new dress by her mother. Give it up." He grabbed one of the illustrations I had just completed for a story in *Boys' Life*. "Do that," said Clyde. "Do what you're best at. Kids. Just adapt it to the *Post*. Hell, they don't want warmed-over Gibson. If they take your stuff, it'll have to be good. You're a terrible Gibson, but a pretty good Rockwell."

So I called in Billy Paine and set to work. I thought up six or seven ideas: two boys in baseball uniforms scoffing at another boy who was dressed in his Sunday suit and pushing a baby carriage; a kids' circus, one kid in long underwear as a strong man, another in a top hat as barker, and so on. I made finished paintings in black, white, and red of two of the ideas and rough sketches of three others.

Meanwhile, I'd been making other preparations for my trip to Philadelphia to see the editors of *The Saturday Evening Post*. I bought a new suit, a gray herringbone tweed, I remember, and a new hat, a conservative black one. The big problem was how to carry my pictures.

Usually when I went to see an editor I tied up my paintings and sketches with brown paper and twine. It made a neat package, but after I'd shown my work I had to rewrap, and while I struggled with the pictures, paper, and string, the editor would have to wait, making exasperated attempts to help me.

I felt it would be bad business to keep the great Mr. Lorimer waiting; I wanted everything to go smoothly. So I went to a harness maker in New Rochelle and asked him to make me a suitcase. "I want it big," I told him, "about 30 by 40 inches and a foot thick. And inconspicuous; I guess black would be best."

He followed my instructions conscientiously. The case was long, thick, tall, and all black—even the latches were painted black. It was actually a gruesome affair, but I was satisfied.

So one cold morning in March of 1916 I set out for Philadelphia and the *Post*. As I sidled up the broad steps of the Curtis Publishing Company building—white marble pillars gleaming in the sun, imposing, magnificent—I felt my Adam's apple sink beneath my collar. Maybe I'd better work on the paintings some more. Then I thought of Clyde—"You mean you didn't even go into the office?"

I asked the lobby receptionist which floor Mr. Lorimer's office was on. Sixth. "Hold on," said the elevator attendant, pointing at my box, "you can't bring that in here. Take the freight elevator."

So I entered the reception hall of the editorial offices by the back door. When I asked to see Mr. Lorimer, the receptionist asked my business. I explained, and she said she'd call Mr. Walter H. Dower, the art editor, and would I please sit down.

There were two men in the reception hall. The secretary had greeted them as Mr. Cobb and Mr. Blythe. *Golly*, I thought, *they must be Irvin S. Cobb and Samuel G. Blythe, the famous writers.*

Pretty soon Mr. Cobb came over to where I was sitting, stared quizzically at my box, tapped it lightly with his fist, and listened intently. Then he looked at me and walked back to Mr. Blythe. They put their heads together, whispering. Mr. Blythe came over and examined my box. The murmured discussion continued. Finally Mr. Cobb said to me, "Young man, will you answer a question?"

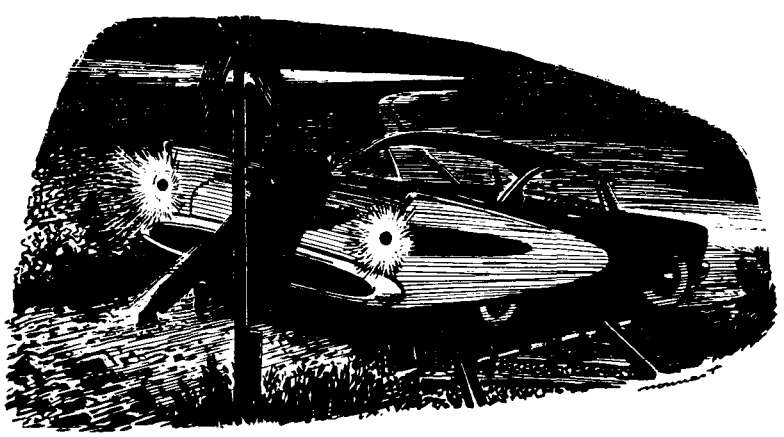
"Oh, yes, Mr. Cobb," I said.

"Tell me," he said, looking hard at my box, "is the body in there now?"

Mr. Dower took my paintings and sketches in to Mr. Lorimer and brought word back that Mr. Lorimer would accept the two finished paintings and had O.K.'d the three sketches for future *Post* covers. He added that I was to receive $75 for each cover. Wow!

All my problems, I thought, were solved. I would live in ease, comfort, and distinction for the rest of my life. I might even get married; after all, I wasn't a kid any more—I was 22 years old, a man both of experience and of mature judgment. I had arrived.

(To be continued)



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Quickly dragging out his tire chains, he draped them from one rail to the other. This shorted the track circuit controlling the automatic block signals as effectively as if a train were approaching from the opposite direction. Fortunately, the express was still far enough from the signal for its engineer to brake it when the signal light flashed "stop."

—George E. Cole.

The *Post* pays $100 for authentic contributions to this department. All must be typewritten. Only those accepted will be acknowledged, within a month. Where several contributors relate similar experiences, payment will be made for the first received which meets editorial requirements.

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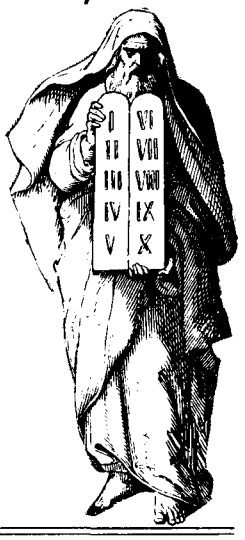

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Eat and Run

continued from page 51

As for the Wetsnoots, they wish they were dead, for they not only have the next hour and a half to get through but all day tomorrow as well. Their faces will brighten when they leave, should Mr. Goodhost offer them one for the road, as he probably will, or six for the six-lane highway. But this is still far in the future, and nothing can alter the bleakness of the interim (or digestive) period which faces them all.

Now, as any thoughtful observer will perceive instantly, the sorry finish of the evening is but the natural fruit of its random beginnings.

Perhaps nothing can be done about it, beyond realizing that if we insist on enlarging the Social Hour before dinner, we must, perforce, squeeze it up afterward. Acting on this conviction, we could then make it a civil offense—punishable by seven lashes with a wet noodle—for anyone to stick around the premises more than five minutes after he has taken a final sip of the demitasse.

A better solution, however, might be to give the reins solidly back to the hostess and to follow the lead of a gracious San Francisco lady whom I shall call Mrs. Aldington Prescott III. The book from which she learned her etiquette has long been out of print, I am sure. But it must have been a good one, with no nonsense about it.

When Mrs. Aldington Prescott III invites people to dinner, she invites them for 7:30. At approximately 7:32 she gives them their sherry, or their Gibson, or their Scotch-on-the-rocks. And should someone arrive at 7:35, she greets him with a warm smile and a sincere apology.

"I am so sorry," she says, "that you weren't here for cocktails." The company then dines at 8:00.

It is said that the conversation is excellent at Mrs. Prescott's, and the food is doubly so—perhaps because the guests are still able to taste it.

Admittedly hers is a quaint system. Yet, like so many quaint old things, it has its undeniable virtues. I would like very much to pursue the notion further, but I really should bathe and change. It's quarter to eight now, and we have an informal dinner engagement for seven o'clock.

You're Something Else

continued from page 49

Saunders Ferry Road or going around the house to get to the garage. This recognition is so important that everyone is talking at once. They "walk all over each other" as they say in CBese.

There are other indicators of modern man's search for recognition. Most people are searching for something to clutch that will give them some measure of status.

Back in the corner of everyone's heart there is a faint, insistent cry: "It shouldn't be this way. I ought to be 'in step' with something that would give meaning to my life."

Studs Terkel wrote a book entitled *Working*. Terkel spent several months crisscrossing the country and interviewing people about their occupations. He talked with doctors, lawyers, bricklayers, firemen, policemen, clerks, factory workers—an almost endless list of people.

The subtitle of *Working* is "People Talk About What They Do All Day and How They Feel About What They Do." From the hundreds of people he interviewed, he chose about one hundred and twenty. The book is a chronicle of how those people felt about their work. They told what they thought was right about their jobs and what they thought was wrong.

One of the most interesting parts of the book was the chapter in which Terkel told the conclusions he had reached from these interviews. He had expected that the subjects which would be most discussed would be hours, wages, promotions, raises, and fringe benefits. But he reflected that the great recurring theme of the interviews was not "how much" but "why." Here are some of his observations:

"In all instances, there dangles the impertinent question: Ought not there to be an increment, earned though not received, from one's daily work, an acknowledgment of man's being?

"For instance, a bricklayer felt that everyone should have something to point to in order to show his children what he had done. An artist can point to his paintings; a musician can play his songs; a poet can read his poetry. The bricklayer felt his work should be marked so he could say to his son, 'See that row of bricks way up there on the 42nd floor of the Empire State Building? I laid those.' He wanted something to point to.

"I think most of us are looking for a calling, not a job. Most of us have jobs that are too small for our spirits. Jobs are not big enough for people.

"I was constantly amazed by the extraordinary dreams of ordinary people.

"It [the book] is about a search for daily meaning as well as daily bread, for recognition as well as cause, for astonishment rather than torpor; in short for a sort of a life rather than a Mon-

Continued on page 110

The Perfect Squelch

After scowling briefly at the menu, the stout diner asked, "What do you recommend?"

"Well, sir," the waiter said, "the pot roast is excellent."

"Impossible," the diner said. "My doctor won't let me touch it."

"How about lamb chops, then?"

"No, my doctor specifically banned them."

Patiently, the waiter listed a series of dishes. But the diner waved each suggestion aside, always with an impatient explanation that his doctor wouldn't permit him to touch it.

When the weary waiter finally paused, the diner looked up. "Well," he snapped, "any other suggestions?"

"Perhaps," the waiter said gently, "you should get a prescription from your doctor. Then we could try to fill it."

—*Joseph Goraber*

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An Academy of Fine Arts graduate, Williams has been part of the motion picture industry for more than 25 years, many of which he spent in Europe and the Eastern United States before he settled in Southern California.

He is presently involved in the Artistic Supervision of the major motion picture "They Wore Ten Gallon Hats."

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"For of the Most High Cometh Healing."—Ecclesiasticus 38:2, Apocrypha

Pre-op Prayer

For this special Christianity issue of the *Post* I asked Dr. William Reed to tell us how he uses prayer in the operating room. His story follows:

"I began to pray audibly before surgery back in 1958. I had a missionary nurse from Nigeria who joined me when I was practicing in Bay City, Michigan. She asked me if I prayed before surgery and I told her, 'Well, I do. You know, usually when we're scrubbing up we have a few thoughts toward the Lord and that is the way most doctors probably do it. And then, when you get into trouble, of course you pray.'

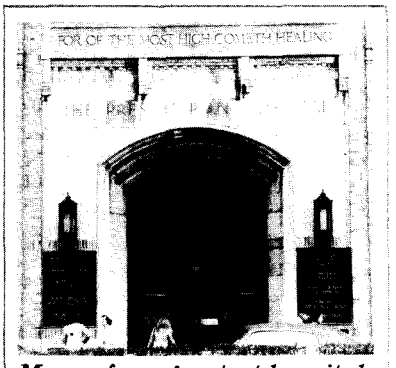
" 'But,' she said, 'in Africa, we always have audible prayers before we operate.'

"Later it was necessary for her to have surgery and she said, 'If you are going to operate on me and you are a Christian I would like to have you pray out loud before you operate. I don't care whether I'm asleep or awake.'

"So I prayed out loud prior to operating on her and that created kind of a shock in the operating room but, I thought, having done it once I'll just continue on, so at the other two hospitals in Bay City I began having audible prayer before I began to operate and I have practiced the same policy since coming to Tampa. I have always prayed out loud before I operate. I find that it stops a lot of unnecessary confusion in the operating room and brings in a sense of peace. There is not any of the frivolity that may sometimes occur and so it seems to me to be beneficial to those operating and to the patient."

Dr. Reed maintains that "if your conversation or attitudes during the operation are negative, then the patient will respond negatively. We treat the patient as if he were awake. Spiritually speaking, the patient is never anesthetized."

"He's off the critical list healthwise but critical about everything else."



Many of our greatest hospitals were founded by churches. The mission from the beginning was to follow the Biblical injunction to heal the sick (Luke 9:2).

Prayer may turn out to be a medical phenomenon. At a recent conference on the emotional and biological aspects of cancer at the Georgetown Family Health Center in Washington, D.C., immunologists, biologists, and psychiatrists sat down to explore the idea that severe emotional stress may interfere with the body's natural defenses. These scientists reported that changes in the immune system can be seen soon after severe stress as caused by losing a close relative or even a job. Dr. John Fletcher of NIH noted, "There's a demonstrable relationship between emotional processes and changes in human cells. Therefore, in one sense, this issue of healing is not just a matter of 'faith'; it can be seen as a purely empirical problem—measurable and thus a fit subject for scientific study."

Dr. Fletcher describes today's medicine as "impersonal," and says "people need meaning in their lives, especially when they're sick."

As physicians look closer at religion, theologians themselves are beginning to examine their own roles in healing. Father Francis MacNutt of St. Louis is regarded as the foremost authority on the healing ministry in today's Catholic Church. "The Sacrament of anointing the sick is now for the professed purpose of healing the whole man," writes Dr. MacNutt in his book *Healing*. "It is no longer primarily a preparation of the soul for death. It may be administered

Surgeon William Reed of Tampa, Florida (center), habitually prays aloud with his operating room staff.

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to anyone suffering from a serious illness. This reverses a 500-year-old view of healing in the Catholic Church."

The idea that faith has a definite role in healing is meeting some resistance, especially in large, academically inclined institutions. Although Tampa's Dr. Reed says he is welcomed to speak by medical institutions, he tells of one hospital that recently took away the chapel to make room for a computer. "How's that for priorities?" he asks.

Manipulation Preferred for Back Pain

In Honolulu recently at the annual convention of the American Osteopathic Association, a panel of physicians agreed that almost all patients with lumbar disk problems should be given an adequate course of osteopathic manipulative therapy before surgical treatment is considered.

Breast Milk Is Best

I had the pleasure of cuddling Jennie Eisenhower in her California nursery recently and I can tell you that I have never known a more pleasant or precocious baby. Julie credits her daughter's contentment to *breast feeding*. Jennie, at five months, weighed in at a hefty 17.5 pounds and her nourishment was entirely from mother's milk and supplemental vitamins up to that time. Her pediatrician has now added solid foods to her breast-milk diet.

La Leche League should recruit the articulate Julie for their speakers bureau for she is persuasive on the subject.

"Jennie just doesn't spit up or cry and she is a joy to care for because she is happy. I think nursing brings mother and child closer together. A mother whose baby is on formula and fussing and spitting up is certain not to like the child as much," says Julie.

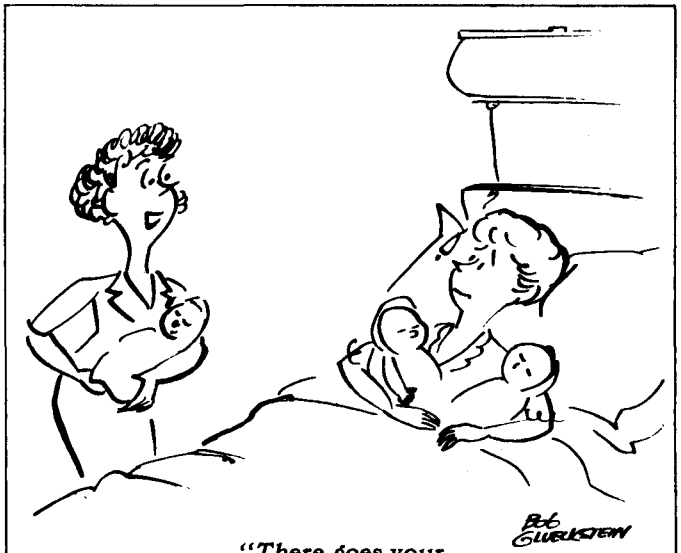
It is a pleasure to find that pediatricians today are advocating mother's milk. Having breast-fed five marvelously healthy babies, I was surprised later in medical school to find young mothers in the hospitals being encouraged to use formulas. Some pediatricians seemed disinterested in the subject of nursing. Fortunately times have changed. Much good recent research has disclosed that breast-fed babies receive many immunities to disease that babies on formulas do not enjoy.

In traveling to underdeveloped countries, I have been shocked at the damage done by uneducated mothers who adopted bottle feeding for their babies in the belief that they were giving them the *best*. The combination of bottles with unsanitary conditions causes needless infant deaths and sickness. Imagine trying to explain to an illiterate mother that it is all right to be nonchalant about the baby sucking on toys from the floor or chewing its shoe but that she should fastidiously avoid letting baby drink from last night's milk bottle. She wouldn't understand that bacteria do not grow well on inorganic plastic toys but a warm milk bottle is an ideal culture medium for the rapid multiplication of potentially lethal bacteria colonies.

There is still much work to be done in teaching the

Julie Eisenhower with her winsome daughter Jennie: A strong advocate of breast feeding with irresistible living proof.

advantages of nursing to young mothers, especially those in lower socioeconomic levels. In underdeveloped countries where birth-control methods are not available, breast feeding is also an important means of preventing a nursing mother from having another child too quickly. The system is not infallible—a nursing mother *can* conceive, though she is not likely to



"There goes your membership in Planned Parenthood."

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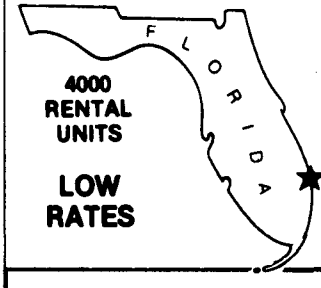

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do so while she is breast feeding.

Anyone wishing additional information about the advantages of breast feeding can obtain it at no cost by writing to: La Leche League International, 9616 Minneapolis Street, Franklin, IL 60131.

German Measles and Diabetes

Australian medical researchers now say that German measles virus can be proven beyond doubt to be associated with diabetes appearing later in life. This does not rule out the chance that mumps and other viruses reported to be associated with fetal infections may also cause diabetes. They say it is now a confirmed finding that, like the herpes virus—which causes chicken pox in children and shingles in adults—the widely spread German measles virus is capable of causing both immediate and slow acting effects in many people.

Dr. M. A. Menser of the Australian group believes that it is very likely that rubella (German measles) virus can remain in the human pancreas for months or even years.

Before the introduction of German measles vaccine, there was not much medicine could do about either preventing or treating the damage of rubella infections. Congenital rubella infection, with its array of damage from deafness to diabetes, is now preventable. Yet, the National Center for Health Statistics reports that 36.1 percent of white children and 48 percent of nonwhite children have not been immunized against the rubella virus. Help is needed. Parents need to understand that the childhood diseases are not as benign as we formerly thought. Having them once doesn't necessarily mean that they won't come back to haunt us later. Like strep throat, which can cause a fatal heart condition two decades later, German measles virus just may be a villain which lies latent for years after its first attack, only to return in the form of diabetes.

Please help us teach parents and children about the importance of this vaccination. For educational materials about rubella, please send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: Medical Education & Research Foundation, 1000 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, IN 46202.

Hope for Psoriasis Victims

Massachusetts General Hospital is treating an average of 50 psoriasis patients a day with an ancient drug and a modern artificial light combined to achieve a dramatically effective treatment for this stubborn skin disease.

Because the procedure is still "experimental" until its routine use is approved by the Food and Drug Administration, thousands of persons who have heard of the excellent results are understandably disgruntled to learn that they must wait for F.D.A. approval.

Among the 1,300 who participated in clinical trials at 70 medical centers, more than 90 percent reported that their previously intractable psoriasis had cleared. The combined treatment is called PUVA (Psoralen plus UV-type A). The drug psoralen is derived from a

Continued on page 110

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You're Something Else

continued from page 104

day through Friday sort of dying. Perhaps immortality, too, is part of the quest. To be remembered was the wish, spoken or unspoken, of the heroes and heroines of this book.

"These are the comments of people everywhere: farmers, receptionists, executive secretaries, press agents, garbage men, policemen, plant managers, cab drivers, bank tellers, piano tuners, executives, dentists, lawyers, and hundreds more. There has to be some plan and this is what they seem to be saying."

Call it the will of God; call it meaning; call it what you like. There is within everyone a reaching process. There is an awareness of a higher purpose. There is the feeling that there is more to us than we have been able to find.

It is here in the midst of a world of fragmented, inadequate, misguided, striving people that I want to remind you again of those two little words about the secret: *in you.* As you look at yourself and others through these two words you begin to see a dignity and worth. He put the secret *in you.* You're something else!

You. You with the big nose. You with freckles. You with two left feet. You with the bald head. You with the sagging waistline. He put the secret *in you* and, because He did, you have an inherent greatness about you. *Greatness is not something which belongs to us. Greatness is something to which we belong.*

I have a book called *Seedtime* in my library. It is a collection of sayings and writings of kids in kindergarten and the early grades. Reading *Seedtime* makes you pause to wonder if we really increase in wisdom and wonder as we get older.

One little boy, who had older brothers and sisters, told about how he could hardly wait to learn to read and write. I remember when Patrick wanted to know what all those "p's" and "r's" and "g's" spelled. This second grader in *Seedtime* was excited about learning words.

One day the teacher told the class to get their tablets—the ones with the solid wide lines and the dotted lines in the middle so that you can make all the little letters little and the big letters big. They also had the big fat pencils which must be used in an entrance test to the joys of writing. If you can hold one of those things and write they will eventually let you progress to something that fits your hand as well as your pocket.

The teacher told the class to write the letters "m" and "e" on their tablets. When she told the children they had spelled "me" he exclaimed:

Just two letters?

M-E?

I couldn't believe it.

I still don't believe it.

When you begin to realize that God thinks of you, it doesn't seem as if two letters are enough.

Recently I was with a group for a retreat and I suggested that if anyone had any spare time that afternoon he might invent a new word for ME which would have more letters. It ought to be a word that contained all the letters in the alphabet. It should make "supercali-fragil-istic-expi-ali-docious" seem like an abbreviation.

That night someone brought a new word. If I didn't miscount, it has 70 letters in it. I think she got all the letters except "j," "k," and "z." Glenda Wardlaw's word was *theextraspecialovedbyfatherreallyfullwithesecretofuniversesomethingreat.* I think the word is probably a bit long to work its way into general usage, but it reminds us of the way we should think of ourselves. Here is something to celebrate. I have often thought that we are limited in the number of ways in which we can express our wonder and joy during church or retreats or even privately. I remember the enthusiasm of my kids as they roll down a grassy slope or jump into a pile of leaves that I am raking. I see our puppy running circles in the yard for no apparent reason except the happiness of being alive or feeling the wind in her face.

We ought to have a balloon filled with helium to let go of. We need a hat to throw in the air. We need a whistle to whistle or a horn to blow. Some of us are too old to roll down a hill. We would break something if we leaped into a pile of leaves. But couldn't we run around the block or throw a stone or puff a dandelion? What can we do when we want to celebrate our "me-ness"?

Don't just sit there! Do something! Sing, celebrate, rejoice, hope, jump, run, cry, believe, embrace a friend, hug your kid, kiss your spouse, clap your hands. Whatever, whenever, however—somehow, celebrate your "me-ness." ☒

"He'd make better time without the stewardess."

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Medical Mailbox

continued from page 108

plant that grows along the Nile and was used as medication by ancient Egyptians and Indians. It is combined with exposure to a high-intensity, ultraviolet light source. So far, the only known side effects are sunburn and mild nausea. Maintenance treatments keep the skin free of symptoms.

Dr. John A. Parrish, associate professor of dermatology at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, believes that the concept of giving medication systemically and then triggering it off in a specific part of the body with some outside agent such as light may hold great potential. He feels some blood diseases as well as certain forms of cancer may be responsive.

Dr. Parrish reported that studies at other institutions have shown that the drug hematoporphyrin tends to concentrate in tumor tissue.

"If you let the tumor absorb the medication and then shine a beam of special light through the skin to activate the drug within the growth," he says, "you might then be able to kill the tumor cells. Some evidence already has been gathered to support that concept. The chief of the hospital's dermatology service reports that studies are being made to determine how much radiation would be needed to reach various organs. ☒

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T or FALSE

Mark each of the following statements T for True, or F for False, in the box at its right. For correct answers, see panel below.

1 — If a husband does not have a Will and therefore dies "intestate," state law will give his wife all of the Estate. ☐

2 — If you die "intestate" while your children are minors, state law will divide a third of your Estate among them. ☐

3 — When you leave no Will, the state automatically appoints a social worker and a bank as guardians of your minor children. ☐

4 — Whoever is appointed guardian for your minor children has complete say-so in taking care of them and their affairs. ☐

5 — Lacking a Will, your property will be disposed of more or less as your Will would have directed. ☐

6 — Children not mentioned in your Will are excluded from an inheritance. ☐

7 — A husband has the same rights to his wife's Estate as she has to his. ☐

8 — A handwritten Will, unwitnessed, cannot be valid. ☐

9 — Wills never require more than two witnesses. ☐

10 — It is expensive to have a lawyer draw up your Will. ☐

ANSWERS

1 — False. Usually not. In some states, the wife gets one-third if the husband dies without a Will.

2 — False. Many states give two-thirds of your Estate to your children equally divided among them.

3 — False. It is more likely to appoint your spouse as guardian, or some other person. But they will have to furnish a bond and pay the fee for it.

4 — False. Even if your spouse is guardian, he/she usually must have specific permission from the court to spend your children's share of your Estate on their support or education. He/she may be required to render detailed accounts of these expenditures.

5 — False. Your property would be disposed of according to the law of your state and not necessarily as you would have directed.

6 — False. A child born after the date of your Will might be entitled to receive whatever would have been provided by the state if you had died "intestate."

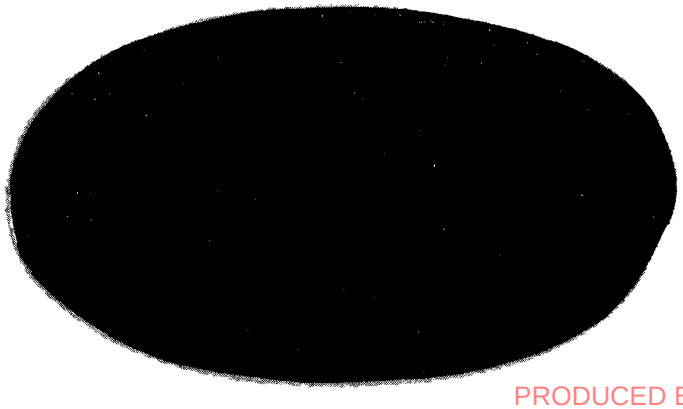
7 — False. This is not always the case.

8 — False. In some states, when the handwriting is generally known, handwritten Wills can be held valid, but questions about the circumstances under which they were written make them a very risky proposition.

9 — False. Some states may require three. Any Will disposing of property located in a three-witness state should have three, even if you write it while resident in a state requiring only two.

10 — False. Actually, it is usually a very modest amount. Whatever his charge, the expert knowledge involved makes it a bargain.

** in most states*



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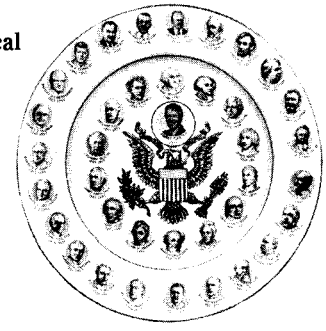

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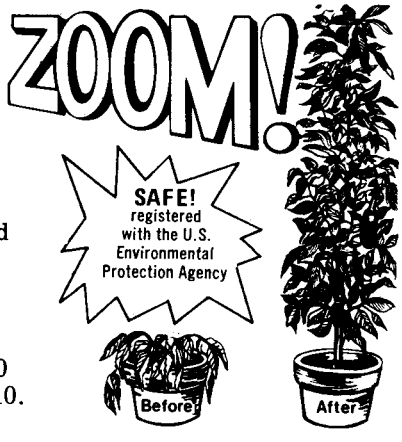

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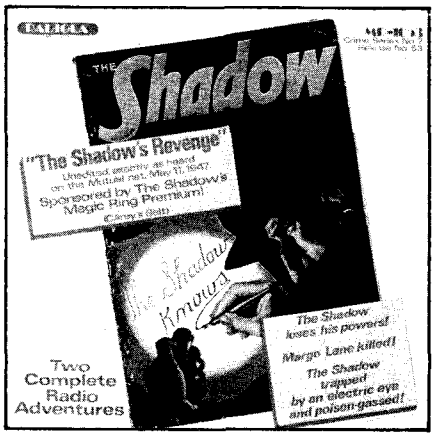
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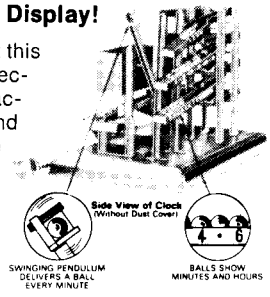

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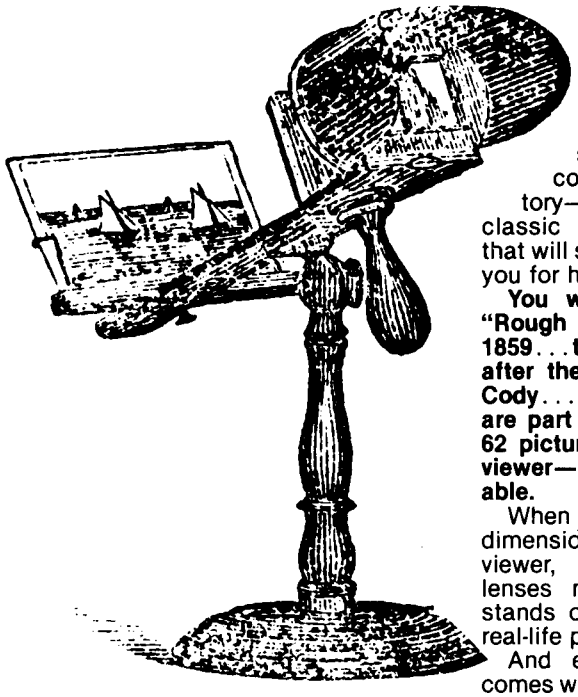

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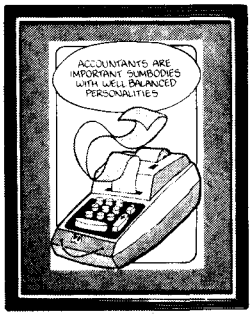

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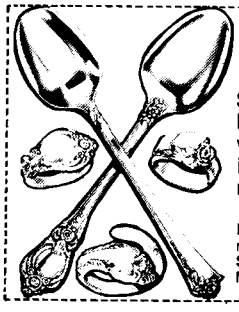

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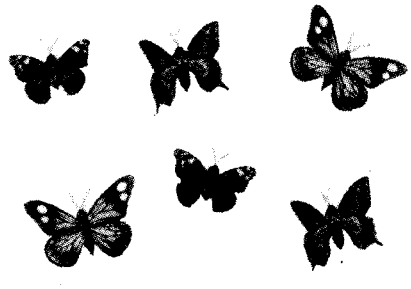

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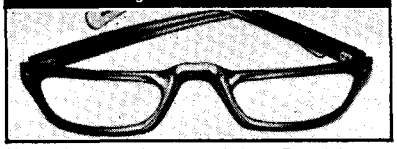

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Editorials

continued from page 91

markably impervious to damage. In 1969 aboard the U.S.S. *Enterprise*, nine 500-pound bombs exploded right on the flight deck in a massive accident. In a few hours the *Enterprise* was ready to launch combat planes again.

The flexibility of aircraft carriers is astounding. They don't end up like air bases in some backwater, no longer of use.

More and more America is becoming an island looking out on a hostile world. Each year we become more dependent upon foreign trade. As one example, the oil route that runs from the Gulf of Iran around Africa has become absolutely vital to us and the free world. Loss of this one route would be the biggest disaster Americans have faced since the Civil War. We would have to fight for it. Yet a glance at this route through the Indian Ocean shows not one place ashore from which we can fly combat aircraft to maintain control of the air. Aircraft carriers could do the job readily.

The frequently cited argument of the high cost of aircraft carriers is a red herring. In the past 20 years we have spent precious little on ships for the Navy. Of the cost to build Navy ships, less than five and a half percent was spent for aircraft carriers.

There's a real reason for the campaign against the carrier, and it's not money. The Navy-Marine Corps team is designed to project power ashore at almost any trouble spot in the world. It can respond, not after a long, carefully staged build-up, but at the drop of a hat. The aircraft carrier is vital to supply the necessary control of the air as well as to attack targets ashore and afloat. There are those in America who sincerely believe it is not good for us to have this mobile fighting capability prepared for instant response. In short, they think that if the military cannot so respond, America will not be drawn into brush fires that could grow into Vietnam-like conflagrations. They would like to defang our military so that it can fight only certain well-thought scenario wars, such as in Western Europe. We're not saying every congressman who speaks against the aircraft carrier thinks that. Usually he is just a sincere soul who believes the papers he's being fed. This argument as to whether we should have carriers and be able to fight brush fires world-wide is a valid one. Has our military's fighting ability really been the cause of world tensions, or has it been a valuable tool to avoid crises? It should be debated on its real merits.

We welcome reasoned comments on either side and would be pleased to air them.

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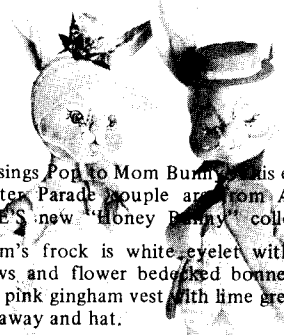

. . .sings Pop to Mom Bunny as this elegant Easter Parade couple are from ANNALEE'S new "Honey Bunny" collection. Mom's frock is white eyelet with pink bows and flower bedecked bonnet. Pop has pink gingham vest with lime green felt cutaway and hat.

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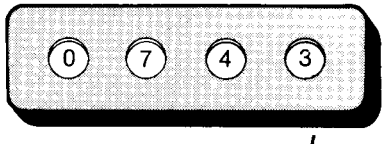

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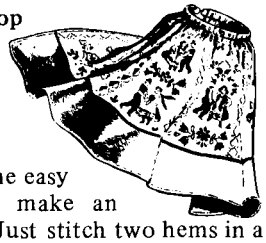

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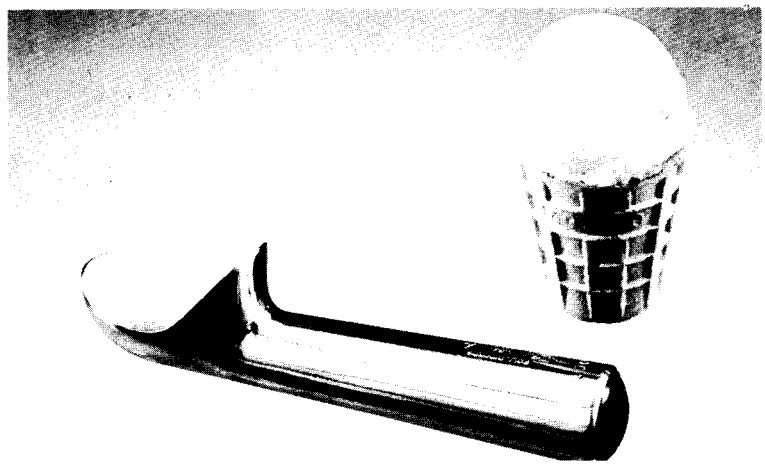

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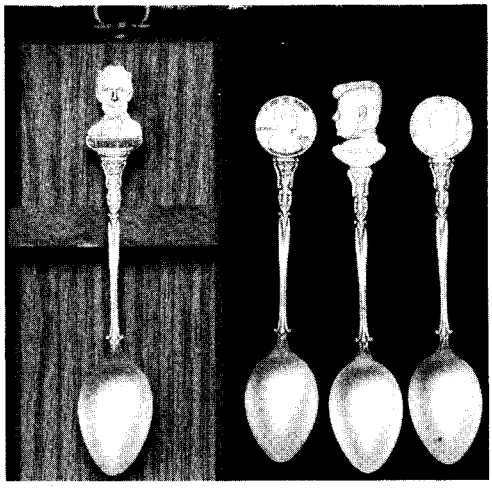

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BURG FRANKENSTEIN: A MAN'S HOME CAN BE A CASTLE

Rugged ruins and a quiet inn high above Germany's Rhine-Main plain refresh the spirits of travel-weary vacationers.

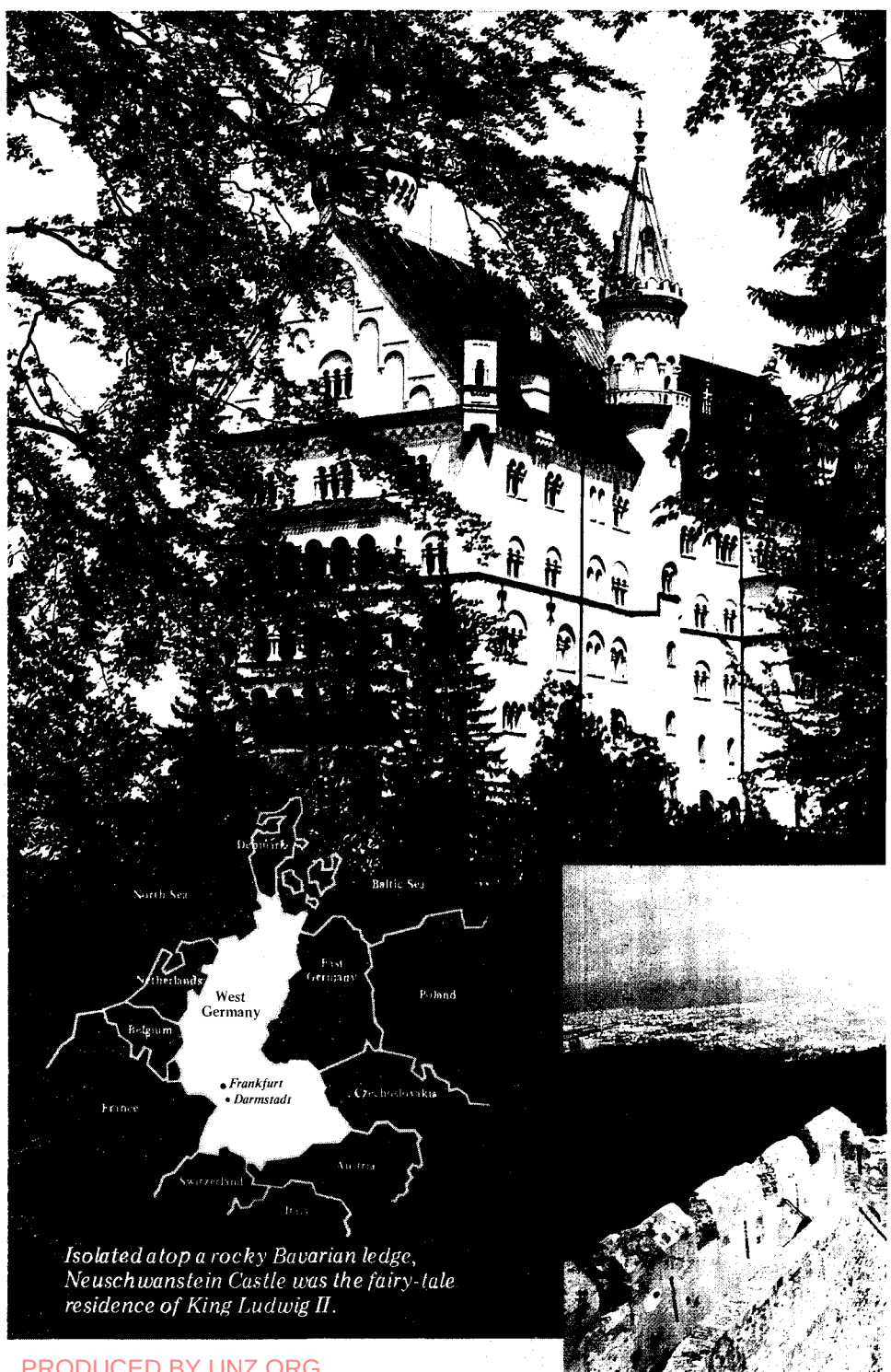
Text and photography by Stan and Floramae Geiser

For a storybook beginning or ending to your European vacation, why not stay at an authentic Old World castle? Several have opened their antiquated gates to tourists who enjoy savoring the wonders of tenth century Europe, not just during museum hours but around the clock.

After many stateside prevacation planning sessions, we had selected Burg (castle) Frankenstein to be the quiet conclusion to our motor trip through Germany and Switzerland. Just 30 minutes from the Frankfurt, West Germany, airport, the castle ruins and small modern hotel perch atop a singular sylvan ridge with a spectacular view of the Rhine Valley. For the traveler weary from an across-the-ocean flight or wanting to wind down from an eventful vacation, Burg Frankenstein's quiet grandeur can refresh the spirit. While cultural and sports attractions abound near the castle on the hill, making it an ideal home base for a number of adventuresome days, we anticipated its proximity to the Frankfurt airport—Europe's busiest—would allow us a leisurely morning before our 1:00 p.m. flight back to the United States. And that's just the way it worked.

The day before our flight we enjoyed a comfortable drive from Lucerne, Switzerland, up the speedy German autobahn. As we exited the autobahn at Darmstadt, there was little trouble in locating Burg Frankenstein. Its towers and ramparts rose magnificently above the trees on the distant ridge. Signs guided us to the castle road that wound up through a forest of towering pines and maples.

Our first disappointment in



Isolated atop a rocky Bavarian ledge, Neuschwanstein Castle was the fairy-tale residence of King Ludwig II.

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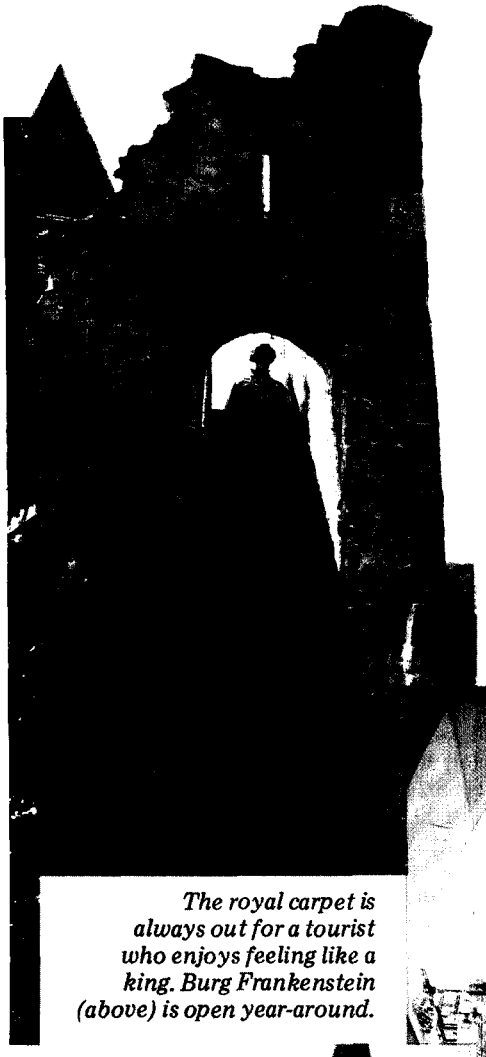
finding that the castle was, indeed, a ruins was overcome as we explored its ancient walls, courtyards, towers, gunpowder cellar, and chapel. We added our trace of wear to stone steps leading to a lookout wall and the medieval residential tower. At this highest point we shaded our eyes against the mid-afternoon sun to view the vast Rhine-Main plain.



In the far distance the winding Rhine glinted in the hazy glow of the summer afternoon. Irregular patterns of forests and fields eventually blurred together on the faraway horizon. Later we were told that on clear days the viewer actually sees France, about 75 miles to the southwest.

To the east the panorama ended, many miles distant, in the deep green forests of the Odenwald foothills. We counted seven red tile-roofed villages and towns spread around the base of the castle ridge.

It was humbling to realize that generations of appreciative viewers had marveled over this same magnificent scene. For example, there is this enthusiastic account about Frankenstein Castle written by a Prussian army chaplain in his *Memories of a Campaign along the Rhine in the Years 1792-1795*.

"More than by the romantic remnants of a bygone age of chivalry I was surprised by the most marvelous view in the world. Like the curtain in an opera, a door opened in the walls, and there before me lay, like in a milky haze, the plains of the Rhine. The Rhine itself glittered like silver. Many villages were recognizable by their steeples. The Bergstrasse, marked by the trees, was creeping along at the foot of the Odenwald Mountains."

Like the Prussian army chaplain, we reveled in the view. The forest below us looked inviting, and we decided to follow some of its paths before dinner.

We left the inner courtyard of the castle fortress, passing through the well-preserved gate-tower. Pulleys are still intact for a former drawbridge that spanned the now filled-in moat. An outer courtyard was created in the early sixteenth century when a second wall was erected to protect the chapel, stables, and storehouses that had extended beyond the original defense. Interestingly, the bulwarks were either unnecessary or so formidable as to discourage attack. Records indicate that Frankenstein Castle never saw a siege.

We chose one of the forest paths shown on a large map posted by the castle gate. Paths are also marked along the way. The tall pine and maple trees so shade the ground that only dry needles and leaves carpet the area between them, and it's possible for the curious hiker to leave the trail to make his own way among the lofty giants.

We followed a trail down for some distance, then cut diagonally back up the hill. Coming across a dry creek bed, we made it our path down the opposite side of the castle ridge.

Abruptly the forest gave way to a cleared pasture. Before us was a pastoral landscape of picture-book beauty. The clover pasture gently rolled on down the ridge. Below we could see tiled roofs and upper structures of farm buildings. Still farther beyond lay a red-roofed village. An unseen donkey's bray broke the stillness.

We turned back into the forest, found a path that twisted up the ridge. The castle wall loomed above us. The path led to a small gateway on the backside of the stone stronghold.

We had seen no one during our walk in the woods. Even on the castle grounds we saw no more than three or four families at a time. Frankenstein, in August, was

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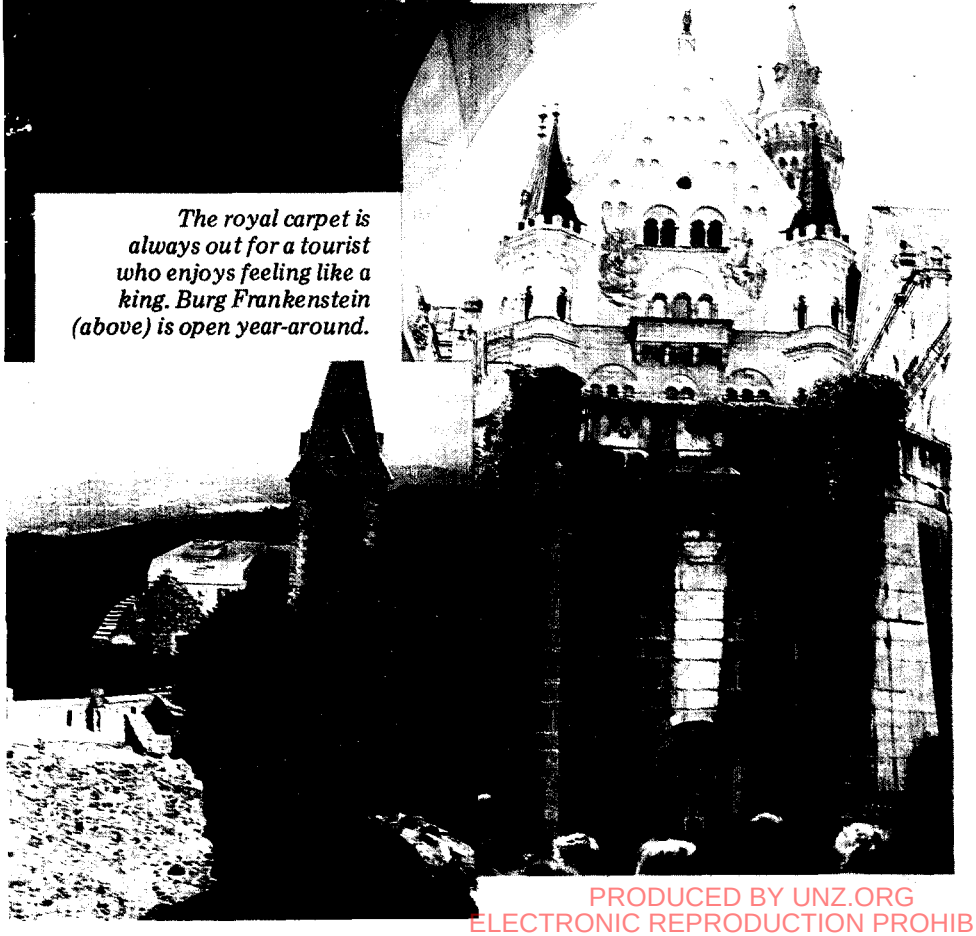

The royal carpet is always out for a tourist who enjoys feeling like a king. Burg Frankenstein (above) is open year-around.

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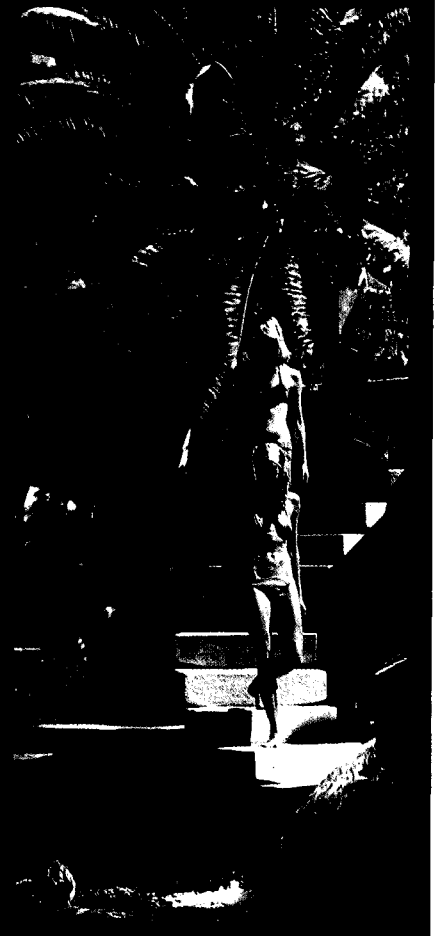

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not at all overrun with tourists.

You won't find large tours staying overnight at Burg Frankenstein. The hotel has only five double rooms. They are clean and plain—two single beds, a table and two chairs, ample closet space, a hot- and cold-water sink. Down the hall are toilets and shower rooms for men and women.

But the specialty of each room is the view. A glass wall and door open onto a small balcony that overlooks that incomparable panorama of the Rhine valley.

At dinner that night we talked to our waiter about the castle, the hotel, and the availability of accommodations to the tourist.

Affable Gerhard Scheele had at one time sailed with the German merchant marine and had visited New York City many times, he said. He spoke good English and readily talked about Burg Frankenstein.

"It's best in the spring when the fruit trees are in bloom," he said. "This Bergstrasse area is famous throughout Europe for the flowering trees.

"The castle hotel is a favorite for honeymooners," Scheele continued. "We have many weddings in the chapel. But because we have only five rooms we never have become a big overnight tourist attraction. It's not difficult to get reservations."

However, the hotel restaurant does do a brisk business. The west wall of the dining room is all glass so that every diner has access to the spectacular view. There's also a sunny café terrace.

Menu specialties include Bergstrasse wine and game from the surrounding forests. Private landowners hunt and sell deer and wild boar to the castle restaurant. We can vouch for the taste and tenderness of the roast deer. Traditional German dishes, fish, and Guinness beer are other epicurean delights. Hot meals are served from 11:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m., so if an overnight stay is not possible, travelers can at least enjoy an extra-special meal and stroll through the castle grounds.

Waiter Scheele also told us about entertainment attractions in the vicinity of Burg Frankenstein.

"During August there is an international festival of classical music at Darmstadt [six miles away]. Famous musicians come to perform. There's also tennis in Darmstadt," he said.

"In Pfungstadt you can swim at an indoor-outdoor pool with artificial waves. And our hotel will arrange for you to go horseback riding at Pfungstadt."

Scheele assured us that there are good train or bus connections from either Frankfurt or Heidelberg to nearby Darmstadt or Eberstadt. Taxi service is available to the castle and to many villages in the surrounding area.

Burg Frankenstein itself has special summer events. There's a dance every Wednesday evening. And on Sundays a brass band gives concerts in the courtyard at 11:00 a.m. Children are always welcome to play in the castle grounds.

We lingered over our dinner to absorb every nuance of the changing Rhine valley view. Colors slid from gold to rose as the sun slipped below the horizon and transformed a bank of clouds into pink puffs. Distant villages disappeared, then came to life again as pinpoints of man-made light.

Scheele gave us a little booklet about Burg Frankenstein. We learned that the Frankenstein family history is traced back to one Arbogast of Frankenstein, who is said to have lived around the year 948. It is thought that the Frankensteins built the castle in the tenth century. First recorded mention of the fortress is a document dated June 2, 1252, concerning the investiture of estates and land along the Bergstrasse, which was signed at the castle.

Even after the Frankenstein family split into two lines, both lived together at the castle for almost 250 years. In 1661 and 1662 both lines sold their rights to the castle and surrounding lands and moved to their new estates in Franken, where they still live today.

Subsequently, the castle was used as a military hospital, a refuge for village people during the wars of Louis XIV of France, and as a military prison. It then fell into decay. On three separate occasions between 1763 and 1787 treasure-diggers sought in vain for silver, gold, and wine rumored to be hidden in the cellars of the castle.

Only since the first half of the nineteenth century has the castle become a popular sight of the Rhine-Main district.

Burg Frankenstein, like most European hotels, provides breakfast with bed. When we walked into the dining room the next morning at the 8:00 a.m. hour we had agreed upon with Gerhard, our waiter, we found that we had the dining room—and the view—to ourselves. And we were surprised to be served more than the usual coffee and rolls. A beautifully arranged platter of cut cheeses and rolled ham slices reinforced our hearty approval of Burg Frankenstein.

After breakfast we again scrutinized the castle grounds—this time with the guidebook in hand that vividly described, step-by-step, "a walk through the castle." We tried to imagine the medieval lifestyles that had taken place in the stronghold. In so doing, Frankenstein became "our castle."

To make it your castle, write: Burg Frankenstein, Restaurant und Terrassencafe, 6101 Nieder-Beerbach, West Germany.

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Pat & Debby

continued from page 73

Hawaii because we were madly in love and wanted a second honeymoon. We went off to Hawaii because we knew we needed time to rekindle and respark things that were almost dormant. And it works! Two weeks together, apart from almost every other influence, brought me to a deep new appreciation of Shirley and feelings of romance. And the same with her!

"The Hawaii vacation also showed me that you *can* take two weeks off and the world won't fall apart!"

Pat still keeps in good physical shape by jogging daily and frequently working out in the gym. But he plans to "ease off" to some degree on his myriad activities to spend more time with his family, especially Shirley. There's no doubt that he's still very active, especially where his singing and entertaining are concerned. He recently completed a new album, entitled *Just the Way I Am.* His record label continues to operate at full steam. This Easter marks yet another Pat Boone Family television special on ABC. The Boones have also appeared on several other networks in the past few months, including religious television.

Daughter Debby is inheriting some of the "Boone busyness" as her career continues to blossom.

In late January, she premiered her own Las Vegas show, and she recently completed her third solo album for Warner/Curb Records.

Though father Pat pretty well gives Debby free rein in making decisions of which songs to perform on stage and on her albums, you can be sure he'll be there encouraging her at every step. Meanwhile, Debby will join her three sisters in the studio to make an album that will be their third.

Even though Pat has been in the entertainment business for nearly 25 years, the word "retirement" is still foreign to him.

In fact, he says, "I can't imagine it. I'd still like to learn how to work on television sets. . . . "

Shirley comments, "He wants to know everything about everything! . . . "

Pat: "And I've not really yet learned how to play guitar. I've got to do that. I've bought two guitars, and. . . . "

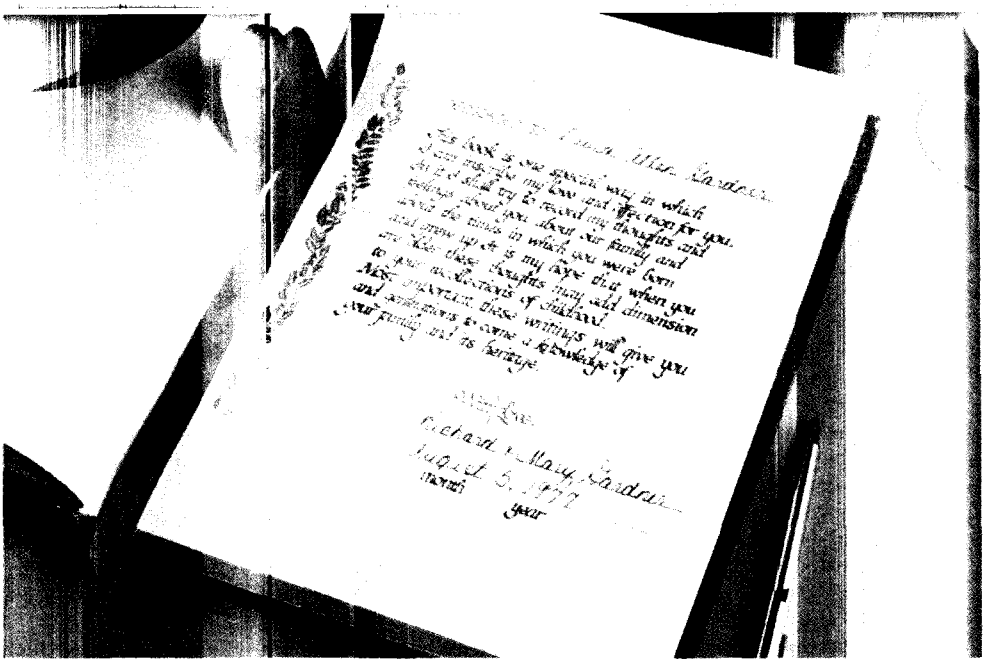
Shirley: "He'd like to fly. . . . "

Pat: "I've paid for my flying lessons right through the commercial license. . . . "

Shirley: "He'd like to be able to take a car apart. . . . "

Pat: ". . .and I only took a few flying lessons; I haven't soloed yet. . . . "

They've just begun planning the next 25 years.



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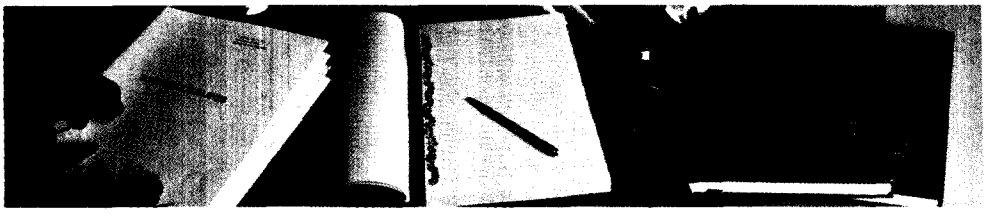

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Gutenberg Bible

continued from page 61

"I had half-way imagined what his reaction would be," Dilly said. "So we laughed a moment and then laughed even more when I told him he was lucky we didn't buy the Bible a year or so ago. The treasurer then was Jesse James."

Things were finally set for the trip to Texas—except for one complication.

"The Chancellor and I had figured we'd be very casual about it all and would fit the two volumes of the Gutenberg in two pieces of luggage under the seats in front of us—just like they tell you to do with carry-on luggage," Dilly said.

But the Pforzheimer people had carefully wrapped corrugated cardboard and brown paper around each volume, so much that the Bible wouldn't fit in the travelers' luggage. It was 1:45 p.m., and by previous arrangement three Wells-Fargo men were to be waiting in front of the building on 42nd Street—in an unmarked car—in just half an hour.

The firm on the ground floor of the building probably had not had such a hurried customer in weeks. Dilly knew he had to have two pieces of lightweight luggage quickly, so he bought the first things he saw that were not bulky. The very usual-looking zippered totes were perfect.

And now it was time to go. The unmarked Plymouth four-door blue sedan was waiting at the curb at the appointed time. One Wells-Fargo man was in the building, one was outside at the car, and a third was just across the street—all in plain clothes.

"It was like an adventure movie," Dilly recalls. "But the traffic was so heavy that no robbers could have gotten to the car, once we got going. Of course, I knew the value of our cargo, but I really wasn't worried." Braniff security took over the job at JFK, ushering the Texans and their two pieces of carry-on luggage to the airline's private club where they waited to board the plane. The luggage rested right at their feet, and while LeMaistre and Dilly sipped coffee, an incredible thing happened.

Dr. H. H. (Herb) Woodson, director of the UT Center for Energy Studies and an electrical engineering professor, had been in New York on business and casually walked into the BI club to wait for his plane—the same flight. Naturally, he rushed toward LeMaistre and Dilly to greet them.

"Things began to happen then," said Dilly. "Braniff security men came out of the woodwork, from everywhere. They surrounded Woodson before he knew what it was all about. In fact, he never did know what it was all about until we got to Austin. We just had to be vague about what we were doing in New York."

It seemed like a few days rather than a few hours, and the intrepid travelers had no security at all on the plane. At the Austin airport they were met by Donald R. Cannon, chief of the UT Austin police force, and two other UT officers, all in plain clothes. Casually carrying the two tote bags, Dilly and LeMaistre were taken to UT police headquarters in Memorial Stadium. There, they were met by John Payne, then acting director of the Humanities Research Center. After Payne, too, had counted the pages, the Gutenberg was stored in a vault until security could be assured in Michener Galleries. It went on display in mid-October and can be seen from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. Monday through Saturday, and from 2:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. on Sundays. There is no admission charge. ☒

Tribute

continued from page 61

ing him, even within his own workshop, that, with almost operatic tragedy, he was denied his moment of triumph. When all but three of the stunningly beautiful Bibles were completed, after four years of printing, Fust foreclosed on the loan.

To this day it is a mystery why Fust chose to ruin his partner at the moment when financial success was assured. There was obviously no love lost between the two men.

The case against the great printer was heard in the refectory of the Barefooted Friars, Mainz, on November 6, 1455. At the outset, Fust demanded from Gutenberg a massive 2,026 guilders. Giving evidence for Gutenberg were two of his trusted printers, Berthold Ruppel and Heinrich Kefer. Through them the court heard that Gutenberg was expecting Fust to provide 300 guilders a year for expenses and also advance him workmen's wages, rent, vellum, paper, ink, and so on. And although, according to the written contract, he was to pay six percent interest, Gutenberg claimed that Fust had told him he would not insist on this interest.

But Fust testified that he himself had had to borrow the money at six percent to finance Gutenberg. The court ordered the printer to repay the first 800 guilders, together with any of the second loan spent on projects other than the Gutenberg-Fust partnership to print the Bibles. The total sum Guten-

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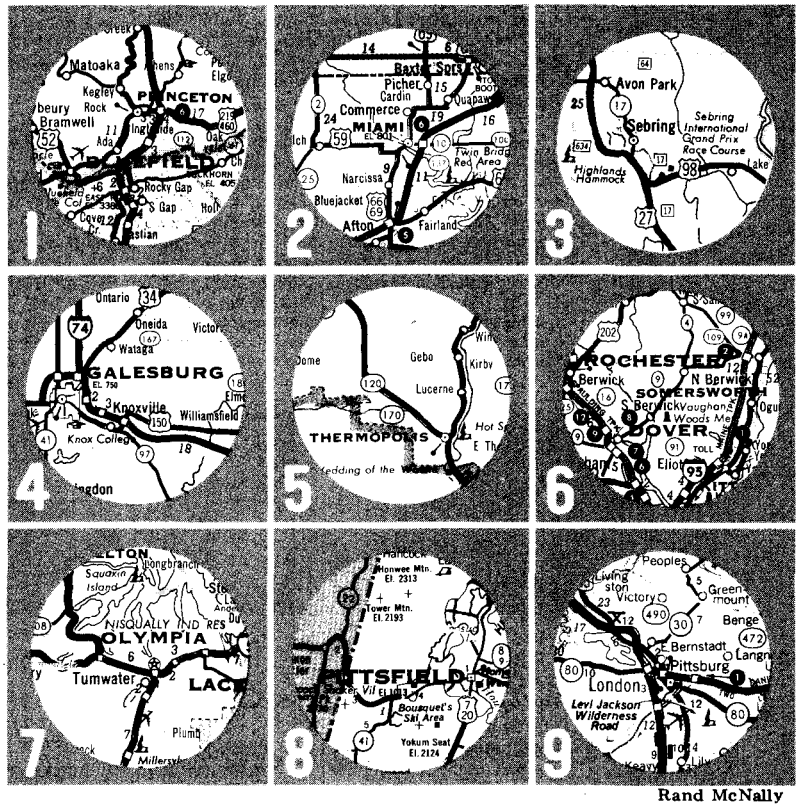

Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 136)

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berg had to hand over to Fust was about 1,200 guilders, a sum the moneylender must have known would mean the end of Gutenberg's printing venture.

He was forced to hand over to Fust all his completed Bibles, his unfinished books, and, most bitterly, the contents of his workshop, his presses and foundry. In the most sour irony of all, Fust even took Peter Schoeffer, the technical manager, to work Gutenberg's equipment for him.

There is no record of any further meeting between Schoeffer and Gutenberg, the inventor who had taught him all he knew about printing. After the judgment against him, Gutenberg, penniless and cheated of the credit for producing the world's first printed book, was devastated.

Little is known of Gutenberg's declining years, but the loss of his lawsuit was not the last of his tribulations. In 1462 Mainz was sacked, and Gutenberg was probably among the aristocrats expelled from their homes. The Archbishop of Mainz made amends to Gutenberg for this inconvenience by afterwards granting him an annual pension of a gentleman's suit of clothing and sufficient corn and wine for his needs.

For the rest of his life, Gutenberg lived in quiet obscurity. Thirteen years after the fateful lawsuit with Fust robbed him of his worldly wealth, he died, poor and almost forgotten, in his home in Mainz in the spring of 1468. ⁂

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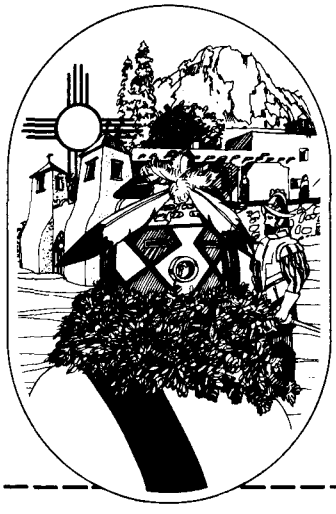

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Donna Fargo

continued from page 18

you heard of people who said they were healed, and you believed it? I think that what makes it work is faith. I think the worst thing you can do is give up or not do anything.

"The Bible says faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. So the only way I can increase my faith, according to the Bible, is to read it, and meditate on it. Just read it, and read it, and read it, until it works into my system. That's what I'm trying to do."

Inevitably, one must ask the question: Will she quit the music business? It's a tough decision for any performer, but especially for her, and she hesitates a long moment.

"I guess I would if I had to. That's a harder question for me because there seem to be more questions for me now. I try not to look at that part. You need things to work for. Live for today; do the best you can."

So she's doing just that. Under Stan's watchful eye she's gone back on the road, although he insists that she limit her performances to one a night. And indications are that she's gaining on MS. "It's getting better," she says.

Though no one can predict her future, just as no one can predict the capricious course of MS, Donna's message is still one of hope and optimism. Yet sometimes the unanswered questions in her life threaten to weaken her protective wall of faith, and then her voice becomes wistful.

"In the meantime, I'm trying to keep my sunny side up.

"I guess people just have to go through certain things because. . .I don't know why." ⁂

Belief Beyond Reason

continued from page 56

to the edge of the precipice.

As I do not believe that earthly life can bring any lasting satisfaction, the prospect of death holds no terrors. Those saints who pronounced themselves in love with death displayed, I consider, the best of sense, not a Freudian death wish. The world that I shall soon be leaving seems more than ever beautiful; especially its remoter parts, grass and trees and sea and rivers and little streams and sloping hills, where the image of eternity is more clearly stamped than among streets and houses. Those I love I can love even more, since I have nothing to ask of them but their love; the passion to accumulate possessions, or to be noticed and important, is too evidently absurd to be any longer entertained.

A sense of how extraordinarily happy I have been, and of enormous gratitude to my Creator, overwhelms me often. I believe with a passionate, unshakable conviction that in all circumstances and at all times life is a blessed gift; that the spirit that animates it is one of love, not hate or indifference, of light, not darkness, of creativity, not destruction, of order, not chaos. Since all life—men, creatures, plants, as well as insensate matter—and all that is known about it, now and henceforth, has been benevolently, not malevolently, conceived, when the eyes see no more and the mind thinks no more, and this hand now writing is inert, I believe that whatever lies beyond will similarly be benevolently, not malevolently or indifferently, conceived. If it is nothing, then for nothingness I offer thanks; if another mode of existence, with this worn-out husk of a body left behind, like a butterfly extricating itself from a chrysalis, and this floundering, muddled mind, now at best seeing through a glass darkly, given longer range and new precision, then for that likewise I offer thanks. ⁂

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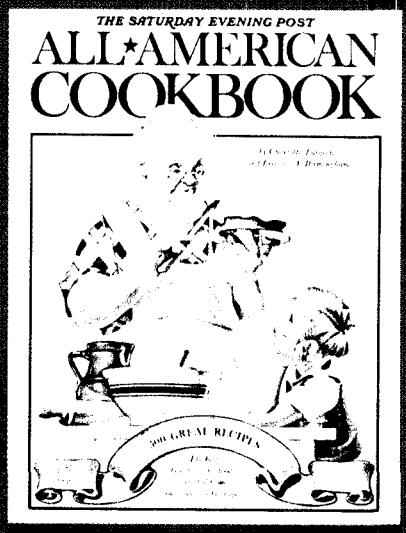

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Kent Benson

continued from page 81

in which she politely makes an occasional comment. Benson looks up at his wife and smiles. "I was in a position where I had to be extremely conscious of the image of myself that I was promoting during that period of time. In other words, I had to practice what I was preaching."

What was Kent Benson "preaching"? "There is really no reason why I should feel overimportant just because the Lord has given me physical gifts and opportunities for achievement," he says. "Cocky athletes turn me off, and I figure they must turn off other people as well. I'm not playing for the Milwaukee Bucks or even for Kent Benson—I'm just offering back to God what he has given me. I adopted a slogan, a life's slogan, and it's this: What I am is God's gift to me, and what I make of myself is my gift to God."

In light of this "life's slogan," Benson knew his gift to God was going to be substantial. As his senior year in college drew to an end, many alternatives were open to him, and he weighed them carefully.

Some of his predecessors with firm religious commitments had opted for postcollege basketball careers with Christian organizations like Athletes in Action. A possibility. And then he could think in terms of the inevitable contract that would await the signature of the number one choice in the 1977 college draft. Or, he could simply go back to New Castle and find his farm.

"It was a tough decision to make," says Benson, cupping and uncupping his monstrous hands, recalling that moment of his life at the crossroads. "I thought a lot about playing for Athletes in Action, and I considered some other alternatives, but eventually—by prayer and consultation with Christian brothers and my father—I became convinced that God wanted me in professional basketball, where there just aren't that many committed Christians."

So Benson finally announced his decision to sign a multiyear contract with the Milwaukee Bucks, under the usual team banners, microphones, and television lights that accompany such events. Buck officials promised fans huddling outside Mecca Arena that Benson would be a "franchise maker," the golden answer to declining ticket sales brought on by the trade of premier center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

But almost immediately after signing, Buck fans began to realize that the care and feeding of a dominating NBA player requires patience. The big red-haired kid was not a hoop-stuffing machine nor a chess piece on a board of scoring averages and free throw percentages. He was a living, breathing, a-little-weary-of-basketball human being. With coach Don Nelson expecting him to tune up for his rookie season by playing in a California summer league, Benson drew wide-ranging criticism for deciding to spend the off-season in the hills of southern Indiana, fishing (his favorite hobby), water skiing, and seeing friends and relatives.

"I just simply needed to get away from the game for a while," Benson was quoted as saying later. "I was really exhausted, mentally and physically. It was getting to the point where basketball wasn't as much fun as it used to be."

Basketball didn't become any more entertaining for Bennie when the vacation was over and he faced his first night "on the job" as a professional. Jabbar, now a Laker, had returned to Milwaukee for the opening game of the 1977-78 season. He would be the rookie's guarding assignment, leaving Benson to deal with this legendary giant wearing tennis shoes.

A year later, snuggling up to Monica in the comfort of his living room, Benson describes the events of October 18, 1977—his initiation under fire.

"I put a bucket over Jabbar for the first two points of the ball game. Then, coming downcourt on defense, I set up underneath to block his cut and keep him out of the area in which he's unstoppable. He gave me an elbow to the chest. I regained my position and elbowed him in return—not necessarily to hurt him, but to acknowledge his jab and let him know I wasn't going to let him intimidate me as a rookie. The next thing I can remember is trying to get off the floor after I was decked (by a flying Jabbar fist). All that I can recall from that point on is that I was bewildered and couldn't comprehend why it happened."

Bearing the brunt of his opponent's wrath cost Benson a cut on the face that required stitches and recurring headaches that left him awake, tossing and turning in bed for weeks to follow. Jabbar's punishment for the incident, besides an injured right hand that sidelined him for several games, was a $5,000 fine by NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien. The next time the two adversaries met, in a game in Los Angeles in December, Benson extended his hand in a gesture of forgiveness. The Laker center refused it. But after the contest, Jabbar apparently had a change of heart. "He came over to me as I was walking off the court, shook my hand, and said, 'Good luck,' " recalls Benson.

Cont. on following page

You be the Judge

By J. K. Newton

Joe Woolsey, an undercover agent for the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, stopped by Dan Talbert's home one evening. His assignment was to find a laboratory where "speed" was supposedly being illegally manufactured. Woolsey told Talbert he was interested in buying a large amount of the drug and offered to supply an essential ingredient in return for half of the drug produced. Talbert agreed and the exchange went according to plan. Several days later, armed with a warrant, Woolsey returned to the laboratory, confiscated the drug, and arrested Talbert.

Talbert was charged with unlawfully manufacturing and selling a dangerous drug. In defending himself against the charge, Talbert claimed, "The agent trapped me. He tricked me into committing the crime by pretending to be a buyer and by supplying an essential ingredient."

The government's lawyer maintained that the chemical ingredient that the agent provided was legal and easily obtainable. "His contribution to the ongoing criminal activity was slight because the defendant was prepared to manufacture the drug—with or without the agent's help."

If you were the judge, would you allow Talbert to avoid conviction by using the defense of entrapment?

The court convicted Talbert and ignored his claim of entrapment by the narcotics agent. It said that the defense of entrapment applies only when the government's deception actually implants the criminal design in the mind of the defendant.

(Based on a 1973 United States Supreme Court case)

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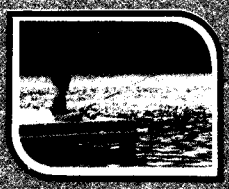

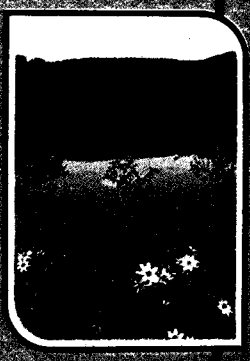

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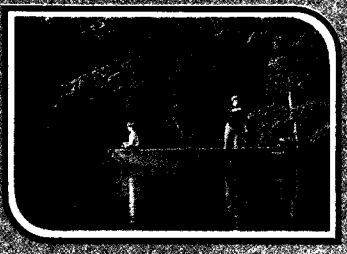

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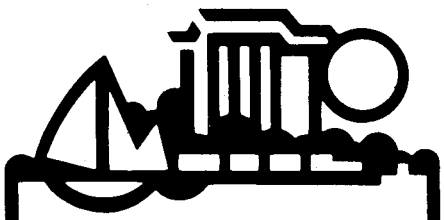

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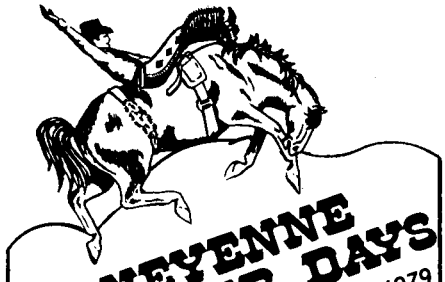

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More trouble behind him, Benson went back to the business of playing basketball—at least for a little while. A few days before Christmas he suffered a severely twisted ankle, a torn cartilage in his leg, and a pulled groin muscle as a result of going after a loose ball in a game against the New York Knicks. The combination of injuries left him in street clothes for over a month. He played only briefly through the remainder of what was supposed to have been an impressive rookie season.

Benson had come full circle, back to where self-doubt could have ended his career. But again, as during his Indiana days, Kent relied on his faith and on a strong belief that God has a special purpose for his life.

"I've got to admit that I was disappointed with my rookie year," says Benson. "Viewing the thing from a wider perspective, though, I can see how I learned from the experience as I have from all the unpleasant things that have happened to me in my life. The Bible tells us that all things work together for good for those who love God and who are called according to His purpose *[Romans 8:28]*. When I get knocked down, I've always been able to get back up with God's help.

"Someday there will come a time when Kent Benson is a has-been," says Big Red, pausing on his way to the refrigerator for another glass of diet cola. "And you know what I think? I think that when the time comes, the Lord will have me prepared for it—whenever it comes. But I'm more than willing to wait a while. . . ." ☒

How Sweet It Is

continued from page 24

his ministry. I just knew that if he agreed with God and me in prayer, it would be done in heaven. And it was. By the end of the first quarter of 1978, Gloria and I had quit smoking, cold turkey.

It wasn't easy. In fact, it was one of the hardest things we have ever done. I'd be hypocritical if I didn't admit that it made me irritable and miserable and that I was hard to live with for a month. Gloria and I fought more than we ever had since we'd become Christians. It didn't bother her as much because she has also gotten into health food and has deleted sugar from her diet, but it was a rough period.

I still crave cigarettes from time to time, but the temptation alone pushes me closer to Christ because I know I can't beat them on my own. I even am tempted to try dope now and then, my mind telling me, *Drugs weren't so bad. It was you. Boy, I'll bet you could handle them now.* No way.

When I get older, I hope I'll still be cutting records. But more importantly, I hope I'll be just that much older in the Lord. Every day I try to build new memories because the old ones are painful. The first summer and winter I spent as a Christian seemed like the first times I had ever really seen the wonder of those seasons. I loved the beauty of the snow, but the only memories I had of winter were of walking around New York City stoned or hanging around the fireplace in Connecticut smoking dope.

I'm into my third year as a Christian now, and I never realized how beautiful life could be. I have new resources and perspectives for dealing with the little irritations (and the big ones) that come along. It's a struggle, but it's a lot easier when you remember what we have to look forward to.

This old earth is pretty to a mind that's been cleared by the power of God, but when we leave here, we'll *really* be home. Home where we belong. ☒

Reprinted from *Home Where I Belong* by B. J. Thomas as told to Jerry B. Jenkins. Copyright © 1978 by Word, Incorporated.

Strong-Willed Child

continued from page 46

Goody-Two-Shoes. For example, the same inclination that would cause a headstrong toddler to stamp his little foot and shout "No!" to his bewildered parent might give him the courage to say "No way!" to his rebellious peer group 12 years later. In many ways, I believe the strong-willed child is better equipped to cope with life, provided his parents have the confidence to lead him properly. That brings us to the point of this article.

The most urgent advice I can offer the parents of an assertive youngster concerns the importance of shaping his will during the early years *without* breaking his spirit. The defiant child is in a high risk category for antisocial behavior later in life, including school misbehavior, sexual promiscuity, drug abuse, and fun and games with automobiles.

How does one shape the will without breaking the spirit? It can be accomplished by treating the child with sincere respect and dignity but *requiring* him to follow your leadership. Choose carefully the matters that are worthy of confrontation, then accept his challenge on those issues and *win decisively*. Don't be afraid to punish judiciously for acts of *deliberate* defiance. On the other hand, reward every cooperative gesture he makes by offering your attention, affection, and verbal praise. Finally, let love be your guide. Then take two aspirin and call me in the morning. ☒

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Time to Let Go

continued from page 10

robbed him of Joy. The temptation was to view the years of marriage as a "charming episode—like a holiday that had briefly interrupted my interminable life and returned me to normal, unchanged."

One passage stood out: "We want to prove to ourselves that we are lovers on the grand scale, tragic heroes; not just ordinary privates in the huge army of the bereaved." That comment led me to write, "Regardless of what has happened to you . . . you are no martyr, no hero . . . just a human being who hurts."

As I lay on the beach the next day waiting for that special person to walk by, turn, and stop in recognition, I wrote in my sketchbook of a new level in my grief. *It was time to let go.*

That weekend soon disappeared, like my footprints on the sandy beach. But I left that place feeling renewed, changed.

My friends were concerned that I did not date. I responded that there could never be another Jane. I felt such a strong need to hold onto her. As long as she had not remarried, there was hope. One insensitive relative told me the divorce had occurred because I was not preaching. Therefore, if I would answer the Lord's call, Jane would come back. I was stunned, not by the absurdity of that jewel but that I had not gone off like fireworks.

People asked, "Do you think you'll ever get back together?" One friend had a "feeling" that somewhere in the future (I interpreted "over the rainbow") we would be reconciled. Some were so optimistic that I hated to disappoint them with the facts.

I began rereading the Psalms. I observed David's moods, the luxury of his writing, his conscience, his confession, his tenderness and simplicity. I read Psalm 51 over and over. How would I feel if I had had a man killed so that I could marry his wife and cover up adultery? David asked the Lord to renew a right spirit within him, and I tried asking for that renewal. Eventually came the promise of Psalm 30:5, "Weeping may endure for a [season], but joy cometh in the morning!" I would have to wait for a morning sometime in the future, somewhere down the road, but it would surely dawn. David must have been very patient.

I stopped asking friends about Jane—if they chose to tell me, fine. I still wondered as I wandered (50,000 miles of driving annually gave me opportunity to think). When I finally resigned the authority over her that was no longer mine, it became easier to entrust her safety to the One who has loved her longer than I had even known her. Too, He can love her with a measure and depth I cannot. And He would go on loving her.

I used to wonder what previously married persons thought when certain words, sights, or sounds acted as cues to the past. Now I know. One afternoon, Jane and I went through page after page of photo albums (no wonder we were broke), removing the pictures and sorting them into three stacks: Jason's, Jane's, and mixed. Some could not be logically divided; others would require a steady hand with the scissors. Needless to say, it was not a pleasant experience.

Later that night, I stood washing dishes in the kitchen while Jane sat on the living room floor selecting the pictures she wanted to keep (very few). The house was so quiet. For me, even a snapshot was a threat. "Had she been happy *then*?" I asked as I searched her face for clues.

Some time later she came into the kitchen and stood beside me. (I quickly searched her face for signs of crying or new clues, but there were none.) "Brought back a lot of good memories,

Continued on following page

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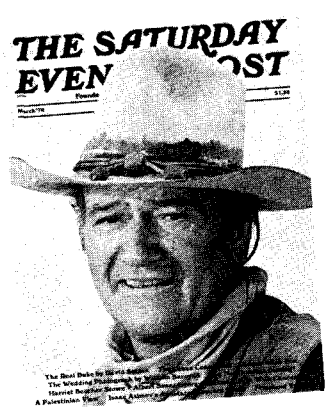

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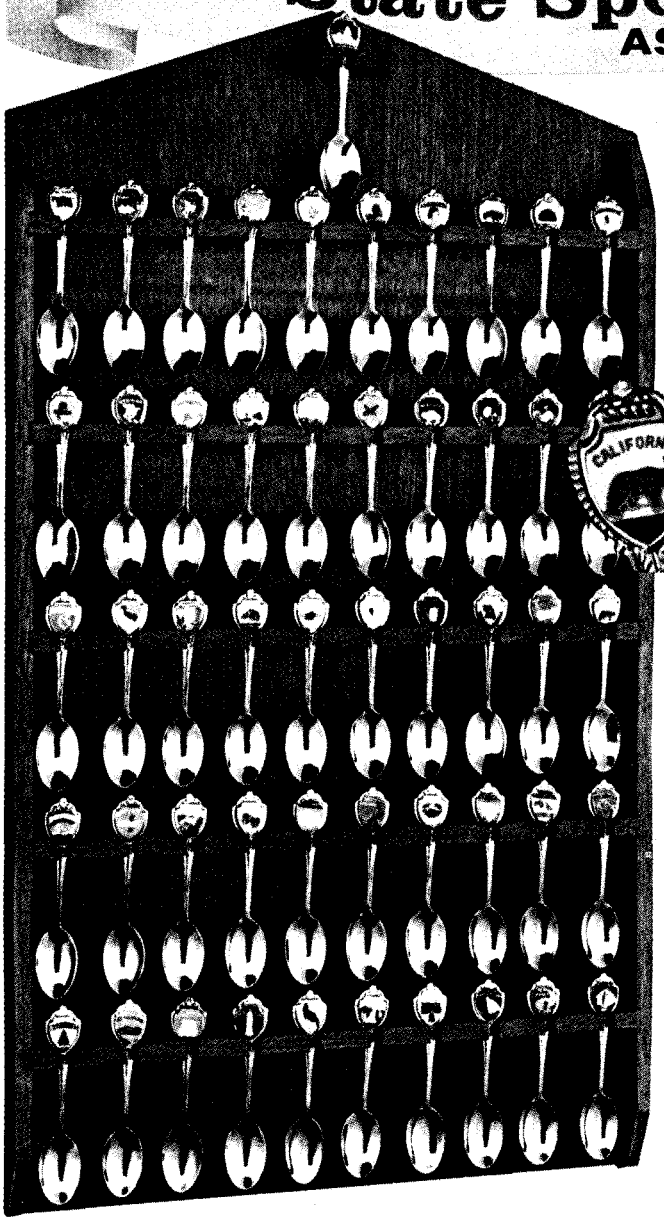

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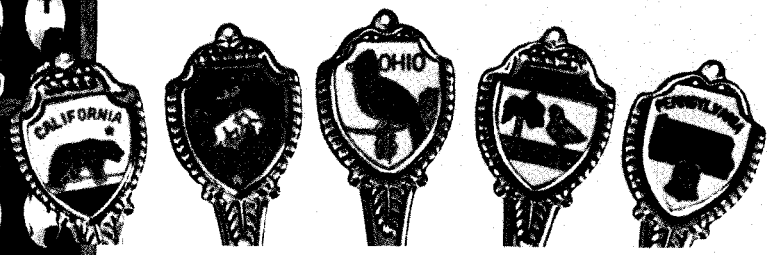

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didn't it?" I froze and looked to see if she were purposely twisting the knife.

"No, Jane! There are no 'good' memories. Every picture I see I have to ask, 'Was she happy *then*?' . . . every picture! I wish you could tell me when the negative feelings started so I could at least feel good about the memories before that point." My hurt and anger were apparent.

"I can't tell you when," she said softly. "But Jason, there are some memories I will always treasure. I hope that someday you will be able to remember some warm times we spent together . . . especially like those with David and Patti, and Charles, or the Christmas tree with Matt. . . . " Then she looked away. The sad truth dawned for us simultaneously: We would be creating no more memories together.

I could not imagine at that moment that just a few months later, sitting on the floor at David and Patti's, I could laugh over popcorn and Cokes, about this memory and that memory—none of us afraid to speak Jane's name.

Today I feel free to enjoy the memory of days and moments with Jane. The other night it was so natural as I decorated the Christmas tree to recall the significance of certain ornaments. It was a warm time of joy that I needed. Jane encouraged a lot of good, positive things in my life. I recalled her words spoken late one night: "I want you to become strong, and through this experience, you will."

This past Christmas Eve, I stood with many others, unable to get into Garden Grove Community Church for the annual candlelight service. As we stood in the crowd, we sang. It was my first Christmas in California, a warm, beautiful day. A strange and tentative sensation bubbled inside and spilled over in the old familiar carols, celebrating the birth of the Joy-Giver.

My grandfather died on Christmas Eve; our presents for him this year were unopened. At Granddad's funeral, a quartet sang his favorite gospel song: "O they tell me of a home far beyond the skies. . . . O they tell me of a home far away." My granddad never had a lot of prosperity, but he had a vision: the unclouded day. That raised the ultimate question: Can I trust God enough to totally commit all my weight to the belief that He wants the best for me? And Granddad's faith sings in my spirit. Yes!

I did not stand at a casket or graveside to say good-bye to Jane. But our farewell was just as final. I said goodbye to the person, and then, months later, to the memory. Jane now occupies a quiet place in my heart. ☒

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Gospel Boom

continued from page 40

report an average annual retail sales increase of about nine percent, CBA members have averaged a 17.14 percent annual increase in sales over the past five years.

Explaining the boom, one bookstore owner commented: "Several years ago during the recession we sold more books than ever before. When security is threatened, when people are fearful, they buy more books. We are just on the launching pad in this ministry."

Did someone say "launching pad"? Such a space-age term seems equally suitable for all aspects of the gospel boom, as the skyrocketing business reaches for the stars. ☒

Editor's Note: The Post *gratefully acknowledges the assistance of writers Bob Manzano, Gary Warner, and Vallee Peterson in the research and preparation of this article.*

Where Do You Think You Are?
from page 126

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3. Florida
4. Illinois
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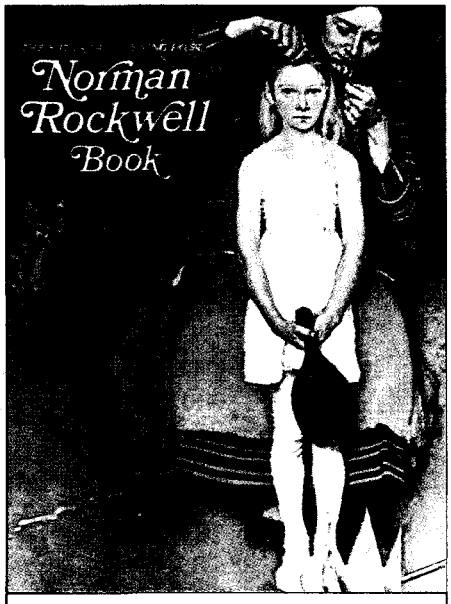

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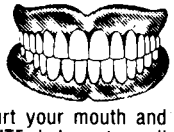

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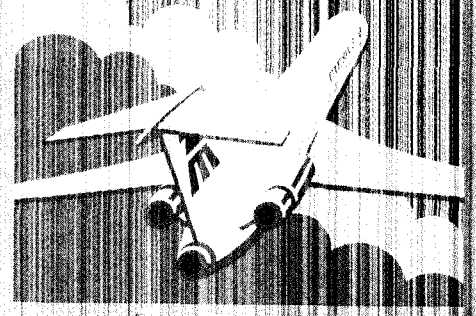

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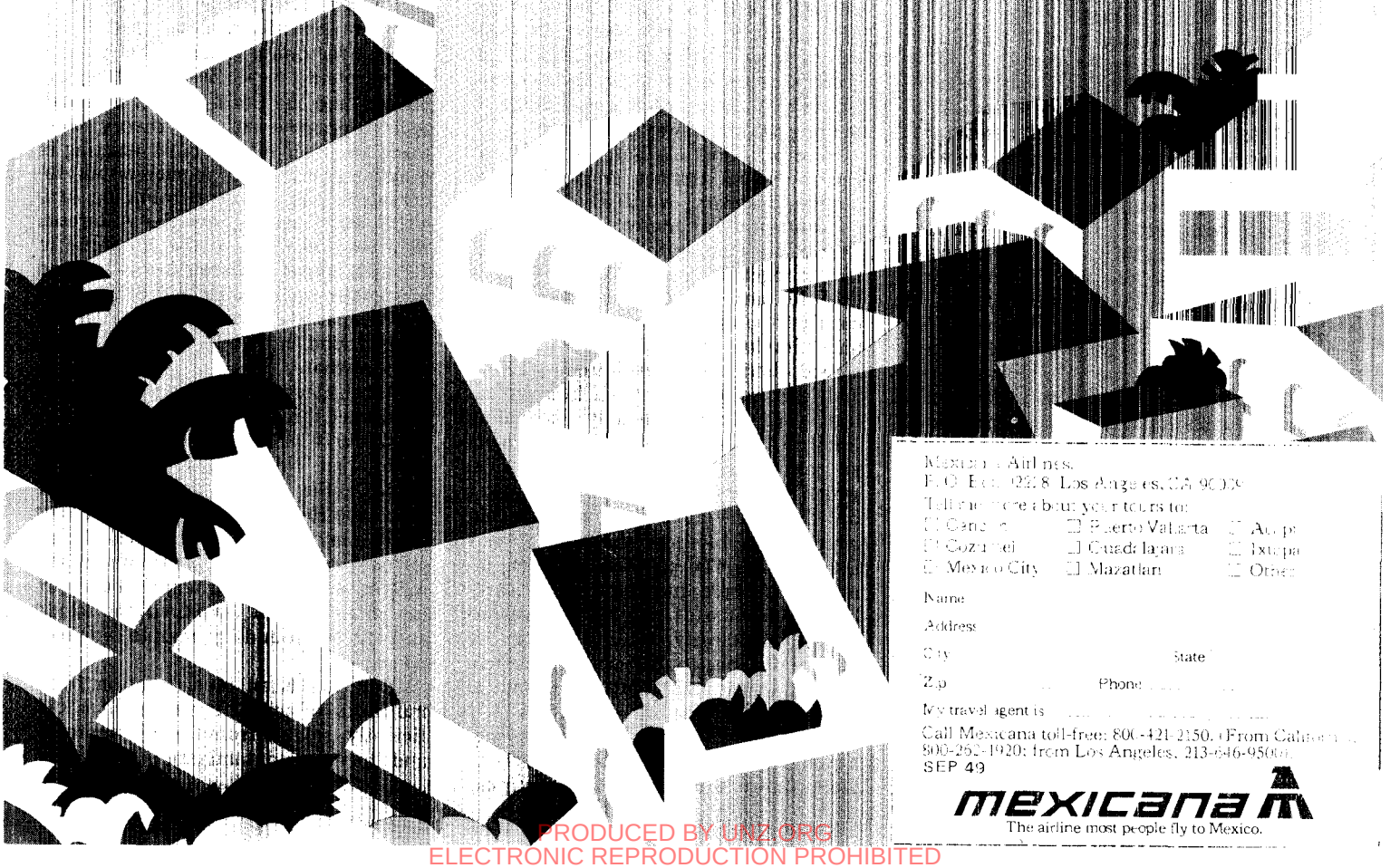

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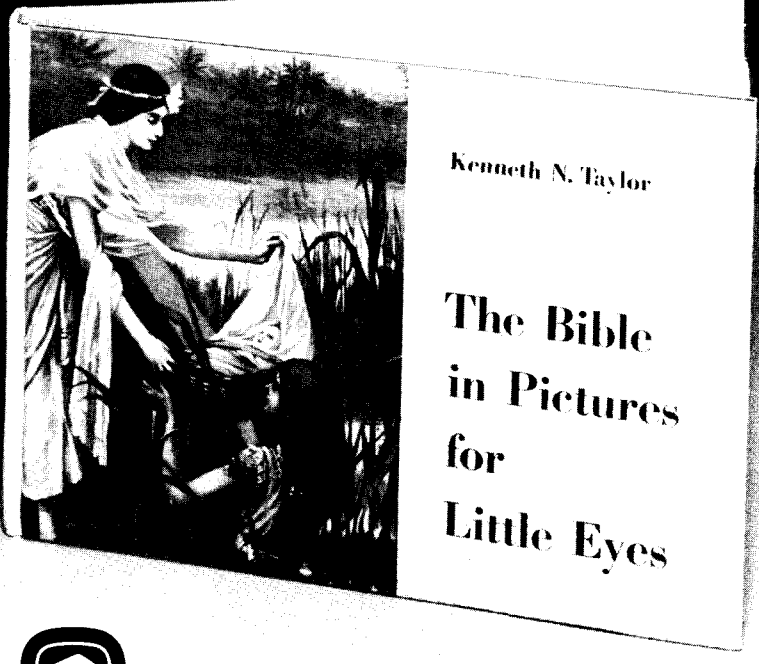

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Treasure Hunt

continued from page 23

of Auckland; the New Zealand Oceanographic Institute; and the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research of New Zealand. The purposes were to study marine biogeography and evolution in the Southern Hemisphere. The symposium held in Auckland, New Zealand, was attended by over 170 scientists from all over the world. From New Zealand and the United States, of course, but also from Australia, England, France, Germany, Japan, Canada, Saudi Arabia, the Philippines, New Caledonia, the Cook Islands, Indonesia, and the Republic of China came speakers, sponsors, and participants. It was truly an event of world-wide interest and significance.

Sir Charles Flemming, K.B.E., F.R.S., of Wellington, New Zealand—member of The Explorers Club of New York, distinguished scientist, oceanographer, and explorer—gave the keynote address in Auckland on the fascinating subject "Evolution in the South Pacific Marine Biota and the Expanding Fossil Record." His excellent paper set the general theme of the symposium, which was to deal with *plate tectonics*—the theory of "continental drift," or the sliding separation of the continents—Africa, South America, Australia, Antarctica—over a period of hundreds of millions of years, resulting in their coastal shapes still apparently corresponding to the original breakaway serrations.

Doctor Frank Talbot, Professor of Environmental Studies Programs, Macquarie University, North Ryde, Australia, summed it up briefly:

"As the story unfolded, one was able to put together many isolated pieces of evidence and begin to see, even if unclearly at present, a link between earth and shoreline separations, earlier widespread distributions, evolutionary shifts, and later colonizations, all in a geological time frame steadily becoming known. As a learning exercise, this made an extremely rewarding experience, which I believe will have a major impact on the intellectual framework within which many of those scientists present are working. The specialist working directly on these problems will clearly have had some of this perspective. To myself, and clearly to many others, the geological, palaeontological, palaeoclimatic, taxonomic, and geographical fusion provided major new insights."

At the conclusion of the symposium, a number of us participated in visits to various areas and islands for the purpose of studying and collecting specimens that were generally related to the theory of plate tectonics. Areas visited were in and around New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, and the Cook Islands. Comparisons supportive of the theory were made between marine biota existing in these areas and those in such distant locations as the waters surrounding Africa, South America, and the Antarctic. In a previous visit to the Antarctic in 1970, I myself had seen fossils trapped in bituminous deposits and other plant and animal life formations identical to many found in Africa, South America, and elsewhere.

Arrangements had been made a year in advance through the University of the South Pacific at Suva, Fiji, for a few of us to visit Ndravuni, a small, remote island in the Fiji group located on the Astrolabe Reef some 60 miles southeast of the major island of Viti Levu. During our stay on the island, we lived with the natives, ate their food, enjoyed their local entertainment, explored the island and its surrounding marine environment.

Ndravuni is an ideal location for a multitude of scientific studies. It is sufficiently isolated from trade, commerce, and the usual contaminations of civiliza-

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tion to be relatively pristine, yet it is close enough that some native inhabitants are well educated, English speaking, and friendly to visitors. While our accommodations were somewhat primitive, they were adequate. There are no special facilities whatsoever for visitors, certainly none for tourists. We were strictly the guests of the little community and lived in their homes.

In the waters surrounding Ndravuni, smaller, uninhabited islands and the Astrolabe Reef itself offer unlimited opportunities for study of marine life and oceanography of all kinds. Local flora and fauna have been relatively undisturbed. Such wildlife as exists, birds particularly, are not fearful of man and can be approached for study and photography.

In few places in the world can one find such a congenial combination—in a relatively small yet accessible area—of climate, people, unspoiled environment, and variety of materials for scientific study. We were indeed fortunate to have had this opportunity to participate in such an unusual experience.

For example, Dr. Austin E. Lamberts of Grand Rapids, Michigan, a prominent scholar of marine zoology specializing in corals, identified nine different types in one cluster I photographed. The #1 Explorers Club flag was planted on top of the table coral known as *Acropora diversa*. I placed it there on our last exploratory dive, between the two little rocky islands of Yanu-Sau and Yanu-i-Loma among a proliferation of marine life and in 30 feet of water. It is hoped that Pete Bartoe, or someone, will find the flag undisturbed sometime and in good condition.

Reluctantly, we left the lovely island of Ndravuni to return to the real world. The departing ceremony was as impressive as the one for our arrival. Lengthy speeches in the native language were made, Kava drunk, and gifts exchanged, the meaning of each being described in great detail. A farewell song sung by the natives as we boarded our boats to be ferried to the ship that would return us to Suva was beautifully interpreted by a representative from the University of the South Pacific, Suva, bringing tears to our eyes. Every one of us left saying to ourselves, "If only we could return sometime and stay a little longer."

From the Fijis, we flew to the Cook Islands, which are scattered through some 750,000 square miles of South Pacific waters. Recently opened for tourists, these islands are virtually unspoiled. They are self-governed but enjoy an association with New Zealand that affords them common citizenship, currency, defense, postal system, and markets. The people are a happy conglomerate of Polynesians akin to the

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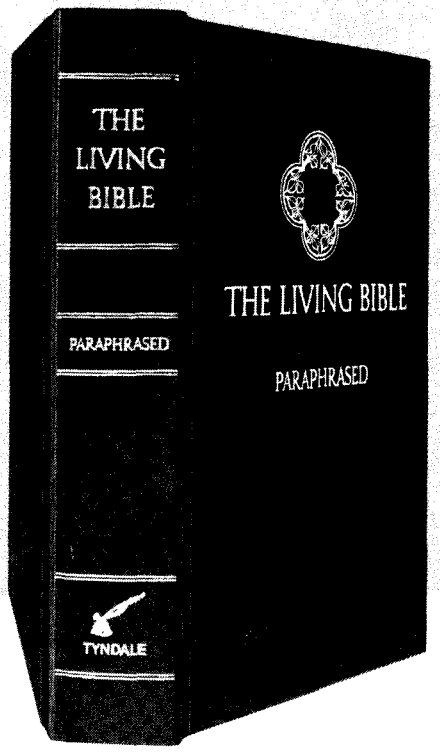

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Maoris of New Zealand, Tahitians, Filipinos, and other natives of the South Pacific and Asian Islands. They are proud of their heritage, their traditions, and equally proud of their self-sufficient and independent society. Their handsome premier, Dr. Tom Davis, was educated in the States, where he earned both a Ph.D. and an M.D. In a receiving line, for lack of something better, I said, "We're from Indiana," and he promptly replied, "Oh, I've been in Indiana many times, lectured at Indiana University. How's Chancellor Herman Wells? Give him my regards!" Small world!

Dancing is the native sport, like basketball in Indiana, football or soccer elsewhere. We were there for the Constitution Celebration, and a main event was a tournament of dances. Teams of teen-age dancers representing all the islands met in competition, with eventual winners chosen for each of several classes. Dances were beautiful, graceful, precise, spectacular, and, above all, strenuous, requiring real physical endurance as well as skills. While the dances had certain similarities in rhythm and beat and were generally allegorical, telling stories or legends pertaining to the various islands, execution of each dance was completely different. While we were headquartered on the capital and largest island of the group, Rarotonga, arrangements had been made for us to visit outlying islands for further study of their geological origins and their surrounding marine life.

We spent a night on the partially volcanic, partially atoll island of Aitutaki—some 140 miles north of Rarotonga—which Captain Bligh visited in 1789 in his ship the *Bounty* just before the famous mutiny. During World War II over 2,000 U.S. military personnel were stationed there. First trans-South Pacific flights of Pan American clipper ships landed there to refuel—no vestige of any of them there now. Others went to the island of Mangaia, famous for its sacred burial caves forbidden to strangers.

Unfortunately, we were so exhausted from travel and exploration that none of us did justice to these lovely islands and their friendly people. But I did take time to make one dive and place the third of The Explorers Club flags off a well-known landmark, "Black Rock" on the northwest coast of Rarotonga. I had given my second flag to Sir Charles Flemming to place in the highlands where he would be going shortly to discover what was believed to be the last habitat of certain species of birds indigenous to the islands.

I have been diving now for a number of years and in many parts of the world, but this dive off Rarotonga was one of the most memorable I have ever made. The water was that "gin-clear" I've seen advertised so many times, only to be disappointed. But here it was—unbelievable. Visibility was 200 feet or more. Strangely, it was a dead world. Blights, plagues, infestations of predators like "Crown of Thorns" starfish, or natural phenomena of some kind had killed the coral. The normal abundance of marine life it generally hosts was therefore absent. Fish were scarce as compared to most of the prolific areas of the South Pacific Islands. But here, because of the clarity, the absence of silt and plankton found in more fertile waters, photography was excellent.

Here, on a coral heap, I planted my third flag. I hope that Pete Bartoe or someone else will look for it—not that I really expect anyone to find it—because of the sheer beauty of the place.

I inflated my buoyancy compensator vest enough to lift me off the bottom six or eight feet. There, motionless, I floated in space. I became the center of a huge, azure vault, eerie, silent except for the bubbles from my regulator. Spectacular formations lay beneath me, grotesque shapes and forms beckoned in the distance lighted by the diffused light from the sun above. It was a scene of ethereal grandeur, serene, implacable, indescribable. For a few moments I lived in another world—all my own. I shall never forget it.

From the tranquillity and feeling of detachment from the realities of the world, it was difficult to adjust to packing of baggage, hustle and bustle of airports, and long, tiring flights. But it was worth it. The contrasts made the memory of it even more beautiful. ☒

Jim Jones

continued from page 27

never be done with government funds. We have now seen where this can lead. If our government welfare programs are funded so lavishly they need organizations like the Peoples Temple to distribute the loot, perhaps these programs and their directing agencies need more scrutiny.

We must remember that our nation has been a going concern for 203 years now. There are already ample laws on the books to protect us. The Internal Revenue Service (IRS) routinely decides whether or not organizations are religious and hence qualify for tax exemption. No church can legally kidnap. The rape and obscene sexual activity which took place in the Peoples Temple violated the laws of any state in the land.

We need to regain a commonsense faith in our law enforcement institutions. By and large, they are directed by fine men who are well trained. Within the law (even scrupulously observed) there is, and should be, ample room for freedom of religion—including religious cults. ☒

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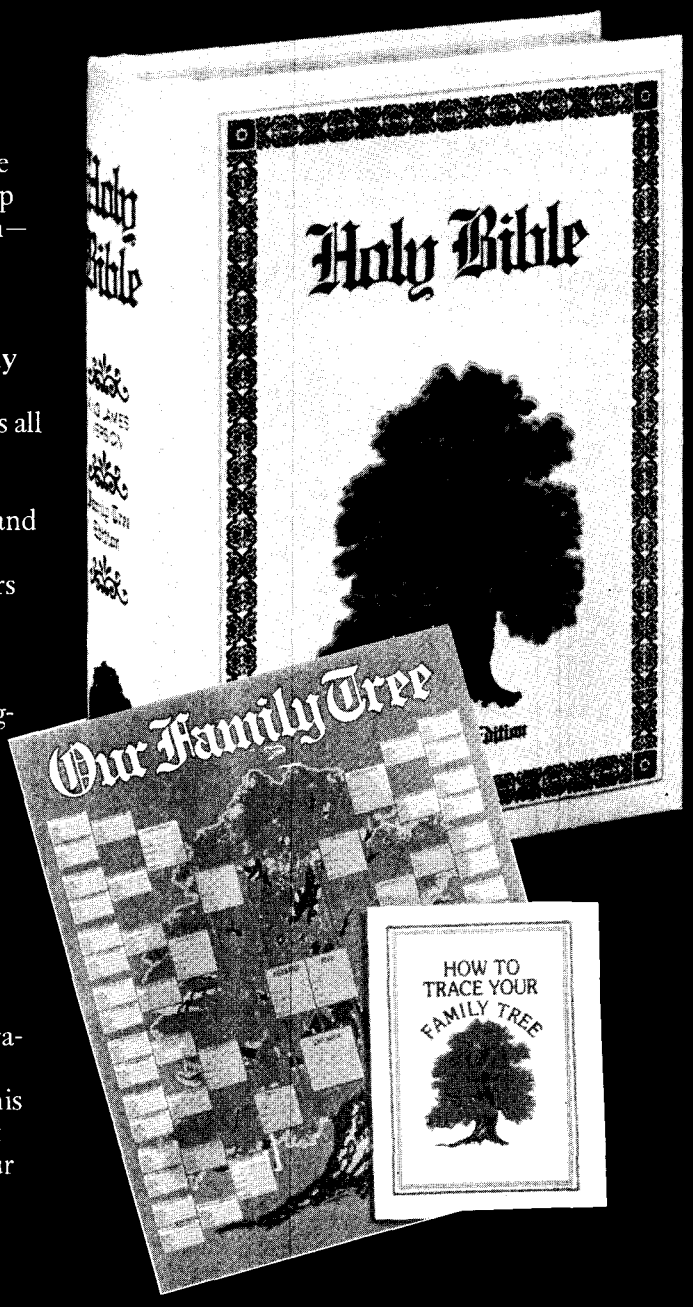

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Ingrid Bergman

continued from page 65

"No, no. They say imitation is flattering, and I recently saw the picture *The Cheap Detective*, which was supposedly based on *Casablanca* and *The Maltese Falcon*, both films with Humphrey Bogart. I never laughed so much in my life! Neil Simon did a wonderful job of writing it, and all the players were brilliant. I especially liked Louise Fletcher, who did what they called 'the Ingrid Bergman part.' She was so funny, I nearly fell out of the seat. . . .Some critics said they found *Cheap Detective* nearly sacrilegious, but it was good, clean fun. We must not take ourselves too seriously.

"I try not to, and I maintain a sense of humor about myself and my image. Sometimes I almost parody the kind of roles I used to do, like in *Murder on the Orient Express*, where the poor woman I played was so good and sincere, with such an extreme Swedish accent, that she was very funny. Perhaps they gave me the Academy Award for that one because I finally displayed some comedic talent! I hope so."

Unlike the vast majority of actresses—or actors—when Miss Bergman accepted her third Oscar (her first in the supporting category) she declared that the real winner ought to have been her friend Valentina Cortese, for her role in Truffaut's *Day For Night*. The honoree praised all the nominees, but stated that in her opinion Miss Cortese (who appeared briefly in *The Visit*, in which Ingrid played a vengeful millionairess) was particularly noteworthy.

Has the superstar *never* been involved in any feuds with fellow actors or any temperament clashes?

"A professional has no time for temperament, and billing is not important. Billing is based on whose last picture was more popular, and a star can be above one month, then below the next. Such things are fickle and unpredictable, so I do not concern myself with them. Besides, if you are around long enough, people venerate you, and you get good billing, regardless. The only star I have ever known of who started at the very top in terms of billing and remained there is Barbra Streisand. Nobody's name has ever been higher than hers, and I understand she won't make a movie if that is not the case. She is marvelous. I love to see her pictures and to listen to her records, but someday she won't be able to be on the very top, and then she will have to make the choice to either take lower billing or to stop acting in pictures. Personally, I think she will choose to stop acting. But I would take the lower billing and keep acting."

About the only time Ingrid has been angered on a movie set, she says, is when her height is disparaged. At nearly five feet, ten, she was and is a taller actress than most. This has caused frequent hostility from insecure leading men, but perhaps none was more outraged at having to act opposite her than Yul Brynner:

"But he was so funny about it, I didn't mind," she laughs. "When we first met, before doing *Anastasia*, he took one look at me and said, 'You are a horse!' We both nearly died laughing. . . . But we got along well, there was no trouble. However, with other actors, I was sometimes forced to stand in a hole in the ground—can you imagine how ridiculous?—or the leading man would stand on top of a box, especially for the love scenes. A few of the men were insistent or rude about it. That I did not like at all, but I don't want to mention the names of those gentlemen, because it might embarrass them or their memory.

"I have never complained about my height, for it is the height God gave me, and I think a beautiful, tall woman is wonderful to look at. Actresses like Sophia Loren and Vanessa Redgrave are both taller than I, and very majestic. Not to mention all the beautiful models who stand six feet and have the poise of queens. I think one should make the most of what one has and not worry about something so unmeaningful as height, or whether the woman or the man is taller."

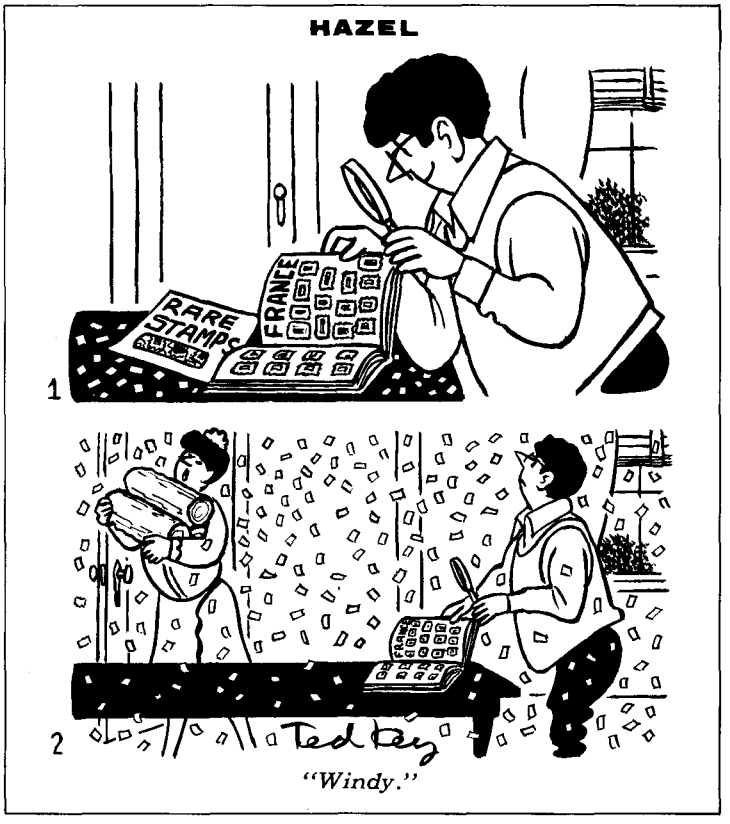
Had she been able to change her looks, would she have elected to be born a great beauty? She shrugs and notes that she generally isn't in the habit of fantasizing:

"If I can change something, fine, I go ahead and do it. But if I can't do anything about something that makes me upset or nervous, then I stop thinking or complaining about it. I believe that what one has to do without is useless thinking more about. . . . In my work, I play fantasy characters, people who don't exist, or who haven't been alive for a long time. But this never carries into my real life, and I never pretend to be anything but what I am. This is why when people are kind enough to ask for my autograph, I give it gladly. I don't pretend I'm not Ingrid Bergman or that I am busy or never give autographs. Sometimes it is a little inconvenient, but I try never to turn anyone away."

Ingrid Bergman may be the most "down-home" of all movie stars, and she has a gift for not making interviewers and strangers feel like little people. She fixes tea herself, does her own hair except for once a week, and personally writes thank you notes to fans who send gifts or clippings about her. Does she have a huge scrapbook of Bergman memorabilia tucked away somewhere, to enjoy during cozy solitude?

"Oh, no!" She is surprised. "To read about *myself*? How boring. Especially when there are so many worthwhile things to read these days. I am guilty of not reading enough books; I spend too much time in the kitchen, preparing Swedish meatballs and other favorites of mine, or talking on the phone to my children and grandchildren. I also read every script that is sent to me, unless it is so shocking it offends me. But to read articles or books about Ingrid? Never. What can they find to say about me? Except for the pictures I have made and the wonderful people I have worked with, I am not an interesting person. Truly. My life is like that of many other women.

"I am really very ordinary." In an extraordinary way. . . . ☐



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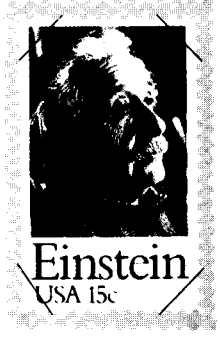

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